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Poetry.

THE RAZOR SELLER.

BY PETER PINDAR.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose.
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave;
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart and soul, content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—"Ah," Hodge sighed!
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore,
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er:
His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff:
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
"Razors! a damned, confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun:
"P'rhaps, Mester Razor rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster knives.
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave.
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would shave."
"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much like an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile—"to sell."

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

EVENTIDE.

Union Volunteer.

Ah! it cometh, let us hail it,
'Tis the glorious eventide;
Bringeth with it untold splendor;
'Tis our fair earth's fairest bride.
Cometh! and the sky is golden,
And the halo cast around
Seems to make our earth a Heaven,
And the dust seems sacred ground.

Hark! the birds are softly singing
And the gentle breeze doth sway,
Lifts our thoughts and feelings upward,
Makes us mortals fit to pray;
And we kneel on grassy footstool,
Underneath the cloud's clear light,
And our souls from Earth to Heaven
Seem transported by the sight.

There a cloud of golden beauty,
Here a maze of palest blue;
And the one just over yonder
Seems be-sprinkled as with dew;
Scan the horizon's dim distance—
See! a ball of fire it moves.
Yes! a cloud, could one imagine
Such a wonder as it proves?

There! 'tis darkening; soon the fair moon
Will be queen without a rival,
And the stars in wondrous glory
Will come forth as to a bridal.
Ah! the breeze is bidding farewell;
It will greet us at the dawn,
And the bird's soft song is silent,
For the eventide is gone.

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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Private Art Collections in Rome—Living on an Art Gallery—Very Genteel Poverty—Collections of Priceless Worth.

LII.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

Vast as is the Vatcan and the other great museums of art, they contain only a portion of what may be seen in the Wonderful City. There are hundreds of priceless galleries, owned by families, which every visitor must see if he would feast upon all there is of the best. There are scores of palaces which have collections valuable enough, if they could be sold, to pay off the Italian national debt.

The wonderful amount of art preserved in Rome, and for that matter, all over Italy, is due to the fact that in certain families plate, jewels, and works of art are entailed the same as real estate is in England, and cannot be sold and dispersed, which is a very fortunate thing for Italy and a very unfortunate thing for the unhappy owners. It has kept the old palaces with their priceless art treasures together and makes in Rome a hundred museums of quite as great value as the best of the public collections—not in extent, but quality.

One noble family in Rome is the happy, or unhappy, possessor of a palace that contains 10,000,000 of lire, which is $2,000,000, worth of paintings, statuary and plate, and nothing else. There is not a dollar of revenue, not a dollar of money, not enough to light a single kitchen fire. The unhappy Princess cannot breakfast on Correggios or dine upon Michael Angelos, nor can she sell a square inch of the priceless canvass and marble with which the immense palace is filled.

A PAUPER PRINCESS.

So the palace is opened to the visitors and a small fee is exacted from each for the care of canes, umbrellas and overcoats, which are presumed to go the respectable-looking serving man who performs that office, but it doesn't. Her Highness keeps a sharp lookout on him, and every copper he receives finds its way to her, and from the proceeds of this exhibition she manages to starve, though she does ride in a carriage and keep servants in livery. Being a princess, she must have a carriage and flunkies in livery, whether she have money to support the style or not. She receives, if the weather be good and the city thronged with visitors, as much as $10 a day, and on that she must live, for she has nothing but the art in the palace, and that she can neither sell or mortgage.

All this is very bad for the Princess, but very good for Rome. The family pictures bring visitors who spend money everywhere except upon the magnet that attracts them. What she is constantly striving to do is to marry her son to a rich American girl, a girl whose father would be willing to pay $100,000 or $200,000 for a title for his daughter, and her daughter to rich American or Englishman from whom she might borrow money as occasion demands. With all this wealth in her possession she is so poor that a meal of cold victuals would be a charity to her.

To fully enjoy the art collections in Rome it is highly essential to religiously avoid knowing anything about art. Knowledge of art should be left to the artists, as knowledge of acting should be left to actors. It is a sad sight to see a young lady who has acquired just enough art-knowledge to talk glibly of "chiar-oscuro," "fore-shortening," "depth," "tone," "breadth of phrasing," "freedom," and all that sort of thing to stand before a picture and, "study" at it. The poor thing doesn't come before it to enjoy it, she comes to see if it is possible to detect any fault in it. Consequently she doesn't enjoy the picture at all, because if there are no faults she invents enough to serve her purpose. It matters not whether it be a Titian or a Raphael, she is never fully satisfied with the picture, and in the plenitude of her understanding she not only makes herself miserable over it, but contrives to spoil the enjoyment of everybody else. The picture "lacks breadth," it lacks this, that and the other, and she wonders how it is possible that the whole world has gone into raptures over it for so many centuries.

If she had resolutely declined to know anything about the technicalities of art—if she had refused to learn anything about "chiaro-scuro" and "breadth" and had merely given herself up to the leadings of a natural good taste, she would have been happy in the contemplation of the picture instead of miserable. And her tour would have resulted in a stock of pleasure and instruction which she could have drawn upon for a life-time, instead of being a nuisance to herself and everybody she comes in contact with.

"Chiar-oscuro" and "breadth" have killed the enjoyment of a great many people, who but for these nightmares might have been happy.

TIBBITTS WRITES A LETTER.

Mr. Tibbitts spent one day in the great art museum in the Vatican and that night wrote a letter to his mother, in Oshkosh, of which the following is an extract:

"While Italy has none of the creature comforts of our beloved country, it has more to satisfy the inner longing for the beautiful. I find it difficult to think of tearing myself away from the fountain head of esthetic delight. I can endure a smoky room, for I can fill my better nature with Titian. I may murmur at bad food, but to compensate I fill my soul with Correggio. A full soul is better than a full stomach. Who so base as to growl at getting into a damp bed after an hour with Veronese? I pity these soulless beings, these clods, who keep on the dull earth of fact, when there is the blue sky of imagination to soar in.

"I have just returned from an hour's contemplation of the great creation of Bustardo, the last work he ever accomplished, and the greatest. It is really a marvelous creation. I don't know the subject—I don't know that it has any subject. It is the wonderful handling of whatever the subject may be that entrances me. The contrast between the apparent simplicity of the results and the skill with which the results are brought about, is something altogether too wonderful. The breadth of treatment, the wonderful fidelity of detail, the skill with which the rich old browns are blended into the more daring crimsons, the wealth of color, the evident confidence of the great master in his own power, his wide departure from the conventionalities of those who fetter art genius with heavy rules, his boldness of purpose and the tenacity with which he clung to his own individuality, traversing as he did all the schools then known and understood, mark him as one possessed of an original mind, one who was a creator not a mere imitator.

"There is in this great creation a boldness in fore-shortening, a nicety in dealing with tints, a freedom in handling, without which the daring conception would have been naught—a great purpose unachieved. Another master less confident of his own powers and more fearful of offending the established canons of art, would have lessened the greatness of the work by daring too little. The great Bustardo, confident of himself and relying upon the genius that had never failed him for lesser flights, essayed the highest, and succeeded. The great work is the triumph of confidence—it is the fruition of a confident effort.

"There is something in the great work which fills the room in which it is hung. You do not see it only—you feel it. A blind man who had studied art in his younger days when he had sight, if brought before it would pause. His soul would reach out through the darkness and he would instinctively cry 'Bustardo!' A deaf and dumb man would recognize it with one hand tied behind him. Uniting the majestic lines of a composition perfect in the balance of its masses, with an effect unsurpassed in its contrasts of light and shade, the great master moved boldly into the very center of inspirational art and assailed all the senses at once. The harmony of the colors is true and ringing, and the chords are so subtle that the eye is carried captive into the realms of delight without knowing or caring by what agency it is being led. So complete is the transition that the real lover of art who finds the greatest delight in resigning himself to an ecstacy, when one comes handy, never looks at his ticket to see whether he is traveling first or second class.

"Impecunious artists of American descent who have lived here a month or two, and exhausted their money and knowledge of English, frequently sit before this great work an hour in the morning, in lieu of their breakfast, and two hours in the afternoon, which answers for their dinner. As the hall is warm they would sit all night to save a lodging, but the attendant is base and mechanical, not soulful, and has no inspirational nature to sympathize with the worshipers of the unintelligible, and he promptly hists them out at four in the afternoon."

On being remonstrated with for sending such a mass of gibberish to his good mother, Mr. Tibbitts replied that he had heard every word of it during the day, from people mostly with eye-glasses, and there is no doubt but that his statement was true. This is the kind of talk you hear in front of the great pictures, and the imaginative young man did not exaggerate.

It must not be supposed that in Rome all the art you see must necessarily delight you. There is, in all the galleries, an accumulation of rubbish which is beyond value, for some reason, but which removed from these walls and no person of taste would take as a gift. There are Madonnas whose virginity would be questioned after one look at their faces and figures, and Adams of the general symmetry of form of the average overworked journeyman tailor. There are saints whose going into retiracy in caves could be justified by their abnormal ugliness, and saintesses who certainly had no trouble in keeping all the vows unless they were fleeter of foot and physically stronger than the men of the period. But these very pictures are among the most valuable and most highly prized, and the space in front of them is always filled.

THE GREAT FLORENTINE GALLERIES.

In the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries, in Florence are several miles of pictures which are priceless. No money could purchase them, and were one of them to be destroyed the art circles of Florence would go into mourning.

These especial pictures are, beyond all doubt, the worst in the world. One, for instance, is an alleged retreat of monks. The river coursing through the premises is not to exceed 10 feet in width, and on its bosom are floating boats not larger than card-tables, in which monks are standing and pulling out fish larger than Jonah's whale. Fish in the air, on the end of lines, are larger actually than the river from which they were drawn, and much larger than the fisher who has caught them. There is no attempt at perspective. A house stands exactly over the river, with another river on top of the house, and so on.

Why are these preserved with such care, and why are they so highly valued? Artists tell you that they give the uninitiated no pleasure or instruction. They will tell you that they are inestimable because they mark an era in art, that they show the progress made in art, that So-and-So flourished in 560, and it is necessary to have these "examples" to show the connection between that school and those succeeding, and to note the gradual development, etc., of all of which no one but an artist can possibly understand or comprehend.

Any one can understand that to an art student these now hoary daubs may be valuable, either as possessing something to copy, or something to avoid, but why have them by miles in the best places in galleries frequented by the non-professionals? As they are not "examples" of anything that a lover of art, not an artist, cares a straw for, as they are only looked at because of their, to the layman, extraordinary badness, why cumber they the walls of the art galleries that are presumably for the education and delectation of those who are neither studying art, or ever expect to? Why not put them on the walls of an art-school, for the sole use of students, and save the people the time wasted in trying to make them out?

This is of course heretical, as it is to question anything that is, in the world of art, but were it done many a tourist would have a higher opinion of art, and a much more extended knowledge of it.

THE WINES OF ITALY.

The wine of Italy varies with almost every mile of territory. It is of every grade, from delicious to vile, very like their climate. The ordinary wine of the table, either red or white, has decidedly the taste of the fruit, and is rather too acid to suit the person accustomed to French claret or the Rhine wines. There is not too much acid in it, but it is a peculiarly tongue-biting, skin-piercing acid, that to one not accustomed to it requires the wine to be largely diluted with water.

The landlord smiles, when he gets out of the room to see a young man look at the wine in the glass, and taste it, and smell it, and go through all sorts of motions, and remark that he is glad to get where he can procure an absolutely pure article of "Chianti," or "Capri," or whatever it may be, and that it is worth coming to Italy to be able to drink an absolutely pure wine. The landlord smiles to himself, for he knows that it isn't any more Chianti or Capri than it is the elixir of life. He knows it was compounded in a neighboring wine house, of a dozen different varieties, compounded as a chemist produces things, and that he himself mixed it over again to suit the taste of the acute young man. But it is no matter to him. He merely charges the knowing one four francs more a bottle than he would any one else, so that he may be sure he is getting what he came for, an "absolutely pure and sound wine."

It may be a comfort to the exceedingly sharp young men of America who know all about wines and sit and look wise over bottles, and taste, and look at corks, and go through all that sort of thing, to know that absolutely pure, unfabricated wine is about as scarce a thing in Italy as vital piety.

The wines of Italy are stronger and more heady than those of France, and so large quantities are exported to France, where they are mixed skilfully with other ingredients. They are made into whatever variety the American young man may choose to look wise over and pronounce good. "Yes, it's a good sound wine, not the best you know, but good enough. It's pure, at all events." It is strengthened with spirits, reduced with water, sweetened with sugar and doctored with acids and colored to whatever shade may be required for the manufacturer, so don't drink it they are catholic in their views concerning it. And somehow the "fruity taste" that the young American idiot always objects to, when the wine has any taste at all, don't seem to be an objection over here, for the wines in common use, which everybody, rich and poor, drink habitually, taste (every one of them genuine) of the grape from which they were pressed, and taste it very strongly.

As nobody under any conceivable circumstances ever drinks water, and as the people lack the breadth of mind, the stolid perseverance and the grasp of intellect to make beer, there is a vast quantity of wine consumed. It is brought into the City in casks, it is drawn into immense bottles holding from six gallons down to a pint, and supplied as desired. The favorite common wines of the neighborhood of Rome are Chianti and Capri, there being, as in all other countries, more Capri wine consumed every day in Rome than the Island of Capri has produced for 20 years, which is another thing that the American young man who expatiates upon the peculiarity of the soil of Capri being the reason for the excellence of its wines wants to make a note of. There are many things that the American young man who is always "selecting" wines wants to make a note of. Then he won't select any more wines.

The Last Census of Japan.

London Times.

The returns of the census taken Jan. 1, 1883, for the Empire of Japan have just been published, and show that the whole country contains a total of 36,700,110, made up of 18,598,998 males and 18,101,112 females. The number of inhabited houses is 7,611,770, being an average of about five persons to a house. The populations of a few of the best known Cities are as follows: Osaka, 1,772,923, living in 366,960 houses; Hiogo, 1,418,521, living in 319,910 houses; Nagasaki, 1,204,629, living in 257,915 houses; Tokio, 987,887, living in 275,653 houses; Kioto, 835,215, living in 196,620 houses. The rate of population to houses, however, seems uncertain in the various Towns, as, for instance, in Nuagata, where a population of 1,561,168 inhabit 805,599 houses. It is unusual to find in the census of different countries such and equality in numbers of the sexes, though there are a few Towns in Japan where the women outnumber the men, such as Saitaina, where there are 484,058 women to 478,659 men; Aitchi, 669,235 to 662,815; Yamanashi, 205,534 to 204,315; Yamagata, 340,505 to 252,855. A return published at the same date states that the Japanese army consists of 30 Generals, 9,325 officers of all ranks, 109,496 non-commissioned officers and men, 253 officers of administration, 62 military workmen, and 617 apprentices, of whom 12 are studying military routine in foreign countries.

Life on the Frontier.

Troy Times.

Lynchings are becoming so common in the West that housewives are afraid to leave their clothes-line out over night. In the morning they find it a mile away with a man hanging to the end.

Our Story Teller.

THE YELLOW MASK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "Percy and the Prophet," "A Rogue's Life," etc., etc.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

About a century ago there lived in the ancient City of Pisa a famous Italian milliner, who, by way of vindicating to all customers her familiarity with Paris fashions, adopted a French title, and called herself the Demoiselle Grifoni. She was a wizen little woman, with a mischievous face, a quick tongue, a nimble foot, a talent for business, and an uncertain disposition. Rumor hinted that she was immensely rich, and scandal suggested that she would do anything for money.

The one undeniable good quality which raised Demoiselle Grifoni above all her rivals in the trade was her inexhaustible fortitude. She was never known to yield an inch under any pressure of adverse circumstances. Thus the memorable occasion of her life on which she was threatened with ruin was also the occasion on which she most triumphantly asserted the energy and decision of her character. At the hight of the demoiselle's prosperity, her skilled forewoman and cutter-out basely married and started in business as her rival. Such a calamity as this would have ruined an ordinary milliner; but the invincible Grifoni rose superior to it almost without an effort, and proved incontestably that it was impossible for hostile Fortune to catch her at the end of her resources. While the minor milliners were prophesying that she would shut up shop, she was quietly carrying on a correspondence with an agent in Paris. Nobody knew what these letters were about until a few weeks had elapsed, and then circulars were received by all the ladies in Pisa, announcing that the best French forewoman who could be got for money was engaged to superintend the great Grifoni establishment. This master-stroke decided the victory. All the demoiselle's customers declined giving orders elsewhere until the forewoman from Paris had exhibited to the natives of Pisa the latest fashions from the metropolis of the world of dress.

The Frenchwoman arrived punctual to the appointed day—glib and curt, smiling and flippant, tight of face and supple of figure. Her name was Mlle. Virginie, and her family had inhumanly deserted her. She was set to work the moment she was inside the doors of the Grifoni establishment. A room was devoted to her own private use; magnificent materials in velvet, silk and satin, with due accompaniment of muslins, laces and ribbons, were placed at her disposal; she was told to spare no expense, and to produce, in the shortest possible time, the finest and newest specimen dresses for exhibition in the show-room. Mlle. Virginie undertook to do everything required of her, produced her portfolios of patterns and her book of colored designs, and asked for one assistant who could speak French enough to interpret her orders to the Italian girls in the workroom.

"I have the very person you want," cried Demoiselle Grifoni. "A workwoman we call Brigida here—the idlest slut in Pisa, but as sharp as a needle—has been in France and speaks the language like a native. I'll send her to you directly."

Mlle. Virginie was not left long with her patterns and silks. A tall woman, with bold, black eyes, a reckless manner, and a step as firm as a man's, stalked into the room with the gait of a tragedy-queen crossing the stage. The instant her eyes fell on the French forewoman she stopped, threw up her hands in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Finette!"

"Teresa!" cried the French woman, casting her scissors on the table, and advancing a few steps.

"Hush! call me Brigida."

"Hush! call me Virginie."

These two exclamations were uttered at the same moment, and then the two women scrutinized each other in silence. The swarthy cheeks of the Italian turned to a dull yellow; and the voice of the French woman trembled a little when she spoke again.

"How, in the name of Heaven, have you dropped down in the world as low as this?" she asked. "I thought you were provided for when—"

"Silence!" interrupted Brigida. "You see I was not provided for. I have had my misfortunes; and you are the last woman alive who ought to refer to them."

"Do you think I have not had my misfortunes, too, since we met?" (Brigida's face brightened maliciously at those words.) "You have had your revenge," continued Mlle. Virginie, coldly, turning away to the table, and taking up the scissors again.

Brigida followed her, threw one arm roughly around her neck, and kissed her on the cheek. "Let us be friends again," she said. The Frenchwoman laughed. "Tell me how I have had my revenge," pursued the other, tightening her grasp. Mlle. Virginie signed to Brigida to stoop, and whispered rapidly in her ear. The Italian listened eagerly, with fierce suspicious eyes fixed on the door. When the whispering ceased, she loosened her hold, and, with a sigh of relief, pushed back her heavy black hair from her temples. "Now, we are friends," she said, and sat down indolently in a chair placed by the work-table.

"Friends," repeated Mlle. Virginie, with another laugh. "And now for business," she continued, getting a row of pins ready for use by putting them between her teeth. "I am here, I believe, for the purpose of ruining the late forewoman, who has set up in opposition to us? Good. I will ruin her. Spread out the yellow brocaded silk, my dear, and pin that pattern on at you end, while I pin at mine. And what are your plans, Brigida? (Mind you don't forget that Finette is dead, and that Virginie has risen from her ashes.) You can't possibly intend to stop here all your life? (Leave an inch outside the paper, all round.) You must have projects? What are they?"

"Look at my figure," said Brigida, placing herself in an attitude in the middle of the room.

"Ah," rejoined the other, "it's not what it was. There's too much of it. You want diet, walking, and a French staymaker," muttered Mlle. Virginie through her chevaux-de-frise of pins.

"Did the goddess Minerva walk, and employ a French stay-maker? I thought she rode upon clouds, and lived at a period before waists were invented."

"What do you mean?"

"This—that my present project is to try if I can't make my fortune by sitting as a model for Minerva in the studio of the best sculptor in Pisa."

"And who is he? (Unwind me a yard or two of that black lace.)"

"The master-sculptor, Luca Lomi—an old family, once noble, but down in the world now. The master is obliged to make statues to get a living for his daughter and himself."

"More of the lace—double it over the bosom of the dress. And how is sitting to this needy sculptor to make your fortune?"

"Wait a minute. There are other sculptors besides him in the studio. There is, first, his brother, the priest—Father Rocco, who passes all his spare time with the master. He is a good sculptor in his way—has cast statues and made a font for his church—a holy man, who devotes all his work in the studio to the cause of piety."

"Ah, bah! we should think him a droll priest in France. (More pins.) You don't expect him to put money in your pocket, surely?"

"Wait, I say again. There is a third sculptor in the studio—actually a nobleman! His name is Fabio d'Ascoli. He is rich, young, handsome, and only child, and little better than a fool. Fancy his working at a sculpture, as if he had his bread to get by it—and thinking that an amusement! Imagine a man belonging to one of the best families in Pisa mad enough to want to make a reputation as an artist! Wait! wait! the best is to come. His father and mother are dead; he has no near relations in the world to exercise authority over him; he is a bachelor, and his fortune is all at his own disposal—going a-begging, my friend—absolutely going a-begging for want of a clever woman to hold out her hand and take it from him."

"Yes, yes; now I understand. The goddess Minerva is a clever woman, and she will hold out her hand and take his fortune from him with the utmost docility."

"The first thing is to get him to offer it. I must tell you that I am not going to sit to him, but to his master, Luca Lomi, who is doing the statue of Minerva. The face is modeled from his daughter, and now he wants somebody to sit for the bust and arms. Maddalena and I are as nearly as possible of the same hight, I hear—the difference between us being that I have a good figure and she has a bad one. I have offered to sit, through a friend who is employed in the studio. If the master accepts, I am sure of an introduction to our rich young gentleman; and then leave it to my good looks, my various accomplishments, and my ready tongue to do the rest."

"Stop! I won't have the lace doubled, on second thoughts. I'll have it single, and running all round the dress in curves—so. Well, and who is this friend of yours employed in the studio? A fourth sculptor?"

"No, no; the strangest, simplest little creature—"

Just then a faint tap was heard at the door of the room.

Brigida laid her finger on her lips and called impatiently to the person outside to come in.

The door opened gently, and a young girl, poorly but very neatly dressed, entered the room. She was rather thin and under the average hight, but her head and figure were in perfect proportion. Her hair was of that gorgeous auburn color, her eyes of that deep violet-blue, which the portraits of Giorgione and Titian have made famous as the type of Venetian beauty. Her features possessed the definiteness and regularity, the "good modeling" (to use an artist's term), which is the rarest of all womanly charms, in Italy as elsewhere. The one serious defect of her face was its paleness. Her cheeks, wanting nothing in form, wanted everything in color. That look of health, which is the essential crowning point of beauty, was the one attraction which her face did not possess.

She came into the room with a sad and weary expression in her eyes, which changed, however, the moment she observed the magnificently dressed French forewoman, into a look of astonishment, and almost awe. Her manner became shy and embarrassed, and, after an instant of hesitation, she turned silently to the door.

"Stop, stop, Nanina," said Brigida, in Italian. "Don't be afraid of that lady. She is our new forewoman, and she will tell you all sorts of kind things for you. Look up and tell us what you want. You were 16 last birthday, Nanina, and you behave like a baby of 2 years old!"

"I only came to know if there was any work for me to-day," said the girl, in a very sweet voice, that trembled a little as she tried to face the fashionable French forewoman again.

"No work, child, that is easy enough for *you* to do," said Brigida. "Are you going to the studio to-day?"

Some of the color that Nanina's cheeks wanted began to steal over them as she answered: "Yes."

"Don't forget my message, darling. And if Master Luca Lomi asks where I live, answer that you are ready to deliver a letter to me, but that you are forbidden to enter into any particulars at first about who I am, or where I live."

"Why am I forbidden?" inquired Nanina, innocently.

"Don't ask questions, baby! Do as you are told. Bring me back a nice note or message to-morrow from the studio, and I will intercede with this lady to get you some work. You are a foolish child to want it, when you might make more money by sitting to painters and sculptors, though what they can see to paint or model in you I never could understand."

"I like working at home better than going abroad to sit," said Nanina, very much abashed as she faltered out the answer, and escaping from the room with a terrified farewell obeisance, which was an eccentric compound of a start, a bow, and a courtesy.

"That awkward child would be pretty," said Mlle. Virginie, making rapid progress with the cutting out of her dress, "if she knew how to give herself a complexion, and had a presentable gown on her back. Who is she?"

"The friend who is to get me into Master Luca Lomi's studio," replied Brigida, laughing. "Rather a curious ally for me to take up with, isn't she?"

"Where did you meet with her?"

"Here, to be sure; she hangs about this place for any plain work she can get to do, and takes it home to the oddest little room in a street near the Campo Santo. I had the curiosity to follow her one day, and knocked at her door soon after she had gone in, as if I was a visitor. She answered my knock in a great flurry and fright, as you may imagine. I made myself agreeable, affected immense interest in her affairs, and so got into her room. Such a place! A mere corner of it curtained off to make a bed-room. One chair, one stool, one saucepan on the fire. Before the hearth the most grotesquely hideous, unshaven poodle-dog you ever saw, and on the stool a fair little girl plaiting dinner-mats. Such was the household, furniture and all included. 'Where is your father?' I asked. 'He ran away and left us years ago,' answered my awkward little friend, in her sweet voice, speaking in that simple way of hers, with all the composure in the world. 'And your mother?' 'Dead.' She went up to the little mat-plaiting girl as she gave that answer, and began playing with her long flaxen hair. 'Your sister, I suppose,' said I. 'What is her name?' 'They call me La Biondella,' says the child, looking up from her mats (La Biondella, Virginie, means The Fair). 'And why do you let that great, shaggy, ill-looking brute lie before your fireplace?' I asked. 'Oh!' cried the little mat-plaiter, 'that is our dear old dog, Scaramuccia. He takes care of the house when Nanina is out. He dances on his hind legs, and jumps through a hoop and tumbles down dead when I cry bang! Scaramuccia followed us home one night, years ago, and he has lived with us ever since. He goes out every day by himself, we can't tell where, and generally returns licking his chops, which makes us afraid that he is a thief; but nobody finds him out, because he is the cleverest dog that ever lived!' The child ran on in this way about the great beast by the fireplace, till I was obliged to stop her; while that simpleton Nanina stood by, laughing and encouraging her. I asked them a few more questions, which produced some strange answers. They did not seem to know of any relations of theirs in the world. The neighbors in the house had helped them, after their father ran away, until they were old enough to help themselves; and they did not seem to think there was anything in the least wretched or pitiable in their way of living. The last thing I heard, when I left them that day, was La Biondella crying 'Bang!'—then a bark, a thump on the floor, and a scream of laughter. If it was not for their dog, I should go and see them oftener. But the ill-conditioned beast has taken a dislike to me, and growls and shows his teeth whenever I come near him."

"The girl looked sickly when she came in here. Is she always like that?"

"No; she has altered within the last month. I suspect our interesting young nobleman has produced an impression. The oftener the girl has sat to him lately, the palor and more out of spirits she has become."

"Oh! she has sat to him, has she?"

"She is sitting to him now. He is doing a bust of some pagan nymph or other, and prevailed on Napina to let him copy from her head and face. According to her own account, the little fool was frightened at first, and gave him all the trouble in the world before she would consent."

"And now she has consented, don't you think it likely she may turn out rather a dangerous rival? Many are such fools, and take such fancies into their heads."

"Ridiculous! A thread-paper of a girl like that, who has no manner, no talk, no intelligence; who has nothing to recommend her but an awkward, babyish prettiness! Dangerous to me? No, no! If there is danger at all, I have to dread it from the sculptor's daughter. I don't mind confessing that I am anxious to see Maddalena Lomi. But as for Nanina, she will simply be of use to me. All I know already about the studio, and the artists in it, I know through her. She will deliver my message, and procure me my introduction; and when we have got so far, I shall give her an old gown and a shake of the hand; and then, good-by to our little innocent!"

"Well—well, for your sake, I hope you are the wiser of the two in this matter. For my part, I always distrust innocence. Wait one moment, and I shall have the body and sleeves of this dress ready for the needle-woman. There, ring the bell, and order them up—for I have directions to give, and you must interpret for me."

While Brigida went to the bell, the energetic Frenchwoman began planning out the skirt of the new dress. She laughed, as she measured off yard after yard of the silk.

"What are you laughing about?" asked Brigida, opening the door and ringing a hand-bell in the passage.

"I can't help fancying, dear, in spite of her innocent face, and her artless ways, that your young friend is a hypocrite."

"And I am quite certain, love, that she is only a simpleton."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written For the Blade.

ATLANTIS.

BY HENRY LONGFELLOW KINER.

CHAPTER VI.

ANCHORED.

As the sun was steaming redly through the smothering mists, on an afternoon in August very long ago, an evil appearing craft, schooner rigged, black and sharp-bowed, lay becalmed on a glassy sea. She was a coaster, as indeed were all vessels of that time.

As still as if graven in ebony lay the schooner upon the sea. Not a breath of wind anywhere, in the misty and silent heaven. Not a ripple on the water, not a tremor in the sails. Nor was there a sound anywhere, or any indication of life, on the distant coast or upon the sea. All nature seemed waiting breathlessly for some gigantic event that was to change all things.

On the forward deck of the schooner, among a lot of coiled cordage and barrels, sat the motionless figure of a man. Dark-eyed, heavy-browed, he sat and gazed steadily away over the sea. His age was perhaps 40. His face was clean shaven, exhibiting well his massive square jaw, and bringing vividly into relief, by contrast with the white skin, the big black eyes and heavy brows. He was, apparently, above the ordinary stature of men. His loose blouse, open at the neck and breast, and the roomy sleeves exhibited turgid muscles that spoke his giant strength.

His reverie was ultimately disturbed by an altercation below deck, in which the shrill treble of a boy's voice rose in violent expostulation with the deep bass of a man's. The sounds grew louder, and finally the disputants tumbled up a steep stairway, and stood upon the deck.

"What's the matter now, Pollux?" demanded the dark-eyed man, whirling abruptly.

The mate touched his cap respectfully, and said:

"Captain Pariah, Castor's drunk again, and Niggles stole the rum for him."

Pariah said not a word; but beckoned the quaking Niggles to approach. The boy came slowly, punctuating his approach with apprehensive glances. When he arrived within reach, Pariah, without rising, caught him with one hand, raised him bodily from the deck, glared at the wriggling form a moment, then deliberately threw it over the railing into the sea. Having accomplished which he calmly resumed his reverie. Pollux leaned against a mast, and stared with looks half of terror, half of hate, at the broad back of the Captain.

Niggles meanwhile, who could swim like a fish, took his ducking very calmly. He swam round the vessel to a position where neither the Captain or Mate could see him, where he lay upon the water and gave himself much comfort by making horrible faces, intended to be expressive of defiance and contempt of both. This proceeding being finished to his entire satisfaction, he swam to the anchor, swung his dripping form upon it, and clambered up the chains to the deck.

"I can endure this no longer!" suddenly exclaimed Pariah, rising nervously, just as Niggles popped below. "Are all the winds dead and gone to their graves? I had rather fight a thousand adverse winds than to lie here like a helpless child. Pollux! remove the irons from 50 Ethiopians and bring them on deck."

Pollux stared, but did not.

"Do you hear me?" fiercely demanded Pariah, turning upon him.

"Yes; but consider the danger, Captain," said Pollux, deferentially, touching his cap and bowing low as he spoke; "consider the—"

"Do as you are bidden!" thundered Pariah, grasping a claymore that lay conveniently near, and assuming a threatening attitude.

Pollux disappeared below.

He roused Castor, the helmsman, from a drunken sleep, and completely sobered that bibulous individual by relating to him the order just given by the Captain.

Castor, a great, good-humored individual, with a round face and a dawn-hued nose, sat bolt upright, staring at the mate and repeating over and over again that it must be a joke, and mumbling something to the effect that his system could not assimilate it as a fact. By way of nourishing his credulity, Pollux jerked him to his feet, and giving him a kick, ordered him to set to work at once, which Castor did in a dazed and uncertain manner, frequently unlocking, relocking and again unlocking the same shackles.

Fifty items that went to make up the human invoice of the vessel, stood upon their feet, free of manacles.

In five minutes more they were upon the deck, cowering abjectly before Pariah, who regarded them austerely. He pointed to a half-dozen great sweeps or oars. The black men seized them. Pariah pointed to certain large rowlocks upon the sides of the vessel. They were rusted and hardly recognizable from disuse.

The blacks understood, and placed the sweeps in position.

A dozen men to each sweep, and a couple more to oil and attend the creaking and complaining locks. The vessel began to move slowly through the glassy sea.

Castor, by this time entirely sober, quietly took his place at the helm, eying the blacks (as also did Pollux) with fear and trembling.

Niggles emerged from somewhere, and stimulated and encouraged everybody by whistling a lively air, accompanying which he produced a sensational tatoo, improvised upon the head of a barrel.

Pariah, meanwhile, sat at the vessel's bow, and kept those dark, magnetic eyes of his fixed upon the blacks. Not once did he relax this steady gaze. Not the wavering shadow of a look or expression on the face of any one of them escaped him. If, has happened several times during the afternoon, an individual of this sable crew attempted to steal a meaning or inquiring look at the face of a fellow, Pariah's hand was upon his claymore in an instant, and his eyes blazed a silent but deadly warning.

No word was spoken. The black vessel, propelled by its black cargo, ruled by the black eyes of its commander, glided steadily over the mirrored sea.

It was after dark when the vessel drew in among many others, in the great harbor of Caledon. After dark, obedient to a signal from Pariah, Niggles had lit every lantern in the ship. The deep, vigilant eye of Pariah still transfixed the black men. The blacks, when the anchor had been cast, quietly went below, and submitted to be manacled.

Pariah, observing a great throng upon the wharf, joined it, after giving orders to Pollux to be more than usually vigilant.

Ere Pariah had gained an intelligent idea of the meaning of the assemblage on the wharf, a priest who seemed to have been engaged in speaking, walked away in the direction of the Town, followed by the throng.

Pariah's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. Most of his life had been passed on the sea. He was but little used to the ways of men on the shore. He had been a buccaneer and was now a slaver. He possessed all the reckless, dare-devil bravado of his class.

He followed the people, who were singularly quiet and solemn, to the door of a great temple. A realizing sense of the occult and eternal fitness of things forbade him to enter.

But his curiosity to learn the meaning of this curious assemblage, induced him to linger in the shadow of the great gloomy walls. He occasionally made an effort to gain a view of the interior, but was not successful, owing to the dim light within.

The people remained in the temple so long, and were so silent, and the gloom outside was so oppressive, that Pariah, naturally of a restless disposition, found his self-imposed vigil irksome, and had decided to return to the schooner, when his nervous pacing back and forth was arrested and his attention chained by the sound of a sweet girlish voice floating down from some nook in the great building. The voice sang a plaintive ballad.

The throng in the fane was forgotten. The purport of the mysterious gathering, except that it had served to bring him hither, had no longer any interest to Pariah. He thought only of the wonderful sweetness of the voice that fell like the voice of an angel down from the murky sky, on the silent ear of night.

The schooner "Erebus" was anchored in the harbor of Caledon. The heart of her captain was anchored in her great temple.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Father Vesta was the priest of the principal temple of the great city of Caledon. A brother of his had died many years before, leaving an only daughter named Sacris, whose mother had perished in giving birth to her babe. Father Vesta assumed control of Sacris's destiny. She was placed in the care of a family noted for its piety and loyalty to the temple, and by this family was reared and guarded most rigidly till her fourteenth year. Her uncle, the priest, then removed her to apartments especially prepared for her in the temple, in which luxurious and sequestered abode she had been now nearly three years. She had no other companion than Vigis, a demure maiden of 12. Vigis was the only appellation by which this damsel was known. Whether it was her inherited or bestowed name, nobody knew, and nobody cared. She was very attentive to her mistress and loved her dearly, and this being the only apparent virtue of Vigis, nobody found fault with her, nobody praised her, nobody knew aught or cared aught about her. She had no relations, no friends, no connexion in any known manner with the human race.

The apartments in which Sacris and Vigis dwelt were far above the ground. Their windows looked down from a dizzy hight up the great stone cathedral wall, out upon the befogged and moldy town. The rooms were furnished luxuriously. Rare and costly paintings adorned the walls, and statues of wonderful beauty and grace were here and there. But the rooms were as much a prison to Sacris and Vigis as if their walls had been of bare stone, and iron bars had grated the doors and windows. Her uncle, Father Vesta, had the most exaggerated ideas of the wickedness of the world. The confessions of black sins and riotous iniquities that had, by reason of his calling, been pouring into his ears nearly all his life, had confirmed the impression, first given him by his books, that the world was irretrievably bad. He held that righteous man's primal duty was to keep himself as nearly as possible aloof from the world; his second duty was to keep all he loved unstained by contact with it.

So, the family with which Sacris had lived till her 14th year, by nature and education possessed of Father Vesta's ultra views, had their vigilance redoubled by his constant admonitions.

Up to her 14th year Sacris had not seen a man, save her uncle and the gloomy and austere head of the household in which she dwelt. At the period of her removal to the temple, which was accomplished after nightfall, she caught a mere glimpse of an ancient and half-blind usher, who swung a dim lantern at the portal, which only served to emphasize the darkness. That was three years before, and she had not left the temple since.

Vigis had been brought to her by Father Vesta the day after her arrival at the temple. Father Vesta had merely said:

"Sacris, your maid, Vigis." Having said which, he withdrew, and never referred to Vigis afterward.

"Vigis, how patient you are!" said Sacris, regarding her little maid with a half-pensive, half-amused look.

"Why shouldn't I be, dear Sacris?" retorted the young girl, bending demurely over some trifle at which she was working.

"Have you no desire to go forth and see the world?"

Vigis shook her head.

"To see other girls of your own age and station?"

Vigis shook her head harder.

"To see young gentlemen, now Vigis?"

Vigis shook her head so hard that it seemed in danger of coming off.

"I have never conversed with one," resumed Sacris.

"I have," said Vigis.

"Horrid, ain't they?"

"Perfectly awful. I saw a pair of them together once, years and years ago. One of them made faces at me, and the other one pulled my hair. Ugh! the ugly things."

"Were they tall, like Father Vesta?"

"One was, and taller, bigger, with big black eyes and curly black hair. He's the one that pulled my hair. The other was a little stumpy one. He's the one that made faces at me. I hate both of them yet."

"What color did you say his eyes were?"

"Green—green as grass."

"No, Vigis; the other one."

"What about him?"

"His eyes. What color were they?"

"Black. Ugly, big, black eyes that would frighten you, they would look through you so."

"Did he wear a toga, like Father Vesta?"

"Had on a little bunched-up jacket, with brass buttons as big as a spoon."

Sacris slightly frowned, and observed that it was a queer costume.

"Yes; and his monkey-face was queer enough, too, without his twisting it out of shape at me, the little savage!"

Sacris smiled slightly. "I meant the other one," said she.

"O, the big one. Let me see. I can't remember quite so well what he wore. I think he had a black cloak of very rich stuff, thrown careless-like over his shoulders?"

"What did he seem to be doing?"

"Worrying everybody that came along, Miss. Making faces at them, Miss, and running against them, Miss, and making believe it was an accident, Miss."

"Certainly not very dignified conduct, Vigis."

"Not indeed. And even when he stopped to make faces at me, he pushed his foot back quickly, so that a fat old lady fell over it."

"I am not thinking of the one who made faces at you, but the other one. What was he doing?"

"O, the big, black-eyed one. He was just swaggering along taking up a good deal of room, and paying no attention to anybody, except when I started back sudden, being frightened by the faces the short young man made at me, and ran against his legs, when he, absent-minded-like, reached down and twitched my hair, and then swaggered on."

The damsels were silent a long time, after this little bit of feminine gossip. Sacris sat by the window in a meditative mood, busying herself with some trifle. Vigis broke the silence.

"Why have you been so downcast lately, my dear mistress?"

"Have I been unusually so?"

"You have, indeed."

"I presume most people are depressed by the singular weather of late. There is a constant, hazy mist, through which the sun sullenly rides like a ball of fire. There are tremblings and rockings of the earth, of which we have often spoken. A great earthquake, or some other dreadful thing, seems impending."

Vigis was frightened by the shuddering manner in which her mistress spoke. She ran up to Sacris, and clasping her arms around her mistress' neck, exclaimed:

"O, Sacris! you frighten me."

"I did not mean to frighten you. Come, we will be cheerful together, now."

"Sing to me then, as you used to," said Vigis, beseechingly, nestling her young head on her mistress's knee.

Sacris, smoothing the little maid's head, complied.

When the song was finished, the young girl and her little maid lingered long at the window, fondling each other's hair.

They had sat there perhaps an hour. Vigis was beginning to prepare her mistress's hair for the couch. Suddenly, with a gasp of horror, she sprang to the middle of the room dragging her mistress after her. Frozen with terror, she clutched wildly at her mistress' arm with one hand, and pointing with the other at the window, gasped:

"The big, black-eyed one!"

CHAPTER VIII.

OMENS.

The great mountain to the southeast of Calledon fretted and fumed. The volcanic crath at the summit of its giant cone, was hot and restless. A constant cloud of white smoke hovered about it, flapping great vapory wings, like a titanic bird of prey.

Day after day the mountain snuffed and snarled, like an angry beast, emitting snorts of smoke and soot. Occasionally the monster caughed ashes and sulphurous, red-hot cinders. He trembled in his rage, and his huge heart thumped violently. He was thoroughly aroused, and would make trouble yet.

Terrified peasants in the far interior were aghast to behold, while tending their sheep and swine in the fields, showers of ashes descend apparently from the heavens.

The mists thickened on the shore. At all times there was a dense fog, which was, in some of the lower portions of the country, absolutely impenetrable. People wandered about in it, were lost in it, and no longer ventured far from home. Cattle went astray, too, and their anxious lowing constantly sounded from every direction.

And the sea still gained upon the shore, foot by foot now instead of inch by inch. Many of the flat stretches of territory adjacent to the sea were already usurped by the waters. Tales were told of whole farms, in the marshy districts, that had been taken by the sea. Waves were now rolling in many places where grain peacefully grew a year ago.

And still the subterranean bellowings and poundings continued and increased. Hoarse, indescribable noises came rolling from nobody knew where, and went nobody knew whither. Tremblings and quakings were constantly agitating the earth. Tall buildings cracked suddenly, great gashes like photographs of the lightning's path appearing in their walls. Many of them tottered and were considered unsafe, and were deserted.

Men neglected their daily vocations in the reign of terror that was upon the land. And still the red sun glared sullenly through the mists; rising and setting in a changeless round. Each morning the people thought, after a restless and vision-haunted night, to-day may be the day of doom. This might bring whatever impends. May it be so. Anything will be a relief to this awful suspense.

But the angry sun still rose and set in a weary round of terror-laden days, and still the fog covered the land, and still continued the coarse, mysterious bellowings and thumpings in the earth; still the volcano muttered and belched forth his ashes; still the lost cattle pitifully lowed upon the moorland; still men forgot their daily vocations in the universal dread, and still the sea gained upon the shore.

CHAPTER IX.

DANGER IN THE DARK.

The "Erebus" lay in the harbor of Caledon a long time, to the astonishment of Pollux and Castor, and even somewhat to the surprise of the stoical Niggles, who seldom allowed himself to become surprised at anything. The woodenest sailor of the crew wondered why the captain lingered so long in Caledon. It had been the intention to drive on up the coast to the Cuban Highlands, where the living cargo was to be sold. Then a drove of negros, belonging to a rich Cuban planter, was to be taken on board, taken to Copan, in Yucatan, where the wealthy Cuban had lately purchased another plantation.

All knew the restless energy of Pariah's nature. The bold rover of the seas could not keep moving enough to satisfy his uneasy spirit. No mariner that roamed the deep made longer or swifter voyages than he. He took pride in the reputation he had won because of the bold, swift voyages he had accomplished. Yet here he was, lingering day after day in Caledon harbor, with no apparent object or purpose.

Meanwhile affairs on board the "Erebus" were not as they should have been, to meet the views of the typical slaver of that or later times. Of all vessels that sail the seas, none require such rigid discipline as those that carry on the nefarious traffic in human flesh. Black men, fresh from their native jungles, savage as wild beasts, and much more cunning, with the prospect of a galling life of slavery if they live, and the bliss of a fetish heaven if they die, are a dangerous sort of a cargo. Draw the rules of your ship taut, ruthless ravager of tropical homes, or your black decks may run red yet.

There were 200 black men on the lower deck, manacled to each other with chains and locks. Big, brawny, powerful men they were. The dark eyes, in which Despair had for many weeks lit her torch to lighten the gloom left by the flight of Hope, began to sparkle again, now with a cunning light. This was unnoticed by the drunken Castor or the stupid Pollux. But it was there, and it meant danger.

Among the blacks was one of more than ordinary stature and physical power. His features were strongly marked. His bearing, even in his present abject condition, was majestic. A lurking devil was in his eye. He had been a chieftain in Ethiopia. Having been made a prisoner of war by a feudal chief, he was sold into slavery, as has been the custom among barbaric tribes in all ages of the world. Pariah, a keen judge of human nature, at first refused to purchase this man, anticipating that he might make trouble.

The savage chief who held the prisoner, however, was extremely anxious to be rid of him. He was afraid of his captive. A bargain was made at a merely nominal price. A score of times since had Pariah cursed his folly in taking the man at all. The big chief was an incubus on board the ship. He haunted the Captain's dreams.

When Pariah had ordered the 50 black men to row the "Erebus" into port, he gave no precautionary advice to allow this black monarch to remain chained. It was unnecessary. Stupid as Pollux was, and drunk as Castor usually was, there was no probability of their loosening the fetters of that man.

Pariah's long stay in port, his long absences from the ship, his strange, abstracted manner when he did pass a few hours on board, all this was not lost upon the wonderfully keen intelligence of the sable king. Nor did he fail to notice the drunken habits of Castor, or the drowsy indifference of Pollux. Likewise did he observe that the seamen became infected with the general laxity that possessed their superiors. All of them were in boon sympathy with Castor in his love of rum. Frequently the sentry, keeping guard over the blacks, dozed and slumbered when on duty. These occasions were eagerly utilized by the sleepless chieftain. Signs there were, and deep, hoarse signals, and looks of intelligence flashing from one to another of the blacks at these times. They all, as with a mutual understanding, looked up to the chief as their leader. Often had they by their looks questioned if they might be allowed to begin the struggle for liberty. As often had he shook his head, and given a signal implying that the must wait.

Thus affairs grew from bad to worse on board the "Erebus." Unrestrained by the presence of the master, Castor and the seamen drank deeply of the stores of rum in the schooner, and Pollux dozed and dreamed.

Niggles was the only individual to whose faculties the real situation was apparent. He frequently muttered to himself that there would be a blessed blowout one of these days, involving a big fight and a vast deal of excitement. Excitement being one of the absolute necessaries of Niggles's being, he rather longed for the blessed blowout to occur. Being required by Pollux to accomplish considerable manual labor while on board, Niggles being by nature and habit averse thereunto, made his absences frequent, and of such long duration that for whole days he was not there at all. His return was invariably the signal for a stormy scene between himself and Pollux, in which Niggles, being in weight, years and stature much the inferior of Pollux, was customarily fain to apply for protection to the bibulous Castor, which individual being under many obligations to Niggles for favors not wholly unconnected with the casks of rum in the hold of the vessel, contrived somehow to bear Niggles off from these skirmishes without loss of life or limb.

So Niggles roamed about the City a good deal wrestling with numerous adventures such as a boy of his spirit can find any quantity of in a populous City.

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, it suddenly occurred to Niggles one day that it would be a capital idea to find out the cause of Pariah's long anchorage in the harbor of Caledon. With this end in view, Niggles sought the schooner, much to the surprise and indignation of Pollux, who cuffed him soundly, and was on the point of spreading him on the deck with a belaying-pin, when the youth was rescued by the ever-ready Castor.

Niggles lurked about the schooner all day, doing voluntarily various odd jobs to appease the wrath of Pollux. About dusk Capt. Pariah boarded the vessel; lingered nervously about a short time, spoke to no one, and departed. He walked swiftly through the City, avoiding the more crowded thorofares. At a respectful distance behind him, but as faithful as his shadow could have been on a sunny day, followed the young man of the inquiring mind.

Thus Niggles, lurking in the shadows of the tall stone buildings, dodging in here and out there, but always keeping in view the man that would have strangled him had he known of his presence, followed on till the great temple was reached. Fitting his slender body in the shadow of a friendly stone pillar, he waited and watched. Soon he saw his master engaged in a quiet but demonstrative conversation with a queer, half-blind old man at the portal, who carried a lantern in one trembling hand, and clutched a stout staff in the other. He seemed to expostulate with the Captain of the slave-ship, shaking his head a great many times, and motioning with his staff. Not a word could Niggles hear, though he strained his ears as they had never been strained before. There were sounds that the youth did finally hear, however. Several large gold-pieces clinked into the old guard's trembling hand. This paved the way. The old man turned and entered the temple, and Pariah followed him.

At that very moment, in a dark and evil-appearing schooner in the harbor, a compact was made, in the gloom and hush of the lower decks, that meant blood.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A New Trick.

Publishers of newspapers and periodicals who are in the improper habit of redeeming unsold copies from news companies and agents are well aware that the return of copies which have been sold and then collected again wherever found, by train boys, hotel servants, etc., subjects them to considerable loss. Mr. J. H. Woodard, of Indianapolis, hai patented a seal and a sealing machine which are designed to prevent this practice in future. The machine which can be attached to the folder or run independently, pastes a slip bearing the seal of the office using it over the free edges of the paper in such a manner that the paper cannot be read without breaking it. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Indianapolis *Journal* have already decided to adopt this means of self-protection. The better way is not to takeback unsold papers.

—Did you read how Josiah Pitkin of Chelsea, Vt., was cured of a terrible sore leg by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the blood purifier?

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 12.

About the close of the last century, or beginning of the present, (the exact year is lost to history) a terrific tornado swept across the country, in nearly an exact East and West line, that has perhaps had few if any parallels, at least within the historic age of Western America. Its origin was believed to have been in the southern part of what is now the State of Illinois. It passed through the south parts of Indiana and Ohio, and was lost in the mountains of Wisconsin. Its track, as I remember it, was about 100 yards wide, in which, through the timbered sections, not a tree was left standing. The tops of many of the trees along its margins were drawn into the whirlwind, and the trunks wrenched off from 10 or 15 feet above the ground, some of which still rested on the stumps, while the tops were entangled in the jungle. The fallen trees lay piled on each other in such a manner as to make it impossible to pass through, especially where the timber was dense. In the course of time the track grew up with bushes and briars, so as to form an almost impenetrable jungle, which became the lair of hosts of wolves, panthers, wildcats, catamounts and other wild beasts. The track was spoken of along its entire length as the "Fallen Timber." There is not now, perhaps, a single trace of it to be recognized anywhere, and only a few of the oldest inhabitants can point out the locality.

My father settled about one mile south of the fallen timber. At the time of my earliest recollection, the place was notorious for the greatest abundance of the largest and sweetest blackberries I have ever seen. Where the seeds came from that produced them had to be conjectured for through the woodlands they were scarcely to be seen. They were probably brought there by the birds. People came from long distances to pick them. Companies from Xenia, the young County-seat of Queen County, Ohio, could be seen almost daily along the fallen timber picking berries during their season. One could go in on one of the long logs and fill a large cedar bucket within a brief space of time. On one occasion, when with other boys I went out to get berries, we passed under a huge panther stretched on a big bur oak limb, not 20 feet above our heads. He was swinging his long tail, and looking complacently down on us, as if he would say, "All right boys, go on and get your berries; if you don't disturb me, I won't disturb you." On the same day our dogs treed a huge wildcat on the top of a high stump. One of our number went for a neighbor to come and shoot it. He came, and his ball broke the animal's back. It fell to the ground and attacked the dog, ripping one of them open with its claws. The man got in a second shot and killed it. It was no unusual thing, especially in cloudy days, to see a wolf setting on a log in some dark place in the thicket; but they were shy, and if they caught sight of a person, they darted out of sight.

On another occasion my mother, a neighbor woman and five or six little chaps of us went in the afternoon to get berries. The neighbor woman had a little girl, less than two years old. It had to be carried part of the way. The child became sleepy, and it mother laid it on a cotten shawl by the side of a bur oak, where it fell asleep. In the mean time she wandered along the edge of the thicket gathering berries, and when at the end of half an hour or so, she returned, the child was gone, but the shawl remained. She was dreadfully alarmed. She ran up and down and called the child, but got no response. Soon she made the woods ring with her wild shrieks, and reproaching herself for having given her child to the panthers. Every effort to find her child failed, and the boys were sent in haste to rouse the neighbors. Before sun down the woods was filled with men, woman and boys and girls. The mother became insane, and had to be taken home and guarded.

The search was continued all night with torches, but without avail. The opinion was unanimous that the child had indeed been carried off by a panther, but the hope of finding some of its clothes, or other signs of its fate, was relied on. By morning there was a large collection of people on the ground, preperations for examining every foot of ground for a mile or two around were completed, and the people, in sections, were entering the woods, just as a loud call was heard off to the west, and the words, "this way," were distinguished, and the whole crowd rushed in the direction from which the voice came. A couple of young men coming up from the settlement below to join the hunt, had caught sight of the child, as they were passing back of a small field, but at sight of them it darted into a thicket, and all their efforts to find it had failed. The thicket was surrounded; and after half an hour's search the little fugitive was found under the thick limbs of a fallen oak, where it had crawled for refuge. Its garments were nearly all torn from its body, and the skin much scratched with briers and thorns.

When the cry "Found alive!" "Found alive!" came floating in on the breeze, the poor heart-broken mother's ear was the first to catch the sound, and tearing away from those who were about her, she sped with the fleetness of a deer across the field to meet the advancing crowd, and grasped the child from its father's arms, and would have devoured it with kisses. But it screamed and tried to release itself, and it was not before the following day that it recognized its mother. The theory was that the child had waked up, and not seeing its mother, had wandered off into the woods and became lost.

The Legislatures of the new States authorized the payment of premiums for wolf scalps as a means of reducing their numbers, because of the destruction they made of the sheep of the early settlers. But the wolves were wily and difficult to take. It was exceedingly rare that a wolf was killed with a rifle, notwithstanding the hunters of the early West were shrewd and accurate marksmen. Occasionally one was caught with the steel trap, but even this was difficult, and its management required great care and skill. The wolf pen was the most frequently successful. The wolf pen was built of poles or old rails, of about eight or ten feet square, and three or four feet deep. The trap was made also of poles or old rails, tied to cross pieces with hickory withes, or pinned on with pins driven through augur holes, and wide enough to cover the entire top of the pen. Then were thrown around the pen old logs and chunks, sloping up to the top, and covered over with old leaves to give the place the wildest appearance possible. The trap was set on a figure four set of trigger, the same as was used for partridge traps. This was the usual way, though other kinds of triggers were employed. The bait was a dead lamb or pig, or any kind of meat, and the triggers were so arranged as to bring the bait to about the center of the pen. The wolf that entered the pen and laid hold of the bait with his teeth never escaped. Two and three were sometimes caught at the same time. They were killed with the rifle in the pen. Nests of pups were often found in large hollow trees, and captured.

The numbers of wild turkeys that filled the forests in every part of the new West was absolutely incredible. Their flesh constituted a large portion of the subsistence of the pioneers for many of the first years. They were taken with the rifle, the chase, and the turkey pen. The pen was the most successful. A turkey pen was built of rails or poles, 10 feet square, and about five feet in hight, and covered with the same. A ditch, sloping from five feet on the outside to the center of the pen, of the depth of a foot or 15 inches at the center, and some two feet wide, was dug. Over this ditch, on the inside of the pen, was placed boards for a bridge. Straw or fodder was placed about the pen to attract the turkeys. The ditch (trench, it was called,) was strewn with shelled corn, wheat chaff and the like. The turkeys followed this bait to the inside of the pen, and if they once raised their heads they were lost, for they never could see their way out, but at once commenced a circling round, and kept it up till they were found and their necks wrung. The greatest number I ever knew taken at one haul was 13. I once met a lad coming away from our pen with two turkeys. He claimed that the pen was on his father's side of the line. We pitched in and had a fight over it. He whipped me, and carried the turkeys away. His father thrashed him and made him carry them over to our house.

Wild turkeys, like wolves, seemed to flee before the march of empire, for neither of them are seen any more, except occasionally in out-of-the-way places.

Humor.

THE SITTER.

BY H. S. KELLER.

Who ish dot comes into mine store,
Undt trives der pizness oudt der door,
Undt sits der mittle on de floor?
Der sitter.

Who ish dot machen Deutch plood poil,
Undt neffer lets der grackers spoil,
Undt makes me tired pout his doil?
Der sitter.

Who ish dot spits ubon der stove,
Undt steals der cinnamon undt cloves,
Undt neffer knows enuff to move?
Der sitter.

Who's ridin' in der hearse to-day,
Straidt for der grave-yard right away?
Der man I was obliged to slay—
Der sitter.
—*Norristown Herald.*

Jeannette and the Cigaret.

Cincinnati Saturday night.

I.—JOYOUSNESS.

Big brother's
Cigaret,
Maiden whiffs,
"Nice, you bet!"

II.—DUBIOUSNESS.

Sudden change,
Pale grows pet,—
'Neath apron
Pains doth get.

III.—SICKISHNESS.

Dinner don't
Haply set,
On stomach
Of Jeannette.

IV.—WRETCHEDNESS.

Fair sinner
Moaneth yet,
Such sickness
Ne'er had met.

V.—OBLIVIOUSNESS.

Doctor comes,
Fixes pet
With morphine,—
Sly old vet.

VI.—SUFFICEDNESS.

Next morning,
Says Jeannette:
"Had enough
Cigaret!"

Our Boy.

New York World.

Every well-regulated newspaper office has "our boy." He is always on hand when not wanted. He is the boy who goes to the postoffice a million times a day. At least so he says. Our boy doesn't vary from the boy in any other newspaper office by a hair's breadth. He calls the editors and reporters by their last names when they are absent. When asked to go anywhere he starts off and goes down stairs three steps at a time. He can't even wait for the elevator. He will tumble into or over anybody on the stairs, and he rushes through the counting room with such speed that everybody puts his hat and coat on and wonder where the fire is. When he reaches the door his haste instantly expires. In 15 minutes he will return and ask:

"What's that man's name you sent me after?"

He knows every apple-vender and peanut woman on the block, and when sent on an errand "in a hurry" he can be found an hour afterward interviewing them as to the origin of peanuts or the success of the present year's apple crop.

It was but yesternight that he entered the City editor's room with a handful of crumpled copy. He slammed it down on the desk and ejaculated:

"The man that wrote that is a —— fool!"

"What!" yelled the City editor. "Who'——

"At least the managing editor said so," he replied, after a pause. And then he looked as mild as a grocery-store cigar.

He has a habit of handing the members of the staff handfuls of "rock candy," and then, when they are grasping themselves by the feet and hair to get their teeth apart, he will tell them he "thought they knew it was gum-arabic." He puts wet mucilage on the chairs and when the victim attempts to rise and severs his trousers, "our boy" is always ready to tell who did it, and to produce a needle and thread with which he invariably solders coat-tail, trousers and underclothes together. He has fooled "Central" so often that the telephone transmitter might as well be a bird-house for all the good it is. He is well up in the uses and abuses of the banana peelings as relating to the fall of man and never loses an opportunity to carpet the floor with them. If he can catch a plug hat on a chair he makes a concentrated concertina of it and then wonders who "slid it under him."

If we should ever reach the Better Land we expect to see him there with his nose in a schooner of ice cream, and he'll shout. "Hello, ——! How'd you get in? Slide in on the editor's pass? Fly you for 10 cents' wuth of peanuts!"

If he were only there we would be content to remain a while longer in the bleak, weary world of woe.

Honors at Wholesale.

Wall Street News.

It is said that while the Rev. James Keene, generally referred to by the boys as Jim Keene, was a resident of the Pacific Coast, a rough-looking specimen of the California farmer burst in upon him one day with:

"Say, Kurnel, my wife has got a bran-new baby, and we've named it Jim Keene Thompson."

"Y-e-s," slowly answered the Rev. gentleman, as he passed over a $20 gold-piece.

In about an hour another man from the same neighborhood entered with the salutation:

"Say Keene, what do you think? We have built a church up our way and named it the Jim Keene Chapel. Can't you come down with a shiner or two?"

"Well, I suppose I'll have to," replied the Rev. as he shelled out a ten dollar piece.

Thirty minutes had scarcely passed when in came a third man with:

"Good morning, Judge. We are building a school-house over the creek to be called the Jim Keen School. Want to contribute a few?"

"Y-e-s," was the reply, as a five was passed out.

It wasn't over 20 minutes before a fourth man bustled in and called out:

"Keene, I discovered a new canyon up the country the other day and I dedicated it to you."

"Look here," said the reverend gentleman, as he turned in his chair; "I want you to go back and hunt up all the new babies, school houses, churches trotting horses, canyons, lunatic asylums, burying grounds and berry-patches in your County which are to be Jim Keened, and come back here and give me the lot at wholesale, for I'm blanked if I am going to fool with the retail business any longer! Good day, sir!"

The Old Man's Opinion.

Burlington Hawkeye.

It was September, 1879. The train that bore Bode Hawkins to college bore him away from the arms of his mother and the kisses of his sisters. Very glum was Bode Hawkins, and very reluctant he to go to school. "Aw, shaw," he growled, "I donkaire to go, nuther, so what's the use? Doggone the collidge, it don't do no good, and I won't know no more w'en I come back then I do w'en I go away. I'd ruther drive team 'r learn a trade 'r something. Dod fetch the thing anyhow." June, 1883. Ambrose Hawkins returns to his ancestral halls on the farm. His family weep for joy. All rush to embrace him as he steps from the train. Ambrose Hawkins gazes fixedly at them the oriel window that includes one eye, and delicately extending two fingers for them to grasp, he murmurs: "Aw, fawthaw! gently, my deah fellah, gently; easy on the rings, ye knaw; bless you, me mothaw—how? no, thanks; kiss you when we get home, ye knaw; how do, brothaw—brothaw—well, bless me soul, but I've forgotten the boy's name. Sistah, heah will you kindly hand these brawses faw me boxes to the luggage mawstah. Aw—is this the vehicle?" And all the way home the old man didn't say a word, but just drove ahead and thought, and thought and drove, and nearly all that night he sat up twisting hickories and laying them to soak in the watering trough down by the cow barn. And he told a neighbor next morning that he "had about four years of college larnin' to unlarn for Bode afore the boy could holler at a yoke o' steers like he used to; but the boy seemed to be comin' round all right, and he reckoned he'd do by-'n'-by."

A Great Deal Off.

Wall Street News.

An Ohio man, who had visited Gotham and got many new ideas, returned home and re-marked most of his goods, so that he could say the price of this and that was so much off. Everything seemed to work pretty well for a week or so, when one of the clerks said he wanted a little more posting.

"For instance," he exclaimed, "we are giving 20 off on all wooden-ware."

"Yes"

"And pails are 20 cents apiece?"

"Yes."

"Then every time a man wants a pail he gets it for nothing, and if he takes two I give him 20 cents?"

"James, are you a born fool?" demanded the merchant.

"No, sir!" was the promptreply. "I've got rid of the eight dozen pails we had stored upstairs in less than a week, and have promised five dozen more. If you have a clerk who pleases customers more than I do, trot him out."

At Cape May.

Puck.

A man left the surf at Cape May, not long ago, and rushed up to the cottage in which he boarded. They had fritters on the table. "Give me another clam fritter," he said, after he had finished the first. The plate was passed to him. He took one, ate it, and said, "Give me another clam fritter." He got another and said, this time to the landlady, "Will you please pass the clam fritters?" "Them ain't clam fritters," replied the lady. "Ain't clam fritters!" grasped the boarder. "No." "Then what are they?" "Corn fritters." "Well I'm blowed!" said the guest; "I ate seven of them and thought they were full of chopped clams." After luncheon the landlady remarked to her sister that the surf was such an appetizing affair that corn could be palmed off on bathers for chopped clams, and that stewed tripe passed for chicken fricassee, and that she would make enough money this season to take her to Europe in the Winter.

Evading the Law.

Lampton's Levity.

A little girl's mother told her if she went out of the gate she would have to whip her, and in an hour the young one was picked up in the gutter, in the midst of mud-pie making.

"I thought I told you if you went out that gate I'd whip you," said the mother, angrily.

"But I didn't do out de date, mamma," said the kid, in a whimper.

"Yes you did, and you've been out here in the street for an hour, and look like a pig."

"But, mamma, I didn't do out de date.i"

"Yes, you did, too, and I'm going to whip you."

"I didn't do out de date; I tlum over 'e fence, an' oo tan't whip me 'is time, mamma."

A Scene in a Court House.

A Dakota schoolmistress sued three young men for breach of promise. Counsel for one of the defendants moved for a non-suit on the ground that she was too promiscuous. The Court seemed disposed to grant the motion, whereupon the plaintiff asked: "Judge, did you ever go duck-shooting?" His Honor's eyes lighted up with the pride of a sportsman as he answered, "Well, I should say so! Many's the time I've brought down half a dozen at a shot." "I knew it!" eagerly exclaimed the plaintiff. "That's just the case with me, Judge. A flock of these fellows besieged me, and I winged three of them." The motion for a non-suit was denied.

Served Him Right.

Arkansas Traveller.

"Why did you strike this man?" asked a Justice of the Peace of a prisoner. "I had sufficient cause, Your Honor. He came to my house on a visit. He criticised my children and laughed at my daughter's singing, turned up his nose at a fish I had caught and put my wife to a great deal of trouble at dinner-time and" —— "But all that gave you no excuse to strike him with a piece of stove-wood." "I know, but let me get through. After dinner he began to talk on the Tariff question. Then I hit him." "Tariff, eh! I fine you $10 for not shooting him."

Polly's Syllables.

Burbank's Geography.

A young lady who has been at Mollychukamunk, Mooselucmaguntic, Aybooljockamejus, Magaguadavic, Cobbossee, Coutee, Togus, Tomhegan, Katepskowegan, Brsasau, Aziscoos, Ripegedus, Ebeema, Nahmakanta, Nillnoket, Monsweag, Mattamamkeag, and other fashionable resorts down in Maine, had an awfully nice time, but she lamed her jaw in trying to tell the Home Circle in her village about her travels.

Before Marriage.

Boston Budget.

"I dote on old-fashioned things," said she, as they sat upon the beach and watched the white sails disappearing in the distance, "and when I am married I will have my house filled with old-fashioned furniture" "Will you, indeed?" he replied; "not if I have anything to say about it. Do you suppose I would adore you if you were 150 years old?"

A Fetish in the Editorial Room.

"There is only one course open to us. We must send the Fetish."

"Who is the Fetish?" asked the rhyming genius, who had been on a prolonged vacation.

"Our new office boy," replied his chief; "Christian name John, surname unknown. Definition of Fetish—a wooden idol. John is wooden, also idle."

Another Slander.

Boston Post.

"You say," said the young lady at the Summer resort, "that he's a very nice young man, very proper, has a class in Sunday school, and all that! Then, for heaven's sake, don't introduce me!" This is merely a fictitious conversation. Girls at Summer resorts are only too glad to see anything in the shape of a man this year.

ESSEX COUNTY, VA.—Mr. James R. Micon, clerk, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and found it valuable for the purposes which it claims."

The Shipping of the United States.

The following valuable table of the tonnage of United States vessels is from the advance sheets of the second part of "Hill's History of American Shipping:"

Class.	Number.	Tonnage.	Value.
Steam	5,139	[illegible]	$ 81,192,495
Sail	10,820	2,356,132	59,152,950
Canal	8,771	1,253,088	[illegible]
Barges	5,033	1,831,562	6,430,464
Flats	2,704	220,690	[illegible]
Wharf boats	145	86,300	[illegible]
Hulks	46	7,633	64,425
Total			$185,784,709

The finest, purest, and best flavors for cakes, puddings, pastry &c., are Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts. In this age of adulteration, it is gratifying to find an effort to stick by the old path of honesty, and consumers owe it to themselves to patronize those making the effort. For natural flavorings none compare with Dr. Price's.

A Strike as is a Strike.

Vicksburg Herald.

The young fellows in Atlanta are on a strike. They refuse to "set-up" ice cream and soda-water for the girls who wear "bangs."

For all scrofulous disorders, for syphilitic and mercurial diseases, the best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Miscellany.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Died in the wool—Mary's famous little lamb.—*New York News.*

A cyclone indicator is loudly called for. One for family use would sell quite readily. —*Hartford Post.*

September having an "r" in it, the New York coal companies are about to advance the price of coal.

A pretty how-d'-y'-do is defined by the New York *Journal* as "the cheerful greeting to a handsome maiden."

Tilden says that the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is Kentucky's favorite son. Watterson to have!—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Henry Villard's true name is Heinrich Hilgard. He assumed "Villard" as a *nom de plume* when he was writing western letters to the *Tribune.*

The New York *Times* suggests that Mr. Tupper might be induced to write the poem on the Queen's John Brown, Mr. Tennyson being inclined to shirk the business.

The girl walked slowly down the aisle
Her looks made all the people smaile,
For on her nose she had a baisle—
This lovely maiden without gaisle.
—*Derrick.*

The canning of whales is a new industry in Norway. The creatures are not put up whole, only the eatable parts being subjected to packing processes.

The profits on the sale of Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord" have reached $200,000. By Saint Cecilia, an' we had a chance, we would lose a whole woodyard for half the money.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Russia, like the United States, is suffering from the destruction of forests, the reckless cutting down of trees threatening, according to the *Novoe Vremya*, to convert some of the best wooded provinces into a barren waste.

How much more graceful, elegant, and superior does the man on the bicycle look than than the man with the wheelbarrow. But wait until they come into collision and see which procession turns up in the most handsome condition.

The man of sixty who has been a failure all his life is just the man to take a fellow of five and twenty aside and tell him how to get rich, and mention what a fortune he would make if he were only ten or fifteen years younger.—*Puck.*

What was in it: "My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer, "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars, easy," was the reply.

Snuffing the battle.—The speaker who alluded to his candidate as "the war horse that snuffed the battle from afar," climbed up to the composing room with a club after reading it in the paper as "the ward boss that snatched the bottle from a bar."

Irish attorney (to his clerk, who has taken the blue riband, and has been "celebrating the event:") "I'll not stand it, surr! Wid yer pledges! Instid o' takin' pledges ye're always breakin', ye'd better make no promises at-all-at-all—and kape 'em!"—*Punch.*

A beautiful club house, costing $23,000, has just been completed on the Niagara River near Buffalo for the Falconwood Club of that City. It has been furnished at an expense of $5,000, and is said to be one of the most complete establishments of the kind in the country.

"What remarkable nightgowns were worn in the early days of England," Jones remarked, as he scrutinized the armor. "Nightgowns?" I exclaimed, in surprise. "Certainly," said Jones, "don't you see they were only put on knights?"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The State of New York owns about 600,000 of the 4,000,000 acres of land in the Adirondack region. Much of this area has been stripped of its timbers by persons who have purchased it for a small sum and abandoned it to the State for non-payment of taxes as soon as the timber was exhausted. Great confusion as to private titles also prevails in other parts of the region.

A circus man in Europe has a new way of raising money. He raffles off his African lion at each town he visits. In this style of raffle the victim is the unfortunate winner. "Take your lion," says the honest circus man as he goes to open the cage. The crowd stampede. The unlucky owner, who finds he cannot buy the cage, generally pays the circus man to keep the brute.

At Aldworth a haggard looking man has thrown aside his clay pipe, and is swaying backward and forward, draging his fingers through his hair and repeating to himself, "Brown, town, down, gown, clown, crown, gown, town, down, Brown, clown," etc. It is Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate, and he is trying to get up a poem on the late lamented faithful servant of the British Empress.

"Pray, my good man," said a Judge to an Irishman who was a witness on a trial, "what *did* pass between you and the prisoner?" "Och, then, plase your lordship," said Pat, "sure I sees Phelim atop of the wall, 'Paddy!' says he. 'What?' says I. 'Here,' says he. 'Where?' says I. 'Whisht!' says he. 'Hush!' says I. And that's all, plase your lordship."—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Mississippi river, eight miles above Natchez is caving rapidly in a direct line on the Mississippi side through the old Nevite chute, which was once the bed of the Mississippi river. The distance across the point is less than a mile. More than a quarter of a mile has caved into the river during the last 20 months, and it is only a matter of time when the river will resume its old bed, abandoned more than 40 years ago.

Landlord Roberts woke up one night by hearing some one travel about his house, and, lighting a candle, found one of his guests in full shirt dress, wandering through the rooms. "What do you want?" said Roberts. "I want to find the hen-pen," said the man. "What in thunder do you want of the hen-pen at this time of a night?" asked Roberts. "Well," said the man, "you see I lost my pillow somewhere, and I wanted to get into the hen-pen and get a feather and make another!"

The road agents who recently robbed a coach in Montana ranged the men in line with hands up and relieved them of all their valuables. They then passed a bottle of whisky and a box of cigars, compelling each one to take a drink and a smoke. One of the unfortunates had never smoked a cigar in his life, but under the persuasive and urgent invitation of the gentlemanly robbers he lit his first cigar, and possibly the pleasures he will derive in the future from smoking will compensate him for the loss he sustained.

Bound to impale him.—"Mr. Hack," said the managing editor, "Mr. Wirework, the opposition candidate, is going to be at the conference to-morrow; write a sharp editorial and give him fits for trying to curry favor with the churches." "But Wirework has written a letter saying he can't be there," replied Mr. Hack. "So?" said the managing editor; "well then, write a slashing article on his daring to ignore the best people in the Village. Give it to him good and strong."

A young fellow doesn't have any kind of a chance now-a-days. Here was a Yale man who was making quite a name for himself in the literary line, when all of a sudden it was discovered that one Thomas Moore—an Irishman, we believe—had been plagiarizing some of the student's best work years and years ago. It is bad enough to have the product of your brain stolen after it is written, but when a college man comes into the world handicapped by the knavery of a plagiarist who died long before the gifted student was born, he might as well throw up the sponge at once.

A good medicinal tonic, with real merit, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

They Will Not Pay.

Savannah News.

If the syndicate that is operating the deal in Confederate bonds bases its hopes of profit upon the likelihood that the Southern States will ever honor its demands, it loses sight of the fact that the South has learned to value the almighty dollar for all it is worth.

• If you are a woman, and want both health and beauty, remember that all superficial efforts to increase your personal charms are vain. Freshness and beauty accompany health, and to secure this Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for all female weaknesses offer the surest means of renovation. The highest intelligence loses its lustre when it must find expression through a bilious complexion. Good for either sex.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. MORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ills. and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York

When you have had Catarrh long enough just send 10c. to Dr. C. R. SYKES, 181 Monroe street, Chicago, for his "True Theory of Catarrh."

FOR THE LADIES.

A young woman who was frightened by a little dog until she was yellow, said it made her a terrier caught her color.—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

A noted physician says that nearly all women have smaller chests and trunks than they ought. Baggagemen don't think so.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A girl named Guennessen, aged 16, the youngest of her sex to reach the summit of Mount Blanc, accomplished the ascent during the second week in August.

What a beautiful sight to see a 250-pound woman, with a back as broad as a canal boat, bearing about a nine-ounce parasol to protect her from the sun.—*Chicago Telegram.*

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."—*Philadelphia News.*

It is strange that whenever some young ladies begin to play on the piano many of the audience commence to talk. One touch of discord makes the whole party chin.—*New York Advertiser.*

An indiscreet son-in-law: "Your mother-in-law appears to have a pain in the side?" "Not at all. She has the toothache." "But every now and then I see her put her hand on her side, as though she felt a pain there." "That is because she has put her teeth in her pocket.—*Ex.*

Regrets. Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune)—"That is the fourteenth mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days, and each lovelier and more becoming than the other. Young widow—"Oh, my dear. I have 40; but such a bother as they were to have made! At one time I almost wished that poor, dear George hadn't died." —*Life.*

The remains of Grace Darling lie buried in Bamburg Churchyard, which is within sight of her island home, and the canopied tomb erected to her memory is now in great need of restoration, as the recumbent figure of stone beneath the canopy is rapidly crumbling away, presumably owing to the action of the sea air. The Rev. A. O. Medd, the vicar, asks for subscriptions for the restoration of the memorial.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt now and then breaks through she rule she made long ago to sing no more in public. She recently appeared on the stage of a concert given for charitable purposes at Malvern, England, and gave the audience a delightful surprise by her fresh and vigorous render of Mendelssohn's "Lift Thine Eyes" and Rubinstein's "Song of the Birds."

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE REPORTER'S GUIDE, designed for students in any style of Phonography; by Elias Langley; Cincinnati, Robert Clark & Co. Price $2.

This, the latest phonographic publication by one of the oldest and most widely known phonographers in America, is the best that has been issued for many a day. It is just the sort of book that the originators of the other and multitudinous systems of short hand writing failed to give phonographers (and especially phonographic students) and that is, a work combining actual practice with theory, and to an extent to make the student of it, when he has once mastered it, a *practical* reporter. Phonography at best, as practically used, is but a science of expedients. Those who have heretofore attempted to modify the original Pitman system so as to make short-hand notes as legible to any practitioner of the art as to the writer of them himself, have made their schemes so long that they are not practical for verbatim reporting; while on the other hand those who have changed Pitman's system by abbreviations and expedients intended to shorten it and make it more rapid, have sacrificed legibility to that end. Mr. Longley, seems to have struck the happy medium between the two; lengthening his forms and devices when necessary to legibility, and shortening to the greatest extent possible where advantages in the way of speed can be attained. The book is a valuable addition to the library of any phonographer, as well as a great assistant to the student of the art.

Literary Notes.

The publishers of *The Century* have arranged with Alphonse Daudet, the great French novelist, for a series of reminiscences and pen portraits of prominent Frenchmen and others, to appear in *The Century* during 1884.

A group of papers descriptive of scenes from several novelists, including Hawthorne, George Elliott and George W. Cable, will appear in *The Century* for 1884. Harry Fenn, Alfred Parsons and Joseph Pennell will furnish illustrations.

Uunder the title of "The New Astronomy," will appear in the coming volume of *The Century* several popular articles by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing, with many illustrations, the most interesting of the recent discoveries in the sun and stars, and introducing (what to many readers will be new) the consideration of our own physical relations to the heavenly bodies as shown by the study of celestial physics.

The series of separate papers by Dr. Eggleston of "Life in the Thirteen Colonies," which has been appearing in *The Century* during the past year, will be continued during the coming year, the next being on "Husbandry in the Colonies," and describing the attempts at silk and wine culture, with many other curious experiments and visionary projects. Other papers will treat of commerce, and the social conditions, manners and customs of the Colonists. The pictures which accompany these papers will all be of historic interest and value.

Kentucky Colonels.

Louisville Post.

Gov. Blackburn, appointed 107 Colonels on his staff during his term of office. It is this quantity of Colonels which brings the title in Kentucky into contempt. Of the 107 Colonels appointed by Gov. Blackburn, 26 are from Louisville and Jefferson County. Some of them are graceful and look like Colonels, but most of them make no approach to a martial appearance. Of the Louisville Colonels, one is a railroad passenger agent, three are lawyers, two are tobacco merchants, one is Secretary of an oil refinery, three are newspaper men, one is a furniture manufacturer, one is a banker, one is a foundryman, one is a poet and steamboat agent, one is a drummer, two are salesmen, one is a Deputy Sheriff, one is President of a Packet Company, one is a Pullman car Superintendent, one is a bank teller, one is Secretary of a Malting Company, one is a merchant, one is a shoe manufacturer, one is a jeweler, and one is a dealer in cocktail bitters.

The Sorrows of a Millionaire.

"Gath," in Philadelphia Times.

"Bu Vanderbilt," said I, "is still the richest man in the country."

"Yes, and he wants to keep his money, and that is why he is getting out of business. He has from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 clear fortune, and he constantly reiterates that he has got enough, and that more will be dangerous to his family. He has more caution than his father had. The operations he had to go through at Albany constantly frightened him. That Legislature and the lobby were constantly blackmailing the railroad, and yet if the railroad exerted itself in self-defense there was an investigation, and the State's Prison seemed to yawn for the railroad's attorneys and officers. Finally Vanderbilt made up his mind that life was not worth living in perpetual war, so he sold $30,000,000 of his Central in a block, and after that sold it slyly, but in large blocks."

Mr. A. M. Noble, Salem, N. C., writes: "Dr. Benson's Skin Cure cured my hitherto scaly skin."

A Flunky Not Without Honor.

Philadelphia Times.

The Queen will not only erect an enormous monument over John Brown's grave in Crathie church-yard, but will have a cairn built on a neighboring mountain, while at Windsor a brass will be erected on the walls of the Prince Consort's Memorial Chapel and a tablet in the nave of St. George's. Moreover, a bust of the dead servitor is to be made by Mr. Boeline for the Queen's private contemplation, while a statue larger than life will be erected in the hall at Balmoral.

Unreasonable Society.

New Orleans Picayune.

When a vulgar man becomes rich and his family governs society, a great fuss is made if his daughter marries her father's coachman, although society said nothing when the girl's mother married the girl's father, because the father was a barkeeper then and had not struck his bonanza. Society is very unreasonable, and is always turning up its nose in the wrong place.

The Colonel Will Surely Escape.

Philadelphia Press.

Col. Frank James, of Missouri, will not be hanged. The alarming growth of the Prohibition movement in that State makes it necessary to save every Democratic vote.

Headache banished, no matter what cause, sick or nervous, by Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

From Our Readers.

"Rejected."

PLEASANTON, Kas., Sept. 6, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Having just received notice of claim for pension being rejected, it of course, gives rise to some thoughts I think pertinent in this hearing. First, then, rejected here means that although one has given up home, pleasure and comfort, and his life, if needed, to preserve our country, has been and is still afflicted by disease contracted there, that the Government he helped protect, that he stood by and suffered for when in need of succor and support, now says in return: Drag your miserable body along till death relieves you. We care nothing for your sufferings or the pauperism of your children. You will receive no help from us. We are strong now. Begone, wretch! Hie thee to thy hovel and die there.

It also means that all affidavits made by the applicant or his friends are base falsehoods, while the medical boards and higher officials are of clean? hands and pure? hearts. Shame on such action. Do you really think a soldier that served faithfully during the war, who never faltered in battle or forsook a sick or wounded comrade. Who stood the perils of war, was imprisoned and suffered that his country might live, would now perjure himself for the miserable pittance of $50 or $100 a year. Think you a Government can long stand that treats its protectors so? Is it any wonder that the Republican party has lost ground in the past few years, that it is trembling in the balance now lest it lose the Presidency in 1884? Representatives and Senators who can vote for back salary for themselves, Star Route thieves that rob the Treasury of the United States, those high in power, whose hands are yet red with the foul stain of treason, sit in judgment and pass laws for the benefit of soldiers and sailors of the late war, whose shoe-ties they are unworthy to loose. This I suppose will pass without one thought by those in power. Yet it is the views of one who fought the battles of his country—Perryville, Ky., Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain—followed the gallant Sherman to Atlanta, was with Pap Thomas on the bloody field of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., followed that noble soldier, Col. A. D. Streight through his campaign, and was captured and suffered privation with him—one who votes the Republican ticket and is anxious for the purifying and success of the party.

While I would not again ask for a pension I would rather die and rot, without one to bury me or drop a tear over my grave, yet I feel that an outrage has been perpetrated by some one, and I know it does not tend to strengthen the love my five boys have for the Government when they see me come home from the office many times at midday for rest that I may have strength to close up business at night, and tell them that the Government under which we live rewards the defenders of her flag in that manner. Whether this trouble arises in the Department, subaltern offices or medical examiners I am not competent to say, but it is something the Republican party must rectify or give way to a party that will be just with the people of which this Government is formed.

"VOLUNTEER."

For the Blade.

The Uses of Failures.

Failures tend to make us more careful in forming plans for the future. The wild schemes that we are apt to form in youth, if followed out would work us great injury, consequently we need failures to show us wherein they are wrong. We do not see the evil, perhaps, when we engage in these speculations; but, after failing to realize their fulfillment, we are most likely to carefully review our defective plans and see wherein they are lacking. Having once seen this, we can avoid making the same or similar mistakes in the future. Without well-formed plans, none can hope for success. These plans are not formed without experience, and the best kind of experience sometimes is bitter disappointment.

Failures arouse us to greater exertion. Were it possible for all our desires to be granted without any vigorous efforts of our own, we should grow careless and indifferent. After our failure, if we have that indomitable will that we should have, we go go to work with renewed energy and succeed where we should otherwise have. When Lord Beaconsfield first attempted to speak in Parliament, the other members, who were more eloquent, laughed at him; they would not listen to him, and his speech was a failure. Yet the failure was far better for him than a success would have been. Very sensitive to the treatment he received, he dropped the subject of his remarks and in a confident and commanding tone said: "Gentlemen, the time will come when you *will* hear me."

Failures tend to bring out our nobler qualities. Gold is most precious after it has been refined. Wheat cannot be made into bread until it is threshed; so "we cannot up to the highest wealth aspire" until we have suffered disappointment.

Failures tend to take from us conceit, and to teach us not to be over-confident. Some selfish persons are apt to look down upon their inferiors with a sense of great superiority. Failures tend to drive out this mean spirit from our hearts.

Again, failures teach us our need of Divine help. The little child, in its first attempts to walk, must receive some falls and bruises, yet they only teach it to stretch out its tiny arms to its patient mother for support. We are like the child, weak, and in great need of speedy help; and, like him, we must reach out our hands to our Heavenly Parent who stands with outstretched arms ready to receive and support all his children.

MILTON QUAY.
Batchellerville, N. Y.

Gen. Patrick.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 28, 1883.

In your issue of Sept. 6 I noticed a communication signed "Old Soldier," purporting to give incidents in the life of Gen. R. M. Patrick, now Governor of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, and having been a member of the 35th New York Vol. Inft. all the time it was in service, either as Adjutant or Captain of a Company, and having been intimately acquainted with Gen. Patrick and his family before the war, as well as serving under him most of the three years I was in service, I desire, as an act of simple justice to a noble-hearted and brave man, to contradict, over my own signature, every statement made in the said letter of "Old Soldier" reflecting upon the patriotism, loyalty, integrity, or kindness of one who was universally loved by his whole command, vagabonds, cowards and skulkers, excepted.

I do not believe that there was a general officer in the whole army who took better care of his men than Gen. Patrick, and I unhesitatingly pronounce the acts of cruelty alleged to have been perpetrated *false* in every particular, and I know whereof I speak, as during the Winter of 1862-3, referred to, the writer of this had entire charge of *all prisoners* at Gen. Patrick's headquarters, as well as during the Winter of 1863-4, and nothing of the kind ever occurred.

I am one of those who fully believe that no one is better fitted for the position of Governor of a Soldiers' Home than this same Gen. Patrick, who is only a terror to evil-doers and those who attempt to meddle with business not their own. If any one can bring order out of chaos he can, and if left in the position he now holds it will not be long before all will acknowledge the great work he will accomplish, and that, too, for the good of the institution and its inmates.

I am sorry to say that he who signs himself "an Old Soldier" has written without regard to facts in nearly every statement he has made, and I say this without hesitation, or fear that I cannot verify my statement, and "Old Soldiers" should be in better business than vilifying one of the noblest men that our late war made conspicuous. Courteously yours,

L. F. LYTTLE,
Late Capt. 35th, N. Y. Vol. Inf.

Storing of Wind Power.

EMERALD, St. Croix Co., Minn., Sept. 3.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I notice an article in your valuable paper of August 23, taken from the *Scientific American*, on the subject of "Storing Wind Power," a suggestion that the wind power now going to waste might be stored up in the form of compressed air and used as a steady source of power, and that within an area of 40x150 feet, no larger than the flat top of many a store or manufacturing establishment. It further states that it is entirely practicable to place 32 wind-wheels, each 12 feet high by eight in diameter, and so arranged that each shall have full sweep of the wind from whatever quarter it might blow, etc.

This is a subject which will be passed by unnoticed by thousands of unthinking or uncreative minds, while others will digest it. It being a subject upon which we have given some thought, we, of course, think it a subject worthy the attention of not only a few, but of the whole world, it being a power (if such it may be called) so free to all. As to its being a power, it is no question in the minds of those who have ever witnessed the destruction of a tornado.

Notwithstanding I cannot agree with the writer in regard to storing up this power in the form of compressed air, as the reservoir would necessarily have to be of such huge dimensions and of such huge strength, making the cost of storing this power too great. Notwithstanding that such might be the case, we are not to say that such power cannot be stored and held in reserve, and at a cost that will warrant the trial. My plan is, however, to have wind-wheel capacity to not only do our present work, but also to be working up some huge spring, or raising some ponderous weight in which will be held the power in reserve with which to do our work in time of a calm; for instance, it is but the work of a moment to wind up a watch or a clock that will run 24 hours, eight days or a month. We consider this question of no little importance, and one worthy the consideration of the wise, and any plans for the storing of this power that are better than the ones under consideration, we should like to see come out in the BLADE.

JAMES S. GOODWIN.

An Old Soldier's Inquiry.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

PICKWICK, HARDING COUNTY, TENN., August 30, 1883.

What is the general impression in regard to the working of the Civil Service law? I notice in the papers that notwithstanding there are some 50 vacant Clerkships in the Departments at Washington, yet the Commission have received no call for Clerks, and it is stated that an effort will be made next Winter to repeal the law? I was examined for a Clerkship in the Pension Bureau near two months past, and each applicant was informed that he would be notified of the result of his examination, yet I have not received any such notice and the Commission will not even answer my respectful inquiries as to whether I successfully passed the examination or not. Have I not a perfect right to call on the Commission for said notice, and is it not their duty according to the law, or their own regulations, to furnish me with the desired information?

OLD SOLDIER.
Pvt. Co. E, 2d Ohio Vol. Cav.

[The Civil Service Commissioners have not outlined their policy sufficient to enable us to answer the correspondent's question. —ED. BLADE.]

The First Postal Note.

MINERAL RIDGE, Sept. 3, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

E. J. Ohl, of Mineral Ridge, Trumbull County, O., claims to have issued the first postal note in the United States, having issued one to Joseph Stewart to pay for a club to the BLADE at one minute past 12 o'clock, September 3, 1883, for a club of 65. Yours respectfully, F.

"UNCLE RUFUS."

The Heavy Pecuniary Drafts Made Upon Him by the English Dudes.

Bismarck (Dak.) Tribune.

Uncle Rufus Hatch is floundering about in a tempestuous sea of trouble, with no wished-for land of promise in sight. He feels that the alleged joys of this life are a hollow mockery—that life itself is a delusion and a snare. When he first projected his excursion he sent invitations to a number of prominent and presumably sensible Englishmen, and the invitations were accepted, but when the time for departure came they each sent representatives in the persons of their dudish sons. The pale-skinned scions of nobility came across the bounding billows, were duly seasick, threw up everything they had about their persons but their empty titles, and in time landed at New York and set out upon the great trip.

Here the good uncle's troubles began. The dudes were penniless and came over with the impression that their entire expenses were to be borne by the projector of the excursion. At every halting place they would purchase articles and have them charged to Uncle Rufus, until nearly every saloon and store along the route had his honored name on its memorandom slate. They bought everything from a box of Goodyear's amber gum-drops to a corner lot, and in each instance the price was set down opposite Rufus's name.

He hoped to find relief when the park was reached, but there it came not. The most costly wines and liquors were purchased, out of which the old gentleman solemnly avers he didn't get one square drink. Fine cigars were handed around in the hotel parlors while he sat out on the back stoop and smoked his clay pipe and reflected upon the adamantine invulnerability of the imported brand of dudish cheek. He saw financial ruin staring him in the face, and wrote to his wife to lay in coal for the Winter while his credit there was yet good. He told her that if he never lived to get out of park she could comfort herself with the reflection that, like an illustrious predecessor, he died that others might live.

In the desperation of despair he called the dudes about him and told them that they must leave him, that his funds were almost gone; that his fortune of a few days previous was reduced to a phantom. Then they threw their arms about his neck and with eyes riveted on the heavens swore that they would never dare to return to England if a report should precede them that they had deserted a friend whose fortunes were failing, and that they would stick to him as long as he had a dollar. They said they came as his friends and would be blawsted ingrates to desert him because the fickle goddess had ceased to smile upon him. They then went into the bar, opened another basket of wine, lit fresh cigars, had them charged to the name the bar-keeper had learned so well to write, and it was "too deucedly blawsted bad," but they'd stick to him to the last.

Then Uncle Rufus fled to a wild and rocky canon and called for the rocks and hills to fall upon and hide him from the wrath to come, but the hills were immovable and the rocks were on duty entertaining tourists. He thought of drowning himself, but feared the trout would bite him so that his picture wouldn't look well in the illustrated papers, and if he threw himself from a cliff his mangled remains would prove offensive to the visitors who had sought his Western paradise. He returned to the hotel, and there he remains in lamentation and prayer, wishing for a cyclone to happen along and sweep the whole outfit over into British Columbia. If his reason holds out he may live to get back to New York, but the reflection that he must move into a tenement house and go to work for a living is not a pleasant one. Poor old Uncle Rufus!

Find of Old Silver Coins in Poland.

London Times.

A very large quantity of rare silver coins was found lately at Borzecice, in the Krotoczin District, in Prussian Poland. A farmer was having a large stone removed from one of his fields, and the workmen found deep beside it in an urn with 530 silver coins of Bohemian, German, Hungarian, and even Anglo-Saxon mintage. With them were some silver ornaments and a few silver bars. They were all taken to the Royal Museum of Coins at Berlin.

The Champion Frog Eaters.

Several hundred Italians are at work constructing a railroad in Eastern Maine, and many amusing yarns as to their ways of living, etc., are told by the native Yanks. The Belfast *Age* has this: "An individual, whose word can be relied upon, asserts that a few days ago he saw one of these Italians kill a striped snake, remove the skin and then swallow the remainder down whole. It is also said that they will take frogs, chew them up and swallow them, head and all."

Badly Hit.

Wall Street News.

Among one of the rumors going the rounds is that President Newell, of the Lake Shore, has been badly stuck by the decline in Wabash, and it is said that the reports which are floating around of a lease to the Lake Shore are concocted with a view of getting up Wabash to a point where certain parties can get out even.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

E. E. E., Marion, Ill.: Write to E. F. Gambs, St. Louis, Mo.

C. E. J., Pleasant, Mo.: Write to T. W. Tallmadge, Washington, D. C.

R. S. C., Mortonville, Kan.: Your best plan would be to write to the American Consul at or near the place where the property is situated.

T. T. Z., Zanesville, O.:
Please ask the Attorney General of the State of Ohio, through the BLADE, if drug stores are required to pay the $200 license.

He has decided that a druggist must pay the tax the same as any other dealer, if he sells without a prescription from a physician.

C. G. W., Gilbert's Mills, O.:
Will you be so kind as to give me the address of the Government Land Offices in Nebraska, Kansas and Idaho Territory?

Nebraska—Norfolk, Lincoln, Beatrice, Niobrara, Grand Island, North Platte, Bloomington. Kansas—Topeka, Salina, Independence, Wichita, Kirwin, Concordia, Larned, WaKeeney. Idaho—Boise City, Lewiston, Oxford.

W. M. A., Florida:
Please give the correct quotation "The mills of the gods grind slowly," etc.

Following is the quotation from Longfellow's translation from the Sinngedichte of Friedrich von Logau:

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."

F. J. P., Kingston, Mich.:
Please inform me whether a person under 21 years of age can pre-empt land.

Entries under the pre-emption law are restricted to heads of families, or citizens over 21, who may settle upon any quarter section, and have the right of prior claim to purchase on complying with certain regulations.

S. E. H., Corry, Pa.:
Will you please inform me what and where Yenikale is?

A strait known to the ancients as the Cimmerian Bosporus, connecting the Sea of Azof with the Black Sea. Length, 20 miles; breadth, about 10 miles. The Town of Yenikale is on its west side, 65 miles from Kaffa. Population about 1,500. It is defended by a strong citadel.

J. B., Glenwood, Ia.:
1. What study is required to become a detective? 2. Who was the first President of the French Republic? 3. What was the cause of the war between Chili and Peru? 4. Is not Chili imposing on Peru?

1. Mankind. 2. Louis A. Thiers, under the present Republic. 3. Chilian greed and inhumanity. Finding Peru weak and in debt, Chili thought it a good time to seize her nitrate of soda and guano deposits. 4. Yes.

E. S., Monday, O.:
Does the BLADE know a cure for hay fever?

The best treatment for hay fever is change of air, to the sea-side if possible. During the attacks antispasmodics, such as sal-volatile, ether, or an emetic, if the patient is able to bear it, inhalations of hot steam, medicated with creosote, carbolic acid, or turpentine, will be found useful. When the attack passes off the general health should be improved by tonics, diet, etc.

J. B., City Point, Mo.:
1. What was Gov. Foster's plurality over Bookwalter two years ago, and over Ewing four years ago? 2. Don't you think the prospects are good for a Republican victory in Ohio this Fall? 3. Please name prominent speakers that will take the stump for the Republican ticket. 4. Will not the BLADE publish their speeches? 5. Is not R. G. Ingersoll considered one of the foremost orators in the country?

1. Foster over Ewing, 17,129; Foster over Bookwalter, 26,662. 2. The prospects are very bright. 3. Foraker, Sherman, Gibson, Lawrence, Harrison, Foster, and scores of others. 4. Some of them. 5. Yes.

Inquirer, Caulksville, Ark.:
What will make watch movements look new and bright when cleaned?

To frost watch movements: Mix together one ounce each muriatic acid, nitric acid, and common salt; immerse the article, as far as it is to be frosted, in the mixture for a short time; then immerse it, so as just to cover it, in sour beer, and scour it under the beer with a brush made of fine brass wire (a scratch brush); wash it in water, and afterwards in alcohol. The surface is then ready to gild or silver plate if desired.

M. W., Sparta, Wis.:
1. What is the population of Toledo within city limits? 2. What is the rent of small dwelling houses? 3. Is the country healthy? 4. Is it a good fruit region? 5. Give names of real estate agents.

1. Between 65,000 and 70,000. 2. From $5 to $15, according to location. 3. Yes; the death rate per thousand inhabitants is lower than any city in the country. 4. Most fruits do well. 5. Detwiler & Co.; Geo. E. Pomeroy & Son; Macomber, Moore & McDonnell; Pratt & Wilson; J. W. Hiett; W. H. Bishop; J. A. Corbusier.

Subscriber, Kent, Conn.:
1. Kindly answer in the BLADE your opinion of savings banks generally, if they are reasonably safe for young men to place their earnings in for safe-keeping. 2. If a dishonest cashier elopes with the funds do not the depositors have to share the loss between themselves, or do his bondsmen lose it? 3. What became of the bill providing for postoffice savings banks?

1. If the officers are honest depositors are safe. 2. Usually the depositors bear the loss. 3. It died in Committee. It will probably be revived and passed, as there is a general demand for such savings banks.

D. C. W., Randolph, Ky.:
1. Is "Throne and Scaffold" published in book form? 2. Explain the origin, location and all concerning Mason and Dixon's Line. Also date of survey.

1. No. 2. It is the line which separates Pennsylvania from Maryland, drawn by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, commenced in December, 1763. At the end of every fifth mile a stone was planted, graven with the arms of the Penn family on one side, and of Lord Baltimore on the other. The intermediate miles were marked with smaller stones having a P on one side and an M on the other. The line was run to settle disputes and conflicts between rival proprietors of Pennsylvania and Maryland and their partisans.

Subscriber, Damascus, Ga.:
Please give good recipe for making ginger wine?

The following is for 10 gallons: Boil three-quarters of a pound best white Jamaica ginger, bruised, in about eight gallons of water; add the whites of six eggs to one-quarter ounce Insinglass, 15 pounds loaf sugar, and the rinds of six lemons; boil the compound three-quarters of an hour and skim it clean; when nearly cold put it into a vessel that will admit of its being drawn off; set it to work with yeast, and in a few days afterwards draw it off into a cask; then add the juice of six lemons and two quarts spirits; in a week or 10 days bung the cask closely, and when thoroughly fine, bottle the wine off. It will be fit to drink in four months.

W. T. R., Bristol Station, Ill.:
What was the Ryehouse plot? Who were concerned in it, and what was accomplished?

In 1683, at the same time that a scheme was formed in England among the leading Whigs to raise the nation in arms against Charless II., a subordinate scheme was planned by a few fiercer spirits of the party, including Col. Rumsey and Lt.-Col. Walcot, two military adventurers; Goodenough, Under-Sheriff of London; Ferguson, an Independent Minister; and several attorneys, merchants and traders of London—the object of which was to waylay and assassinate the King on his return from Newmarket. The deed was to be perpetrated at a farm belonging to Rumboldt, one of the conspirators, called the Ryehouse Farm. It owed its defeat to the circumstance that the house which the King occupied at Newmarket took fire acci-

slavery paralyzed its energies and kept back the development of the country. Before the war every national enterprise was at a stand-still, the energies of the Nation were dormant, its finances were embarrassed, money could not be obtained except at an exorbitant interest, the Northern States were alarmed at the attitude of the South, the South was preparing [illegible] from them, and Cali- days, 106 pounds of butter, and in [illegible] notice, was pounds, and promises to give in the next month to exceed 100 pounds. A. B. Darling, of New York City, owns a cow who made 851 pounds of butter in one year, and in the same time 12,854 pounds of milk. I could give other Jersey cows with butter records from 18 to 25 pounds per week. Smith & Powell, of Syracuse, N. Y., own a Holstien cow that gave 18,004 pounds of milk in one year. One at Attica, N. Y., that gave 18,114 pounds of milk in the same time. There are cows of other breeds that have nearly reached the above figures. While the Holstiens give enormous quantities of milk and eat large quantities of feed, the milk is of poor quality, and consequently they will not make near so much butter as the Jersey cows, besides it is not so high nor so good flavored. I will give other butter tests of Jerseys for one year: "Eurotas," 778 pounds; "Jersey Bell of Scituatee," 705; "Value, 2d," 674; "Sutlif's Pansy," 574; Mothey's imported "Flora," 511 pounds. There are plenty of Holsteins reported giving from 50 to 90 pounds of milk per day. These tests are enormous, but are generally accepted by the cattle breeders. The above cows spoken of are all recorded in the different herd books."

J. W. B., Aurora, Mo.:
1. Did the Maine Liquor Law go into operation under Democratic administration in that State? 2. Did Iowa Republicans ever have a prohibition plank in their State platform and the Democrats oppose it? 3. Did Kansas Republicans ever have a prohibition plank in their State platform and the Democrats oppose it? 4. Did Pres. Buchanan, in his message to Congress, in December, 1860, quote the opinion of Jere S. Black, then acting United States Attorney-General, to the effect that "there is no power in the Constitution of the United States that gives the right to coerce a State into the Union when it has seceded?"

1. Yes. 2. That is the issue in that State now. 3. Gov. St. John was defeated on that issue last year. 4. The following is taken from Judge Black's "Opinion upon the Powers of the President," in response to an official inquiry from the Executive: "The existing laws put and keep the Federal Government strictly on the defensive. You can use force only to repel an assault on the public property, and aid the Courts in the performance of their duty. If the means given you to collect the revenue and execute the other laws be insufficient for that purpose, Congress may extend and make them more effectual to that end. Whether Congress has the Constitutional right to make war against one or more States, and require the Executive of the Federal Government to carry it on by means o force to be drawn from the other States, is a question for Congress itself to consider. It must be admitted that no such power is expressly given." Extract from Buchanan's message: "After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no power to coerce into submission a State which is attempting to withdraw or has actually withdrawn from the confederacy has been delegated to Congress or to any other department of the Federal Government. It is manifest upon an inspection of the Constitution that this is not among the specific and enumerated powers granted to Congress, and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not necessary and proper for carrying into execution any of these powers. Apart from the execution of the laws, so far as this may be practicable, the Executive has no authority to decide what shall be the relations between the Federal Government and South Carolina. He has been invested with no such discretion. He possesses no power to change the relations heretofore existing between them, much less to acknowledge the independence of that State. It is, therefore, my duty to submit to Congress the whole question in all its bearings."

J. B., White Cloud:
Please give me a short sketch of the history of Pere Hyacinthe, or Father Hyacinthe, as he is sometimes called. Is he married? If so, whom did he marry?

He was born in Orleans, March 10, 1827. He studied at the Academy in Pau, and entered the theological school at St. Sulpice at the age of 18, and after four years was ordained a priest. He taught philosophy at the high school of Avignon and theology at Nantes, and subsequently officiated 10 years as priest in the Parish of St. Sulpice. He then passed two years as a novice in the Convent of the Carmelites at Lyons, entered the order, and attracted much attention by his preaching. The liberal tenor of some of his enunciations increased his popularity. Gradually a suspicion of his orthodoxy grew up, and in 1869 he was summoned by the Pope, but succeeded in clearing himself. In June of that year, however, he delivered an address in which he spoke of Judaism, Catholicism and Protestantism as "the three great religions of civilized peoples." This expression was strongly condemned by the Catholic press, and he was commanded by the general of his order at Rome to change his manner of speech or to be silent. To this he replied in a letter, in which he declared his conviction that if France and the Latin races were given up to social, moral and religious anarchy, the principal cause was not Catholicism itself, but the manner in which Catholicism had been for a long time understood and practiced. This utterance was looked upon as an attack upon the order of the Church, and he was threatened with excommunication, and practically forbidden to preach in Notre Dame. He came to New York in October, 1869, where he was warmly welcomed by Protestants; but he declared that he had no intention of quitting the Catholic Church, and refrained from any public speaking. He returned to France toward the end of the year. In February, 1870, the Pope relieved him from his monastic vows, and he became a secular priest under the title of the Abbe Loyson. He earnestly protested against the declaration of the infallibility of the Pope. In 1871 he attended the "Old Catholic" Congress at Munich. In 1872, in a series of sermons and letters, he defended the right of the clergy to marry; and in the same year he was married to an American lady, a native of Bucyrus, O. In 1873 he was appointed one of the three Curates of the Old Catholics of Geneva. He resigned his charge in 1874, and has since resided in France. He will soon visit the United States on a lecturing tour.

C. H. M., Far West, Kan.:
Can you not find room in the BLADE for a few extracts from speeches of our great orators? Please give some from the speech of Ingersoll, nominating Blaine for the Presidency, and follow in succeeding numbers with extracts from other great speeches.

It is difficult to do justice to an orator in a brief extract, but we will attempt it. You may have to jog our memory as to further quotations. Ingersoll at Cincinnati: "The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come, they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire—greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil. This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention. * * * * This is a grand year—a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which they call for the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; for the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who is still a total stranger to defeat. Like an armed warrior, like a plumed Knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress, and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. * * In the name of the great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians—that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine."

G. S. V., Batavia, Mich.:
What were the causes leading to the decline of the merchant marine of the United States? Does England offer greater inducements to invest in this property than our country?

A retrograde movement set in in 1855. The civil war accelerated the decline, and prevented attention from being devoted to the subject, which might possibly have given a different direction to events. American commerce was, in a measure, driven from the seas by Confederate cruisers and their allies, and American shipping was sold to foreigners on account of the specia [illegible] its use was subjected. At the end of our journey.

Washington, New Jersey, is a th bustling place, full of life and charge progress—it was—but we are antici What it was and what it is, an brought it to what it is, out of what this letter will treat of.

The first sound you hear on ali from the cars is the greeting "Free ca to Beatty's Organ Factory," ema from the lips of a cheerful and ple looking African, "Pompey," the well- coachman of the Hon. Daniel F. B You seat yourself in an elegant ca the motive power of which is two sp horses, and a drive of a few minutes you to the object of the journey, the est manufactory of organs in world. There is no train either direction that does not a score or more of visitors, fo organ factory is one of the curiosities State and many thousands yearly ta trouble and expense of going to Wa ton to see it.

There are hours of interest before u under the guidance of a competent a lite assistant we make the tour of one wonders of modern times.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

"There's nothing succeeds like suc is an old saying and in the main a tr Success, in one sense, is not alwa measure of a man's greatness, a another it is. A man may be great in sense, and never succeed, and yet the great man always accomplishes his m The greatness that fails has always a spot in it—the greatness that succe that rounded, well-balanced greatnes always recognizes the right thing avoids the wrong thing to do. S always attends the really great sided greatness always fails a little sh it. A great man may have made a na escape of greatness, falling just sho the point of that the world recognizes.

If success be taken as the measur greatness Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, the manufacturer of Washington, N. J., very great man, for certainly no such cess has ever been achieved in this or other country as has attended him.

The man who can commence in a old-fashioned, New Jersey Village, wit a dollar, with nothing but his brain principles and two good hands, and such a slender beginning build up largest business in his line in the w and make his name, not by self-seeking simply through his qualities, a house word wherever civilized man is, is ent to credit for something more than acci or luck. Such results do not happen— are compelled; and the life of the man does so great a work is certainly worth writing and reading. It is more romance than real life.

THE BEGINNING.

In a plain old-fashioned farm house, gabled and many windowed, on the summit of Schooly's mountain, in Leb Township, Hunterdon County, New Je in 1848, Daniel F. Beatty first saw the His ancestors were of that good, old st Scotch blood, from which so many Americans, such as Alexander T. Ste and others have sprung. However, it ters but little who were the ancestors who is really the head of his family. this instance the family, so far as known outside of the locality whe originally settled, is the subject of sketch. It is sufficient to say he can good honest parentage, and breathed air of the mountains, the air that m good men always.

He was educated, as the majority of men who lead were, in the common sch of the Township, where he received a education if not a brilliant one. He taught and absorbed all that the schoo State could give him but he was receivin at home from an honest father and a lo mother what was better than mere b learning, the practical end of life, and developing that mental muscle which the solid foundation of his future succ

From his earliest infancy he develop remarkable talent for music. There nothing in the way of melody that esca him. The religious music of the day, r as it was, was as familiar to him as lullabys of his mother, and even whe mere youth it was improved as he sang showing not only the imitative powe music but the creative as well.

The choir in the church where the fam worshipped when he was a boy, was p sessed of a melodeon, one of the primi kind which was merely a stationary cordeon, but it was everything to yo Beatty. It was the best he had heard far, and, bad as it was, it was somethi At the age of 17 he had mastered science of music far enough to be able play church music, as well as it could played upon the rude instrument, and was the proudest day of his life when was installed as leader of the choir, and "organist." He was compelled to go to old church to practice, which was someth not at all to his liking, and so he was termined to have an instrument of his o By dint of the closest saving of pennies chopping wood and gleaning harvest fi he managed to save $27 in three years, with that fabulous sum he bought cheapest of the very cheap melodeons the day, and he was happy. With h then, as now, to determine to do a t was to do it. He was determined to ha melodeon and cent by cent he earned money to get one, and got it.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

The mother of young Beatty died w he was a mere lad, and his father marri second time. This event was one of most important in his life, and had ev thing to do with shaping his future car It is a very singular story. The step-mot was actually jealous of his musical abil and lost no opportunity to annoy h which was continued for years. One morning in 1870, when 22 years of age, step-mother deliberately organized a qu rel with him, which gave him no choice. was compelled to leave his home and go into the world to find what he could ne have there, peace, quiet and opportun Without a dollar, with not even the p of a night's lodging or a meal, he shoulde his loved melodeon, the only property could call his own except the scanty clo upon his back, and bidding his home go bye started out in a cold world, col more senses than one. What to do he never thought of, for he had n calculated upon the situation he found h self in. But pluck and genius, when it good sense between them, finds its own w

About that time melodeons were bec ing common in that section of New Jers and were sold invariably by agents. Yo Beatty saw men totally ignorant of mu and consequently unable to show the po of an instrument, doing very well sell them, and it occurred to him that knowledge of music would stand him in g stead in this business.

THE LITTLE BEGINNING.

But how to get a start! He hadn't a d lar in the world and was totally unkno to any one able to assist him. Here other point in his character came in help. He had the reputation in the nei borhood of strict integrity and of an domitable will. These qualities were capital. A kind farmer in the neighb hood gave him credit for a horse a wagon, a melodeon manufacturer in N York was impressed with his appeara to the extent of giving him credit for a lo of instruments, and he commenced. sold the first instrument to John Castner, of Hunterdon Coun N. J., and then all was clear sailing. W the good sense that has always charact ized him, he avoided the flashy appeara of other "men on the road," he never m represented the goods he had to sell. was especially particular in instructi those to whom he sold instruments in th proper use and care, and he made hims so popular that he virtually acquired monopoly of the business in his section. made it a rule never to force a sale, ne to over persuade an unwilling purchas and never to place an instrument wh lack of musical ability or pecuniary circu stances did not justify the outlay. In sho he was recognized as an honest man, and came to pass that people took his judgme as to whether they ought to have an inst ment or not. He gave his custom all the advantages possible, his idea bei that he expected to make it a life busin and desired to lay the foundations for broad and deep. In one instance wher girl, who gave great promise, desired organ and her father did not feel able purchase it, he left it, taking the girl's w that it should be paid for when she h earned the price by teaching.

CAPITAL AND REPUTATION.

At the close of his first year's business found himself with a cash capital of $3 which was a considerable sum for a you man in those days, and what was bett than money, a reputation as a shrewd a honorable business man.

He was not long destined to sell instr ments as an agent. Daniel F. Beatty cou no more continue to sail his ship in su shallow waters than Napoleon could to through life as a subaltern.

WHAT HE HAD LEARNED.

Mr. Beatty had learned all about pian and organs during this very valuable a prenticeship. He had ascertained the first cost, the commissions paid to t agents, to the wholesale dealers, and t profits of the manufacturers, and all ab it. Very naturally it occurred to him th could he manufacture his own instrumen and sell directly to the consumer, to t man or woman who wanted the instrumen sweeping out of existence at once the hor of middlemen whose commissions and e penses swelled the cost of an instrume

IDLE CHATTER.

Vapid Street Conversations and How They May Be Improved.

Chicago News.

A strange old gentleman, who seems to be cracked on the subject of orthography, is going about the city furnishing entertainment and some instruction to whom ever will listen to him. Last evening he was harranguing a small crowd in Lake Front Park on his favorite theme. Said he: "More than half your lives is wasted in idle chatter that means nothing and teaches less. You meet a friend and say good morning. He says good morning to you, and then you say it is a pleasant morning. He says it is very pleasant; pleasanter than it was yesterday when it rained. Of course you acquiesce, and probably add that you hope it will be pleasant to-morrow. There you stand like two geese squawking about something that isn't worth a word, and never teaches anybody anything. Now, if you would only study your pronouncing dictionaries to-night, and learn something you might be able to do your friends some good when you meet them to-morrow."

The old man then gave the boys some examples of common errors in pronunciation, and the *News* reporter turned away with a fresh resolution. Entering the office he met the exchange editor on the stairs, with:

"The word 'possess' has no hard sound of s in it."

"Well," said the man of shears, "what of it?"

"And 'new, and 'blue' rhyme with 'few.'"

"Well, don't you suppose I know that, you ninny?"

The commercial editor was coming from the library.

"Dog is not dawg; it rhymes with frog.'"

"Who in tunket said it didn't?" and the man of the stock board ran down stairs.

The funny man was coming out of the ditor's room. Said the reporter to him; 'The last g in 'demagogy' is soft."

"Good morning, Mr. G.," remarked the oker as he darted out.

The editor-in-chief was the last resort. The reporter entered his room.

"'Sqalor' is not 'squawler;' it is pronounced with the long sound of a. And 'slough' is pronounced to rhyme with 'now.' 'Duty' is not 'dooty,' but rhymes with 'beauty,' and the accent in 'microcopy' is on the 'cros.'"

"Say, young man," said the editor, 'this little piece of paper will get some money for you in the counting room. You take that money and go for a long, long vacation—an enduring, permanent vacation. If you tell an Ogden avenue car conductor to let you off at some suitable place the car will be stopped right at the door of the Cook County hospital."

As the reporter went out he stopped to say:

"Mr. Editor, this decoration around the room is not 'daydo,' it is 'dahdo.' Ta ta."

Skill vs. Ignorance.

As a perfect pharamaceutical preparaon, we are told that Hood's Sarsaparilla irpasses any proprietary article upon the arket. Even to our inexperienced eye we e positive indications of the truth of the regoing. A glance at the article shows e scrupulous neatness and care with which e detail of its manufacture and putting p must be conducted. These points are of nportance in any business, but in manipu- tions of remedies for the relief of human ffering they become of supreme importce, and only such medicines are worthy ublic confidence.

SHEDDING HER TEETH.

alse Molars Coming Out All Over a Jersey Woman.

A dispatch from New Brunswick, N. , says: "Mrs. Sanborn, living in Metuen, went to New York 10 years ago, d bought a set of false teeth. She wore em for a week, but while sitting at nner one day they became separated om the plate and before she could rever her self-possession she had swalwed about a dozen of them. She felt great embarrassment afterwards, and the course of time forgot all about the atter. One day last week the lady felt pain on her right shoulder. Upon exnination she fonnd a lump there and nsulted her family physician. That ntleman opened the protuberance with lancet and extracted therefrom a hard d white substance resembling porcelain. he lady suddenly recollecting her toothvallowing performance and pronounced e bone to be one of her missing teeth. "Since that time the lady has been hedding teeth from various parts of her ody, having recovered already nine of e set. She confidently expects to see e appearance of the others in a day or ."

For Fever and Ague, and all miasmatic seases, Ayer's Ague Cure is a positive medy. Warranted.

Just About the Size of It.

Wheeling Evening Journal.

The Republican party seems to be on e "go" in Ohio—going on to one of the d-time victories.

WORDS FAIL. "Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. ELBY CARTER, of Nashville, Tenn., "for he benefits derived from

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Having been afflicted all my life with Scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It ame out in Blotches, Ulcers, and Mattery ores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states hat he was entirely cured by the use of YER'S SARSAPARILLA, and since disconinuing its use, eight months ago, he has had o return of the scrofulous symptoms.

All baneful infections of the blood are romptly removed by this unequalled alterave.

PREPARED BY
r. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

SCOVILL'S
Blood AND Liver
SYRUP,
Peerless Remedy for Scrofula, hite Swellings, Cancer, Erysipas, Gout, Chronic Sores, Syphs, Tumors, Carbuncles, Salt heum, Malaria, Bilious Comaints, and all diseases indicatg an Impure Condition of the lood, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, owels, Skin, etc. This Grand emedy is a Compound of Vegeable Extracts, the chief of which re SARSAPARILLA and STILINCIA. The cures effected by COVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER YRUP are absolute, and their ecord is undisfigured by failure. or sale by all Druggists.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
Epps's Cocoa
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws hich govern the operations of digestion and nuition, and by a careful application of the fine roperties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has proded our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored verage, which may save us many heavy doctors' lls. It is by the judicious use of such articles of et that a constitution may be gradually built up ntil strong enough to resist every tendency to disase. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating round us ready to attack wherever there is a weak oint. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a roperly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in ns only (½ lb. and lb.) by grocers, labeled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

TOMATOS FOR SWELL LONDONERS.

Large Increase in the Exportation of Yankee Love Apples.

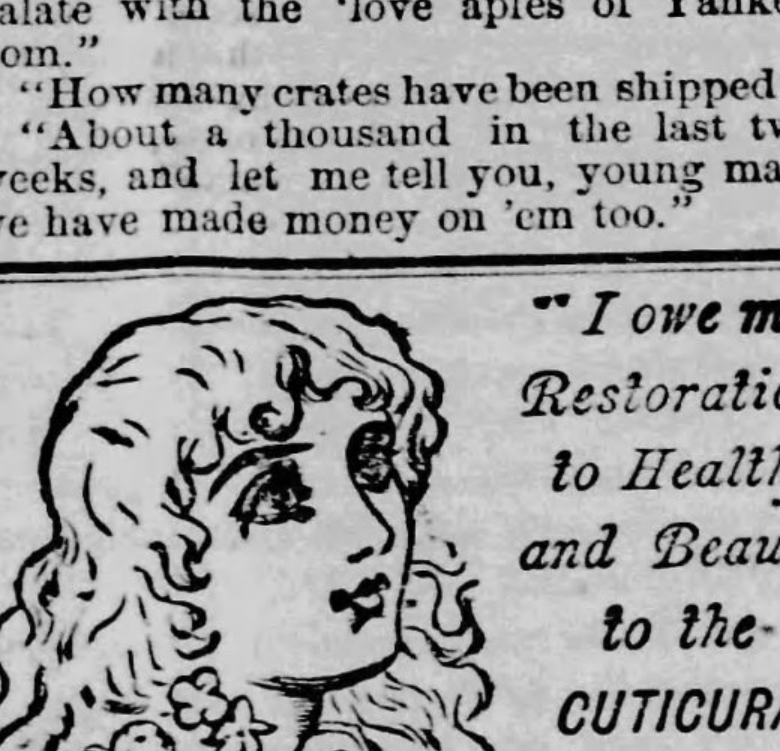
"Yes," said a Reade-st. dealer in produce," we are shipping large quantities of fresh Long Island tomatos to Liverpool and Glasgow, and thus far we have been very successful. We tried it last year for the first time, but in every case there was a loss. The present crop of tomatos, however, is far superior to that of last year; they are large and sound and the disasters of a year ago by no means disheartened us.

"We pack them carefully in crates and generally select those partially ripe, they mature on the way over, so that on their arrival at Liverpool they are ready for the table. The orders are constantly increasing, and in several instances shipments have been hurried along by cablegrams.

"The swell London clubs are the best patrons, and who knows but that the Prince of Wales has tickled his royal palate with the 'love aples' of Yankeedom."

"How many crates have been shipped?"

"About a thousand in the last two weeks, and let me tell you, young man, we have made money on 'em too."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Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilelet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifier. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap 25cents; Resolvent, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MUSIC.

Music Teachers! Choir Leaders! School Teachers.

For Common Schools. SONG BELLS (50 cts.) By L. O. Emerson. GOLDEN ROBIN (50c.) W. O. Perkins. WHIPPOORWILL (50c.) MERRY CHIMES (50 cts.) SONG ECHO (75 cts.)—All are good, cheerful, genial collections of School music.

For High Schools. WELCOME CHORUS ($1). By Tilden. LAUREL WREATH VOCAL ECHOES ($1). Female Voices. WELLESLEY COLLEGE COLLECTION ($1). HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR ($1). HOUR OF SINGING ($1). All are excellent books, by the best compilers.

For Singing Classes. THE SINGERS' WELCOME (75 cts.) By Emerson. PEERLESS (75c.) By W. O. Perkins. THE IDEAL (75 cts.) Classes with either of these books are sure to be successes.

For Musical Societies. REDEMPTION ($1). Novello edition. This new and remarkable work is well worth practicing. Also, the easy RUTH and BOAZ (65 cts.), and the fine scenic Cantata, JOSEPH'S BONDAGE ($1). Also all the Oratorios, Masses, and a large number of Sacred and Secular Cantatas. Send for lists!

For Choirs. SHEPHERD CHURCH COLLECTION ($1.25.) TEMPLE ($1.) HERALD OF PRAISE ($1.) ANTHEM HARP ($1.25.) EMERSON'S BOOK OF ANTHEMS ($1.25). CHURCH OFFERING ($1.25.) GEM GLEANER ($1), and many others. Send for descriptive lists.

Any book mailed for the retail price.
Lists free. Inquiries cheerfully answered.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 BROADWAY, N. Y.

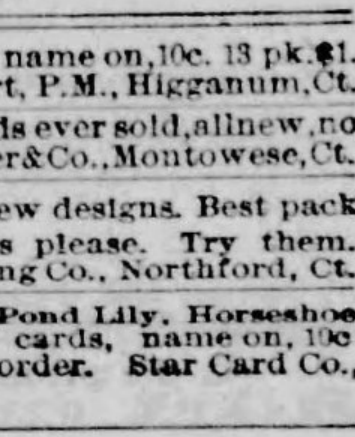
CARDS.

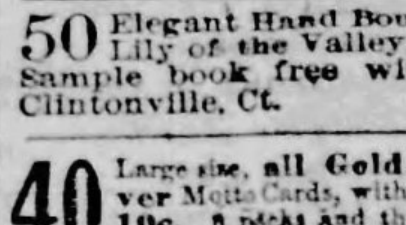
50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Ct.

50 Handsomest Chromo Cards ever sold, all new, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. Potter & Co., Montowese, Ct.

50 elegant Chromo Cards, new designs. Best pack ever produced. Always please. Try them. Name on, 10c. Ætna Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Elegant Hand Bouquet, Pond Lily, Horseshoe Lily of the Valley, etc., cards, name on, 10c Sample book free with $1 order. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Ct.


40 Large size, all Gold and Silver Motto Cards, with your name, 10c. 8 packs and this Beautiful Rolled Gold Seal Ring for only 50 cts. Agent's Album, 25 cts. We warrant our Cards to be the Best Ever Sold. ALLING BROTHERS, Northford, Conn.


50 Satin Enamel Chromo Cards, 10c. Latest imported designs. 11 packs & this elegant Ring or a beautiful imported Silk Handkerchief for $1. Illus'd list with large sample book, 25c. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

50 Beautiful, Imported Chromo Cards, with name in fancy type, 10c. This pack includes all the latest, best and most popular styles ever issued. 11 packs and this Beautiful Seal Ring, for $1. Get 10 of your friends to send with you, and thus get your own pack and an elegant gold ring, free. Stamps taken. ROYAL CARD CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

4 Bladed Pearl Handled Knife FREE

with every order for 12 Packs of 50 each (12 names) of the Handsomest Chromo Cards ever sold, for $1.00, including Gold and Silver, Panels, Swiss and Verse Florals, Good Luck, Scroll, Motto Pallets, Placques, Birds. Every design new this fall. 1 pack, 10c. 8 packs and a present, 30 cents. Agents' Sample Book, 25c. Address E. F. EATON & CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

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Dr. Betts'
MEDICAL DISPENSARY
Toledo, Ohio.
MANHOOD RESTORED.
SPERMATORRHEA CURED.
Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Orchitis,
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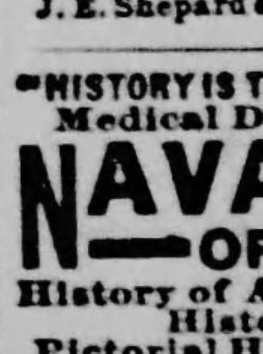
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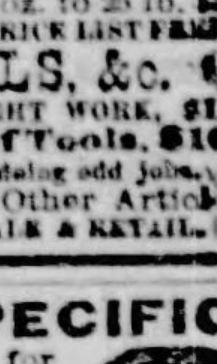
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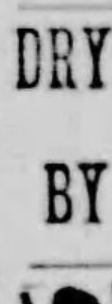
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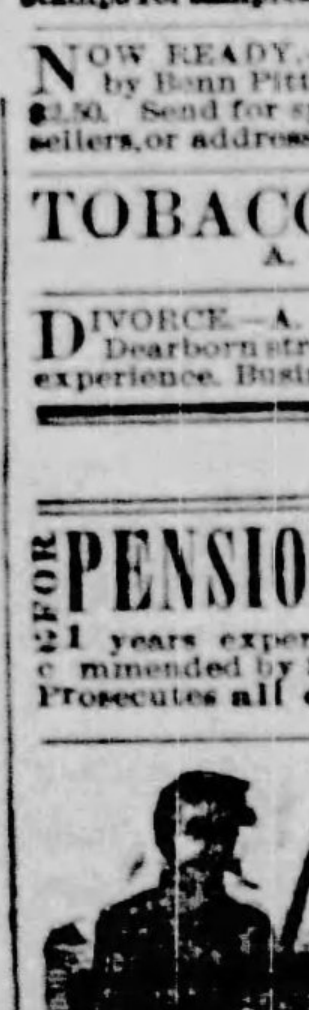
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THE WEEKLY BLADE.
TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, September 13, 1883.

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Circulation Last Week, 112,000.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK 112,000.

Our circulation last week was 112,000, and there are no signs of a diminution of the rush, all of which goes to show that if the paper is good enough, and is furnished cheaply enough, there are enough people in the United States to take it to satisfy any publisher. Measured by this test the WEEKLY BLADE is the best paper in the country, for it certainly has the largest and most wide-spread circulation. It goes into every State and Territory, and to almost every Post-office.

We have still room on the books. The capacity of our magnificent press is not yet reached, and another just like it will be in place in a few weeks. One dollar a year to everybody.

TO NON-SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BLADE.

A number of persons not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask a careful and critical examination of the pages, its beautiful print, its size, the completeness of all its departments, the vast amount of carefully edited reading matter given, and if the recipient thinks it worth a dollar, post-paid, for a year, let him or her immediately send that sum and get it. Three months, for trial, 30 cents; or clubs of four, three months, $1, or 25 cents each. We claim that it is the best general family newspaper in the world, and 113,000 families think likewise. We invite all who receive this number to examine it carefully. We want to make the circulation 200,000 before March next.

LORD COLERIDGE has been entertained by BEN BUTLER. He ought to be happy now.

PETER's pence fund gets 400,000 francs from the estate of the late Count de CHAMBORD.

THE New York *Journal* says: "France is the paradise of lawyers because it is the land of Gaul."

SAVANNAH has no Scott law to fill up her treasury, and so she has levied a tax on all incomes over $800.

THE War Department has solemnly decided that cows for the use of companies may be purchased out of the company funds.

IT seems that Ischia has not had her share of earthquakes, as a Prof. FAULB, a volcanic eruption expert, predicts another great shock on Oct. 5.

THE Northwest is being boomed most thoroughly these days. The corner stone of Bismark's capitol building was laid with the assistance of the Villard party.

CONEY ISLAND bids fair to become the Monte Carlo of America. At present it is full of all kinds of gambling dens, and nothing is done to check the workings of those gentry.

DANSVILLE *Advertiser:*

Why don't some live Yankee—
We don't care how cranky—
Copper-line the people of this nation?
Then they can devour
Peaches by the hour,
And not bust their internal corporation.

THE Norristown *Herald* relates that when a church committee called upon a merchant for a subscription towards their supper, he liberally offered to contribute the oyster—and yet they were not satisfied.

THE corn crop of the West is figured out to be 75 million bushels greater than last year, while that of the South is that much short. But then the Southern cotton crop is simply enormous this year, so things even up all around.

THE Pennsylvania papers are recommending as the best way for JAMES NUTTS, the slayer of DUKES, is to plead guilty, be convicted and then receive executive clemency, which is sure to be speedily granted. Thus the majesty of the law will be vindicated.

AT an entertainment recently held in London it is said that the Princess of Wales wore the plainest dress of any of the ladies present. The Rochester *Post-Express* thinks it doesn't look well for a wife to be sloshing around in fine clothes, with her husband $3,000,000 in debt.

Two more Mormon elders have been mobbed in Georgia, but their success in gaining proselytes in that State seems to justify the Later Day Saints in continuing their work there. It is singular that no one hears of any Mormon missionaries in South Carolina. The whites are more degraded there than in any State in the Nation, and therefore ought to be ready prey for the guileful Mormon "angel."

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

FAR transcending in importance all other events of the week was the formal completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which was celebrated on Sunday afternoon by driving the last spike in the rails, at a point on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, 800 miles from the Pacific Ocean, and 2,500 from the Atlantic, in the presence of a large party of distinguished guests invited to witness the ceremony. The place at which this was done has been named Last Spike, and is 50 miles west of Helena, and 30 miles west of the Grand Divide, from which the waters run both ways—the rivulets on one side lead into streams which fall into the Missouri, and on the other into the Pacific. The first blow of the sledge was made by HENRY C. DAVIS, who, in 1870, drove the first spike. Speeches were made by Pres. VILLARD, of the Northern Pacific, Hon. WM. M. EVARTS and others, and the Pullman palace car trains bearing the guests sped away, eastward and westward. Thus was completed an enterprise which has been in contemplation ever since railroads were made a practicable thing, and which has actually been under way for nearly a score of years.

THE President has returned to Washington, greatly improved in health and spirits by his tour to the Yellowstone. The other high officers of the Government are returning from the resorts at which they have been taking their vacations, and Washington is assuming its usual autumnal air of activity. The only near-approaching event of importance, however, is the coming reception of the Corean Embassy, now on its way to Washington from San Francisco. This embassy, which is headed by the King of Corea's nephew, is the first one ever sent out by that country, except to China and Japan, and marks an important departure in Corean diplomacy.

THE Democratic troubles in Ohio have become greatly intensified by the issue of the Democratic Convention of Cuyahoga County, held at Cleveland last Saturday, at which the money of JOHN W. BOOKWALTER was freely and successfully used to secure a delegation hostile to PENDLETON. The Convention was a turbulent aggregation of strikers and heelers—hoodlums from the street corners and saloons, shamelessly manipulated by the Mayor of Cleveland's tools—mainly bridge tenders and dock-watchmen, etc. The Pendleton faction in Cincinnati have openly rebelled against JOHN McLEAN's domination, and nominated a ticket of their own, which they claim will receive at least 5,000 votes. The Republican campaign in the State is progressing very hopefully,

---

The reduction effected in the National debt during the month of August was $6,761,851. This is spoken of as a 'moderate' reduction; and so it is when compared with amounts that have been redeemed in previous months. But, instead of looking back and attempting to continue the high rate of redemption that has prevailed for the last few years, it is more important to look forward and see how far even this 'moderate' reduction can be carried on before it will be limited by the exhaustion of all the redeemable bonds. Six and one-half millions per month mean 78 millions a year. In about four years, or by 1887, all the bonds that are under the control of the Government will have been called in, and no further reduction in the debt can be made before 1891. By that time, the interest charges on the debt will have been reduced by at least $12,000,000.

Reports from the corn belt show that the cold snap of Saturday and Sunday wrought great destruction, especially to the corn in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Northern Illinois. Through Middle Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, although the frosts have caused great apprehensions among the farmers, it is now thought that the damage will be comparatively light as the crop was in a sufficiently advanced state to withstand the sudden change. In Wisconsin and Michigan the damage has been very great, the crop being reduced fully one-half. If the weather holds as it is at this writing all indications point to a crop of about two-thirds of an average.

THE eyes of the world are now directed to China and France who seem steadily drifting into a war with each other. China absolutely refuses to consent to the treaty with Annam, giving the protectorate to France and the latter is as determined to retain the power thus given, and so far nothing has been offered in the way of a solution to the difficulty that is regarded favorably in either country. The Chinese have dispatched troops to the frontier, and France is sending reinforcements forward. China is vulnerable, says the London *Times*, only in those ports which occupy a quasi-international position, and any blow struck there will be felt throughout Europe. The shock to English trade in the East Indies will be most disastrous, and the relations between England and France be seriously embittered thereby. Dislocation of the cotton trade would put out of employment thousands of operatives in the Lancashire factories, and the revenue to the British Crown from India would show a serious deficit."

ONE of the most distressing events of last week was the dashing of a railroad train into the midst of a large crowd at Steglitz, Germany, hurling the people right and left and killing 17 men, 18 women and four children. It seems that such an accident has long been apprehended and the Government, after the purchase of the Berlin & Potsdam Railroad, asked the Diet to vote a sum sufficient to alter and enlarge the depot upon the ground that the lives of passengers were constantly in peril. The Diet refused by a vote to grant the request, and now the reactionary papers throw the blame upon the National Liberals who would not vote.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY is again in trouble with its Slaves. The last disturbance is in what we still call Croatia—the Latin name devised for the Karnthen when Latin was still the language of geography. The Government has ordered the Hungarian escutcheon to be placed on the public buildings, and the people have torn it down, and are threatening all sorts of trouble, if it be replaced. The Magyars are hated by the Slavs far worse than the Germans, and especially so since they made common cause with the Turks against the Southern Slavs. The matter may blow over, or it may result in serious consequences.

THE anti-Jewish riots are still going on in Hungary, the trouble seeming to be more in the country than in the Cities, although the feeling is everywhere very bitter. The Jews are leaving the country in large numbers.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

The discussion of the war prospects between France and China goes on vigorously, as it is not strange that it should, considering the deepening of the clouds in that direction. At the present there seems little probability of a peaceful settling of the difficulties between the two Governments. France will not yield her right to establish a protectorate over Anam, and China is determined to retain the suzerainty which the kings of that country have long paid to her. The only hope of avoiding a war lies in arbitration by some foreign power, and then comes the question of finding one which will be acceptable to both nations.

Great Britain would, no doubt, be the choice of China, or at least the latter would be willing to leave her interests in the hands of the former. But Great Britain's commercial welfare in the East is so closely connected with China that France would probably refuse to accept her judgment. Both her cotton industries and her opium traffic would be injured by a closing of Chinese ports, so that it is not at all likely that British eyes would look at the difficulty through French spectacles. At the same time there is another view of the matter taken by the English which might influence them not to seriously labor to prevent war. It would seriously cripple French commerce, and in case of a defeat of France, would give Great Britain a commercial advantage in the future.

The probability is that in case of hostilities the French would count upon a comparatively easy conquest of China, but they might find themselves mistaken. Within a few years the Chinese have made great changes in their military arrangements. They have excellent arms, are well disciplined and possess a sort of dogged endurance that will give them an advantage in fighting that is long continued. Besides this they will be the attacked party upon their own ground while the French will have to labor under the disadvantage of having their supplies and reinforcements at a long distance from their army. It would not be possible for them to make any movement in the way of a surprise, so that China could be prepared for any kind of campaign which they might undertake.

These things may render France willing to accept a mediator, but it will not be Great Britain for reasons before mentioned; Russia has too much to gain by such a war to act in that capacity; Germany has established intimate relations with China and hates France so that she would not be impartial; Austria sympathizes with Germany and is hence disqualified.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes that China has decided to call upon the United States to become the arbitrator in the matter. This is not at all unlikely, and it is almost certain that such an arrangement would be acceptable to France. It is not probable that many days will elapse before further developments show something of what may be expected in the future.

MORE SALES OF POLITICAL STOCK.

Another extensive purchase of Democrats on private terms for spot cash was made in Cleveland, O., last Saturday. Such hints as we can get of prices paid indicate a marked decline in values since the transactions at Cincinnati. Indeed it is easy to see why this should be, and we can make up our minds that the strong downward tendency in prices will be maintained for a long time yet. Dealers in Democratic voters and delegates report that they have more offers all the time than they have needs to purchase for, and the inevitable tendency of this is of course to rapidly cheapen the product.

Nothing is likely to occur to arrest this cheapening. So long as there are 700 saloons in a City like Toledo, to a score of school houses, the supply of Democratic voters is likely to be enormous, and wholly independent of the causes that curtail other crops. Neither late Springs nor early frosts operate adversely. An increasing acreage is planted every year and all mature. There is indeed constant mention of the same evils as effect other crops, such as "smut," "cheat," "rust," and "worms," but the effect of these is not apparent, for the crop of Democrats increases constantly.

The eagerness of holders to realize is another thing which has a very depressing effect upon prices. Of course this is to be expected, for the owner of a Democratic vote must sell it when there is a market for it, and generally at the first offer, or he may get nothing for it all. Next day after the Convention or election it is poorer property even than a certificate of deposit in a Busted Bank. The holder of a lot of good merchantable Democratic votes is likely to have them drop on his hands like a car-load of rotting watermelons.

WE do not see any reason why SLADE and MITCHELL should not be allowed to fight—in Mexico. It is true that the crossing of the line by several car loads of New York roughs will not likely give the Mexicans a very high opinion of our people and manners, but then from the acquaintance of those borderers with our Apaches and Texas cowboys, they probably do not have any very exalted ideas of "Los Gringos" and may even think a New York Alderman with a dyed mustache and amethyst finger-ring big as a trade dollar and his hide distended with fighting whisky an improvement on the cowboy and the Apache. He is certainly not so dangerous to have around, unless there is something worth stealing within reach of his hands.

ADJUTANT GENERAL DRUM has a scheme to form a National militia of the militia organizations of the various States, for use in the event of an emergency. No such thing as a war is anticipated, but the idea is to take advantage of the experience gained in such matters during the Rebellion. Said he:

> We want to have everything arranged so that, within 24 hours after the President should issue a proclamation of war, complete formulated instructions regarding the mustering of volunteers would be on the way to the Governor of every State in the Union. These instructions should be followed by information relative to the stations to be assigned officers and troops, and this again by other papers connected with the matter—all in proper order—so that there would be no delay and no misunderstanding in getting everthing in running order.

GOV. BLACKBURN claims to be a very moderate man in all things, and so he contented himself with appointing only 105 Colonels on his staff. The old-fashioned Kentucky affection for "Majah" seems to be dying out, as he only created seven Majors and but three Captains.

BOB FORD, the man who killed FRANK JAMES' brother JESSE, is very much surprised at the acquittal of the bandit.

VULGARITY AND ARISTOCRICY

It is growing to be the fashion to write long homilies upon the vulgarity of American aristocracy as compared to that of European countries. That this should be done in the Old World, where the jealousy of the rapid advancement of the New is strong, is not to be wondered at, but that our own people should pour out continued vituperations of themselves, helping to deepen the shadow cast upon those who are supposed to represent the wealth and culture of the land, seems strange indeed.

Two things can be readily acknowledged. First, the desire for change is a universal characteristic here, and as soon as a prosperous business or lucky speculation furnishes the necessary means, a trip to Europe is made. Facilities for getting rich come as readily to the hand of the coarse and uncultivated man providing he has shrewdness and industry as to the refined and educated. Consequently there are as many of the former seeing the sights as the latter, and their loud voiced assumption and vulgarity become everywhere prominent. The same class of boors are as plentiful among the English, French and Germans, but they are stay-at-homes, and their neighbors are the only sufferers from their lack of good breeding.

Second, the very essence of our institutions, and the spirit of their teachings is that all men are born free and equal. This gives the citizen of the United States wherever he may be a self-assertion that is often extremely unpleasant to the foreign aristocrat who has been bred in an atmospere of castes, and who does not recognize such equality. That the assertion is often most disagreeably made is true, and that the loud-voiced vulgarity of many of our traveling countrymen is a source of mortification to our people is also sure, but it is utterly absurd to charge that these are types of American aristocracy or American culture and breeding. No note is taken of the thousands of quiet, educated, polished and truly gentle men and women, who go all over Europe and the East and possess more general intelligence than all the foreigners of birth put together.

The Newport correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says in the course of a letter:

> The empress of Austria wears a tailor-made cloth costume when she rides on a coach at Ischl. The American woman rides on a coach through the crowded streets of New York in pink satin or white lace.

The proximity of these two sentences conveys a false impression. It is not the representative of true American aristocracy that rides on a coach through the crowded streets of New York in pink satin or white lace. No one ever saw a refined, cultured lady in such a guise, in such a place, no, nor even a merely moneyed member of the *ton*, with a parvenue background. Vulgarity there may be among those who *claim* a high social position, but the vulgarity in pink satin and white lace upon a public coach would never be for a moment allowed to enter the doors of uppertendom anywhere.

As we said in the beginning it has become the fashion to mourn over the ill breeding of American aristocracy, but that there is any more of it, or any worse boorishness than among foreign lords and ladies, the BLADE most emphatically questions.

ANOTHER CONNECTICUT HORROR.

The Rose Ambler mystery in Stratford, Conn., promises to become as unsolvable as those of MARY STANNARD and JENNIE CRAMER, as the longer the time before any important discoveries are made the greater the difficulty that surrounds the investigations. A little over a week ago ROSE CLARK AMBLER, a beautiful young woman, divorced from her husband and about to marry another man, was found dead in a field on the road from Stratford to Bridgeport, and not far from her own house. She had been on Sunday evening to visit her betrothed husband, and about 9 o'clock started homeward alone. There were heavy clouds over the evening sky, and it was intensely dark, but she declared herself not afraid, and refused to allow her lover, WM. LEWIS, to accompany her, for the reason, he says, that he had to rise at 2 o'clock in the morning, and she did not want him to lose any sleep. She had two miles to walk, but started blithely away, little dreaming that her life was so near its end.

The body was discovered the next morning by some boys who were driving cows to pasture. Not realizing the importance of the preservation of every trace or mark that might prove a clue to the murderer, the ground was tramped over by scores of people, the cloth removed repeatedly from the face, which was exposed to the sun shining brightly. Then there was a long delay in summoning anyone who had a legal right to remove the body, and in fact the same stupid performances were repeated as in the JENNIE CRAMER case. If there can be aught more certain to prevent the bringing of criminals to justice than the Connecticut law that covers such cases, it has yet to be found.

More than a week has gone and the whole affair is still a profound mystery, and promises to remain so. The most idiotic part of it is the careful suppressing of everything that comes to light that might lead to important discoveries, and the refusal to allow the reporters any knowledge of facts in order to keep it out of the papers, when as is well known in several instances it has been through the efforts of these same reporters that criminals have been found and apprehended after detectives had failed utterly.

It is useless to attempt to form any theory in regard to the terrible affair. That these things can occur in a thickly settled community and yet the perpetrators remain unknown and unpunished, gives a strange sort of realization of the uncertainty of human life, even in this country where the law is supposed to be a restraining terror to evil doers. That ROSE AMBLER's death may not remain in the list with JENNIE CRAMER's, all must devoutly hope.

OWNERS of stock farms in Texas are having great trouble with wire fence cutters. Last week these vandals, who claim that these fences interfere with their business, destroyed over 125 miles of fencing.

THE people of Reading, Pa., are enjoying an epidemic of witchcraft, several persons being under the influence of the "bad people." Two witch-doctors are making lots of money treating the victims.

LOUISIANA sugar cane is doing splendidly. This is a very fair year after all.

HOW THE COUNTRY IS FILLING UP.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the tabulations of the ninth census is that which shows the changes in the density of population, under the head of the proportion of population to area. This, in truth, is the only correct gage of the growth of different portions of the country, since the States vary so much in area and in population, that any statement of simply so many thousand increase in population conveys no correct idea as to the development of that portion.

Excluding Alaska and the Indian Territory there were in the United States in 1870, 13.30 person to the square mile. In 1880 these had thickened up to 17.29. In 1870 the most sparsely populated State was Oregon, which had less than 1 to the square mile. The most densely peopled was Rhode Island, with 200 to the square mile. It would seem as if the latter State has reached the utmost reasonable limit, but 1880 showed that she had made a greater proportionate increase than even the new Prairie States, and still led, with a population of 254.82 to tee square mile. The following table shows the number to the square mile in 1870 and 1880:

The United States........	17.29	13.30
Alabama...............	24.50	19.34
Arizona Territory.........	0.36	0.09
Arkansas...............	15 13	9.13
California...............	5.54	3.59
Colorado...............	1.87	0.38
Connecticut...............	128.52	110.93
Dakota Territory.........	0.92	0.10
Delaware...............	74.80	63.78
District of Columbia....	2,960.40	2,195.00
Florida...............	4.97	3.46
Georgia...............	26.15	20.08
Idaho Territory.........	0.39	0.18
Illinois...............	54.96	45.36
Indiana...............	55.09	46.80
Iowa...............	29.29	21.52
Kansas...............	12.19	4.46
Kentucky...............	41.22	33.03
Louisiana...............	20.69	16.00
Maine...............	21.71	20.97
Maryland...............	94.82	79.20
Massachusetts............	221.78	181.26
Michigan...............	28.50	20.62
Minnesota...............	9.86	5.55
Mississippi...............	24.42	17.87
Missouri...............	31.55	25.04
Montana Territory.......	0.27	0.14
Nebraska...............	5.94	1.61
Nevada...............	0.57	0.39
New Hampshire.........	38.53	35.35
New Jersey...............	151.73	121.54
New Mexico Territory..	0.98	0.75
New York...............	106.74	92.04
North Carolina.........	28.81	22.05
Ohio...............	78.46	65.39
Oregon...............	1.85	0.96
Pennsylvania............	95.21	78.29
Rhode Island............	25[illegible].87	200.33
South Carolina............	33.00	23.39
Tennessee...............	36.94	30.14
Texas...............	6.67	3.12
Utah Territory............	1.75	1.06
Vermont...............	36.38	36.19
Virginia...............	37.70	30.53
Washington Territory...	1.12	0.36
West Virginia............	25.09	17.94
Wisconsin...............	24.16	19.37
Wyoming Territory.....	0.21	0.09

A BANDIT'S BRIDE.

Another romance has shrunken into ghastly unloveliness under the full light of day. Mrs. SARAH HITE, a handsome Kentucky girl, who thought it would be "just too awfully nice for anything" to be a "bandit's bride." She married WOOD HITE, one of the leaders of the James gang, and she says frankly that he made her life "a hell upon earth." The bill of particulars to justify this general assertion comprehends a list of offenses from wantonly killing an old negro servant to whom she was attached, to threatening her own life, and coming home late to his meals. This latter forms the burden of her complaint. She was continually having to cook extra meals for him. A very prosaic element is thrust by this into what has always been considered pure romance. Girls who aspire to be "bandit brides" should expect their husbands to be a little promiscuous in their killings, and liable to drop almost anybody on sight. They should also expect that they will be irregular about their meals. A bandit can not knock off work like a carpenter or bricklayer, when the whistle sounds. His is not day's work, but jobs which he cannot quit until finished. At the same time we must admit that it was very disappointing to the beautiful SARAH, who had dreamed that she was to be the diamond-decked queen of some light and airy cave, in which jewels and gold-pieces would lie around thicker than acorns under an oak in October, to be put in an old cabin, made to get her own firewood, and made to furnish hot meals at all hours of the day or night, to a coarse-grained ruffian, whose highest ambition was to shoot somebody, to get money to get drunk upon.

HON. DANIEL F. BEATY AND HIS ORGANS.

Elsewhere in this week's BLHDE our correspondent, "Pietro," gives a spirited and graphic account of Hon. DANIEL F. BEATTY, of Washington, N. J., and his famous manufactory of organs and pianos. Mr. BEATTY is an example of what a man may do who has energy, determination, will and brains. From a poor boy from a mountain farm, he has ascended the ladder of fame and fortune till he is not only one of the most extensive manufacturers in the world, in his line, but one of the wealthiest and most influential citizen of his State and country.

The thousands of inquiries received concerning the Beatty Organs compelled the sending of a reliable correspondent to Mr. BEATTY's home, and the result will be read with interest. Of one thing the BLADE readers may be sure: Mr. BEATTY is a substantial fact, his business is conducted exactly as he represents it, and those having dealings with him may be sure of fair, honorable and liberal treatment. There is no question about his responsibility, any more than there is a mistake in his original method of conducting his business.

He does all he agrees to, and even more, and he always has.

The extent of his business is already enormous and there is apparently no bounds to it. He is now turning out an instrument every seven minutes, and there is nothing to prevent him from turning out 60 an hour. We have now 55,000,000 of people in the United States—a few years we shall have 100,000,000. With this increase of population the business of a man with the nerve, the capital and skill of DANIEL F. BEATTY has no limits.

The people as well as Mr. BEATTY are to be congratulated upon his wonderful success.

NEW YORK has concluded to save Niagara Fall from the hands of the despoiler, and now there promises to be as hard a fight over the Adirondacks. A railroad company is arranging to build a road through the very heart of the great forests, it already owning a half million of acres of land, and the right to acquire a million more.

A CAREFULLY prepared estimate shows that the number of watermelons raised in Georgia this year was not far from 6,500,000, the total profit on the crop being a quarter of a million dollars. And it wasn't a good year either.

THE merchants of Nashville have became tired of having no change smaller than the nickel and many of them are ordering one cent pieces in large quantities from other Cities.

NASBY.

A young woman who was frightened by a little dog until she was yellow, said it made her a terrier caught her color.—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

A noted physician says that nearly all women have smaller chests and trunks than they ought. Baggagemen don't think so.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A girl named Guennessen, aged 16, the youngest of her sex to reach the summit of Mount Blanc, accomplished the ascent during the second week in August.

What a beautiful sight to see a 250-pound woman, with a back as broad as a cana[illegible] boat, bearing about a nine-ounce parasol t[illegible] protect her from the sun.—*Chicago Tel[illegible] gram.*

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsen[illegible] to pretend that love is blind. I never kn[illegible] a man in love that did not see ten times [illegible] much in his sweetheart as I could."—*Ph[illegible] delphia News.*

It is strange that whenever some yo[illegible] ladies begin to play on the piano many [illegible] the audience commence to talk. One t[illegible] of discord makes the whole party ch[illegible] *New York Advertiser.*

An indiscreet son-in-law: "Your mo[illegible] in-law appears to have a pain in the [illegible] "Not at all. She has the toothache." [illegible] every now and then I see her put her [illegible] on her side, as though she felt a pain [illegible] "That is because she has put her t[illegible] her pocket.—*Ex.*

Regrets. Miss Gushington (to [illegible] widow whose husband has left a lar[illegible] tune)—"That is the fourteenth m[illegible] costume I have seen you wear i[illegible] days, and each lovelier and more b[illegible] than the other. Young widow—"[illegible] dear. I have 40; but such a bother [illegible] were to have made! At one time [illegible] wished that poor, dear George hadn'[illegible] —*Life.*

The remains of Grace Darling lie in Bamburg Churchyard, which is [illegible] sight of her island home, and the c[illegible] tomb erected to her memory is [illegible] great need of restoration, as the recu[illegible] figure of stone beneath the canopy is [illegible] ly crumbling away, presumably ow[illegible] the action of the sea air. The Rev. [illegible] Medd, the vicar, asks for subscription[illegible] the restoration of the memorial.

Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt no[illegible] then breaks through the rule she made [illegible] ago to sing no more in public. She rec[illegible] appeared on the stage of a concert [illegible] for charitable purposes at Malvern, [illegible] land, and gave the audience a deligh[illegible] surprise by her fresh and vigorous rend[illegible] of Mendelssohn's "Lift Thine Eyes" [illegible] Rubinstein's "Song of the Birds."

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE REPORTER'S GUIDE, designed [illegible] students in any style of Phonography; [illegible] Elias Langley; Cincinnati, Robert Clark & C[illegible] Price $2.

Th s, the latest phonographic publicatio[illegible] by one of the oldest and most widely know[illegible] phonographers in America, is the best tha[illegible] has been issued for many a day. It is jus[illegible] the sort of book that the originators of the other and multitudinous systems of short hand writing failed to give phonographers (and especially phonographic students) and that is, a work combining actual practice with theory, and to an extent to make the student of it, when he has once mastered it, a *practical* reporter. Phonography at best, as practically used, is but a science of expedients. Those who have heretofore attempted to modify the original Pitman system so as to make short-hand notes as legible to any practitioner of the art as to the writer of them himself, have made their schemes so long that they are not practical for verbatim reporting; while on the other hand those who have changed Pitman's system by abbreviations and expedients intended to shorten it and make it more rapid, have sacrificed legibility to that end. Mr. Longley seems to have struck the happy medium between the two; lengthening his forms and devices when necessary to legibility, and shortening to the greatest extent possible where advantages in the way of speed can be attained. The book is a valuable addition to the library of any phonographer, as well as a great assistant to the student of the art.

Literary Notes.

The publishers of *The Century* have arranged with Alphonse Daudet, the great French novelist, for a series of reminiscences and pen portraits of prominent Frenchmen and others, to appear in *The Century* during 1884.

A group of papers descriptive of scenes from several novelists, including Hawthorne, George Elliott and George W. Cable, will appear in *The Century* for 1884. Harry Fenn, Alfred Parsons and Joseph Pennell will furnish illustrations.

Uunder the title of "The New Astronomy," will appear in the coming volume of *The Century* several popular articles by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing, with many illustrations, the most interesting of the ecent discoveries in the sun and stars, and ntroducing (what to many readers will be ıew) the consideration of our own physical relations to the heavenly bodies as hown by the study of celestial physics.

The series of separate papers by Dr. Egleston of "Life in the Thirteen Colonies," which has been appearing in *The Century* uring the past year, will be continued uring the coming year, the next being on Husbandry in the Colonies," and describıg the attempts at silk and wine culture, vith many other curious experiments and isionary projects. Other papers will treat f commerce, and the social conditions, nanners and customs of the Colonists. The ictures which accompany these papers vill all be of historic interest and value.

Kentucky Colonels.

Louisville Post.

Gov. Blackburn, appointed 107 Colonels on his staff during his term of office. t is this quantity of Colonels which rings the title in Kentucky into contempt. Of the 107 Colonels appointed by Jov. Blackburn, 26 are from Louisville nd Jefferson County. Some of them are raceful and look like Colonels, but most f them make no approach to a martial ppearance Of the Louisville Colonels, ne is a railroad passenger agent, three are awyers, two are tobacco merchants, one Secretary of an oil refinery, three are ewspaper men, one is a furniture manufacturer, one is a banker, one is a foundryıan, one is a poet and steamboat agent, ne is a drummer, two are salesmen, one s a Deputy Sheriff, one is President of a Packet Company, one is a Pullman car uperintendent, one is a bank teller, one s Secretary of a Malting Company, one s a merchant, one is a shoe manufacturer, ne is a jeweler, and one is a dealer in ocktail bitters.

The Sorrows of a Millionaire.

"Gath," in Philadelphia Times.

"Bu Vanderbilt," said I, "is still the ichest man in the country."

"Yes, and he wants to keep his money, nd that is why he is getting out of busiess. He has from $150,000,000 to $200,00,000 clear fortune, and he constantly eiterates that he has got enough, and that nore will be dangerous to his family. Ie has more caution than his father had. 'he operations he had to go through at ılbany constantly frightened him. That egislature and the lobby were constantly lackmailing the railroad, and yet if the ailroad exerted itself in self-defense there as an investigation, and the State's 'rison seemed to yawn for the railroad's ttorneys and officers. Finally Vanderil: made up his mind that life was not orth living in perpetual war, so he sold 30,000,000 of his Central in a block, and fter that sold it slyly, but in large blocks."

Mr. A. M. Noble, Salem, N. C., writes: "Dr. enson's Skin Cure cured my hitherto scaly tin."

A Flunky Not Without Honor.

Philadelphia Times.

The Queen will not only erect an enormıs monument over John Brown's grave Crathie church-yard, but will have a airn built on a neighboring mountain, hile at Windsor a brass will be erected the walls of the Prince Consort's emorial Chapel and a tablet in the nave St. George's. Moreover, a bust of the ad servitor is to be made by Mr. Boeline r the Queen's private contemplation, hile a statue larger than life will be ected in the hall at Balmoral.

Unreasonable Society.

New Orleans Picayune.

When a vulgar man becomes rich and s family governs society, a great fuss is ade if his daughter marries her fath's coachman, although society said thing when the girl's mother married e girl's father, because the father was a arkeeper then and had not struck his nanza. Society is very unreasonable, d is always turning up its nose in the rong place.

The Colonel Will Surely Escape.

Philadelphia Press.

Col. Frank James, of Missouri, will t be hanged. The alarming growth of e Prohibition movement in that State akes it necessary to save every Demotic vote.

eadache banished, no matter what cause, [illegible] or nervous, by Dr. Benson's Celery and amomile Pills.

From Our Readers.

"Rejected."

PLEASANTON, Kas., Sept. 6, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Having just [illegible] the ac[illegible] of FRANK JAMES was received, shows how rapidly Missouri is being redeemed from thralldom to the "white trash" element. Gallatin, where the trial took place, is the seat of Daviess County,—one of the most fertile Counties north of the Missouri River. In consequence it is rapidly filling up with immigrants from other sections. The census of 1880 showed the nativity of its people to be:

Total population			18,765
Born in the State			11,115
"	"	Illinois	949
"	"	Kentucky	1,084
"	"	Ohio	1,458
"	"	Tennessee	284
"	"	Indiana	1,143
"	"	Europe	380

As the larger part of those reported as born in the State, are the children of Northern and Southern immigrants, it will be seen that the scalawag element is being buried under an avalanche of better blood. It still retains strength enough, however, to fill the Court-room with men so steeped in villainy as to hurrah over the acquittal of the scoundrel, and to make the jurymen afraid for their lives to discharge their duty. The vote of the County in 1880 was:

Hancock,	2,045
Garfield,	1,796

WE have been lectured so much on the superiority of English manners to American that testimony to the contrary comes as a grateful change. And we are having plenty of it, just now. RUFUS HATCH invited some high-born young Englishmen to accompany him on an excursion, and they rung in on him a lot of their associates, and the party has been guilty of more rascally caddishness than an excursion of New York shop-boys and bar-keepers. They have treated their host outrageously, and bled him without shame. One of their recent exploits was the wanton destruction of the cloth on some billiard tables, which of course Uncle RUFUS had to pay for. None of them have spent a shilling while on the trip. Similar complaints come from the Englishmen with VILLARD's party. The leading one of those is the Earl of Onslow, who, it is alleged, solicited his invitation, brought three others uninvited, insisted upon occupying an entire Pullman car, and capped the climax by sending his servants to sleep in another car with guests, who turned them out.

JAY GOULD told the Senate Sub-Committee on Labor and Education that he believed the Government had the right to restrict the profits on telegraphing so that they should not rise above a certain figure. There was design in this, and that was to lead those who are talking about Government telegraphy off on another scent. There is nothing that strikes a certain class of thinkers so captivatingly as a proposition to have the law regulate profits, and there is nothing so certain to prove abortive. It was a very popular idea in this country a half century ago, and very many of the railroad charters granted in the East contain a provision that all the profits above a certain figure shall be turned into the State Treasury. We do not remember of ever hearing of a State being enriched by a dollar from this source. JAY GOULD's idea is to revive this exploded notion, that it may serve to amuse those who have a mind to interfere with his system. By the time they have got through dallying with that impracticability he thinks he will be about through with stocks of all kinds.

THE increasing consumption of coal, and miserable state of the atmosphere which it produces, the dirt which accumulates everywhere from the dust and smoke, are rendering the question of smoke consumption a most important one. Besides the two considerations of health and comfort there is another important one, that of economy. Years and years ago the waste was pointed out in England, and the estimate was made that more than double the amonnt of fuel was consumed in the Kingdom than should be to secure the ends sought. In the sooty pall that settles over a manufacturing City, there is heat-producing matter enough to accomplish all the mechanical work in which "fire serves as an agent." Toledo has vital interest in this matter now that her factories are growing so rapidly in uumber.

IN spite of extensive railroad building, and in spite of the complaints by railroad magnates of poor business, boats on the Erie Canal have paid better this season than for many years. The statistician of the New York Public Works reports a gain in the canal tonnage for the fourth week in August of 128,770 tons, and a gain for the year thus far of 396,799 tons It is believed that 1,000 new boats will be built this Winter of an average capacity of 240 tons.

A PROMINENT Ohio Democrat told "Gath," in regard to HOADLY:

> I think he would make a respectable Governor, though his abilities have been misinterpreted. They are not in the political line at all in my judgment. He is an old lawyer who has been in the habit of having his own way in Court and indulging his tongue to the fullest extent.

This is not as compact as WOODWARD's summing up of HOADLY as a man "who wears a No. 7 hat, and a No. 26 mouth," but the idea is the same.

EIGHTEEN years ago MAHLON ROWE deserted his wife and children at Ithica, N. Y. After wandering around the the country for some time he went to Honolulu and amassed a fortune of $70,000, which he bequeathed, at his death, to a Hawaiian woman. Mrs. ROWE and and her children are now making an effort to recover the estates.

EVERY scripture reading family should have the "Illustrated Bible Biography." This beautiful and useful illustrated book was always sold at $3, but the Blade Co., have a limited number which they will mail to any address, on receipt of $1.25. Only a few copies remain, and at this price they will soon be exhausted.

MR. WM. WALDORF ASTOR will now be in a position to support himself as Minister to Rome in proper fashion. His father JOHN JACOB has deeded him all his property—between $60,000,000 and $70,000,000 worth.

THE marines stationed at Pensacola have been ordered to healthier places, as the yellow fever is rapidly spreading in that vicinity.

YELLOW fever is reported in Mexico and Havana, but it is too late in the season to cause any alarm.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Horace Greeley's farm, Chappaqua, was bought at auction by Miss Gabrielle Greeley for $10,000, half of its estimated value.——An Independent movement is being started in Massachusetts, which has as its principal purpose the defeat of Gov. Butler.——C. P. Huntington says the Dorsey statement he had contributed to help Garfield in the last Presidential campaign is untrue.——A boat modeled after the "Maid of the Mist," with no one on board, was sent through the rapids of Niagara River and reached Lewiston in safety. The experiment was witnessed by 40,000 persons on the banks.——Mr. Beecher is lecturing on the Pacific coast, where his well-known views on Chinese immigration detract from his popularity.——Queen Victoria has an income of over $2,000,000. The Czar's income is about $10,000,000.——Congressman Carlisle, in an interview at Frankfort, Ky., stated that he felt pretty confident of being elected Speaker of the next House of Representatives. He has now, he says, many more pledged votes than any other canditate, and nearly enough to secure the nomination.——The colored people of Georgia claim that they pay taxes on property valued at $10,000,000, and have a colored majority in 60 Counties.——John Roach, the famous ship-builder, testified before the Senate Sub-Committee on Labor and Education that at one time he was a tramp on the prairies of Illinois, without a dollar in his pocket. He now employs over 1,500 men.——Marwood, the famous English hangman, died Tuesday at his home in the suburbs of London.——The usefulness of the postal notes is being greatly jeopardized by the mistakes of Postmasters in filling them out, which is causing the banks to refuse them.——A railway line connecting the Union Pacific with Yellowstone Park has been surveyed. It will be built by a London syndicate, who have secured soda lakes, petroleum springs and other large interests in the region traversed.——A New York lumber dealer recently imported, from the Pyrenees Mountains, a walnut log which is 12 feet long and nine feet in diameter and weighs 22,000 pounds. It is estimated to be worth $2,000 as it lies, and when it is sawed into veneering it will yield 66,000 feet, which will be worth $5,000.——The dissatisfied Democrats of Hamilton County, Ohio, held a Convention Saturday at Cincinnati, at which 80 delegates were present. They nominated a ticket in opposition to the "regular" one, which the resolutions said was controlled by fraud and violence. The platform indorses the Democratic State platform and ticket, demands municipal reform and a reduction of taxes, opposes "boss" rule, and favors honest primaries and fair conventions.——Ex-Congressman McLane, of Maryland, says the Democrats of that State will send a Bayard delegation to the National Convention; also, that Robert Lincoln is the only Republican whom the Democrats will be afraid of next year.——The Ohio crop report for September estimates the wheat yield at 24,000,000 bushels, which is but little more than half a crop. Of oats there will be 29,000,000 bushels, against 19,000,000 last year. The hay crop was very large, and pastures excellent till within two weeks, but they are now drying up.——The Commissioner of the General Land Office has notified the Register and Receiver at Huron, D. T., that a failure to give personal notice in contest cases when the residence of the contestee is or might be known to contestant, is fatal to the contest and that the same must be dismissed. He also holds that notaries public and other officials cannot take affidavits in cases in which they act also as attorneys, and that affidavits so taken are not to be recognized in Land Office practice.——A line of railway will soon be constructed in England that will cost $2,000,000 a mile. The course of the road is probably the most valuable on earth—the metropolis of London, extending from Paddington, the terminus of the Great Western Railway, to the docks of the City, via the Regent's Canal.——The amended liquor law of Arkansas includes cities of the first and second class in its provisions. By a majority vote of the inhabitants the sale of intoxicating drinks may be prohibited within three miles of any church or school house. Women are allowed to vote on the question.——At an ex-Confederate re-union at McKinney, Ga., it was resolved to return to Gen. Cook, of the United States Army, with the compliments of the captors, the sword he wore so gallantly when his command was captured at Neuman, in that State. Col. Hawkins, of Texas, had preserved it.——Prof. Fiske, now residing in Florence, Italy, has taken steps to annul the will of his deceased wife, Jennie McGraw Fiske, by which Cornell University was to receive $1,500,000. The marriage contract, which was made in 1880 at the American Legation in Berlin, gave her complete control over the disposition of her estate.——Judge Hoadly, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, is suffering from nervous prostration. He has gone to Philadelphia to consult his old family physician.——The Rev. T. H. Oakley, 70 years old, a clerk in the Cleveland Postoffice, was arrested Saturday for selling canceled stamps, and says he did it because of poverty and the slender salary of $700.——Mrs. Jeremiah Leavitt, of Tilton, N. H., has a watch 273 years old. It was made in London in 1610.——Rep. Cox, of North Carolina, who has been traveling in Germany, says public opinion there does not justify the prohibition against American pork.——Immigrants to the number of 9,053 arrived at Castle Garden last week. For this time of the year that is an immense outpouring of settlers.——Chief Juh is treating with the Mexican Government for peace.——Gen. Sherman left San Francisco Saturday for Los Angeles.——Fourteen Mormon priests are holding meetings in Minneapolis.——The ceremony of driving the golden spike, which completed the Northern Pacific Railroad and permanently joined the Northern Pacific Coast with the Atlantic Coast, was concluded at 3:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon in the presence of a large crowd and amidst the booming of cannon.——One hundred thousand dollars has just been paid to the Cherokee Indians for lands recently sold by them, which sale was ratified by the Government.——Since the first appropriation for the purpose, made 80 years ago, the Government has expended $105,000,000 for the improvement of rivers and harbors.——There are some 15,000 hop-pickers now at work in Otsego and Schoharie Counties, N. Y., mostly women and girls, a fifth of them going from Albany. They earn about $1 a day and are "found." In the evenings the growers provide music and dancing facilities, and, as many girls take in the hop season for the fun of it, there is more or less trouble every year.——The colored cadet from Ohio is getting along at West Point without any annoyance from his lighter comrades.——Architect Hill will be exonerated from corrupt practices, censured for loose management, and allowed to retire.——Ex-Sen. David Davis has declined the invitation to deliver the annual address at the North Carolina State fair this year.——The Coal Trade Journal says the natural gas supply in the vicinity of Pittsburg and Wheeling is inexhaustible and will be the fuel for large glass and iron works in that territory hereafter.——A Mrs. Eliza F. Eddy, of Boston, has left the sum of $32,000 to be divided equally between Susan B. Anthony and Lucy Stone, and used in their discretion for furthering the cause of woman's rights.

THE negros are an imitative race. The colored girls of St. Louis are also taking to "disappearing"

Staff Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

How the Astors Will Keep Their Wealth in the Family Jay Gould as a Sailor—A Medium Wants to Unearth a Treasure in Central Park.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1883.

The chief topic of conversation this week is the action of John Jacob Astor in deeding all of his immense property to his son, William Waldorf Astor, who is now American Minister to Rome. William W., who is the only son of John J., is already a wealthy man and by this deed takes rank among the richest men in America, the estate turned over to him by his father being worth, at a close estimate, between 60 and 70 millions of dollars. The only provision made in the deed is that the father shall receive as long as he lives the sum of $100,000 per year.

A profound sensation was created when the news became public and many speculations were rife as to the cause of it. The older lawyers who know the family declare that it is simply a movement to keep the immense estate in the family, instead of having it divided among the different heirs, of whom there are a great many. It is as nearly an entail, according to English law, as is possible in this country. Another idea the old gentleman has is to prevent any future litigation in the Courts by means of which the actual value of the property might be discovered. The deeds, which have all been executed, will not be recorded until after John Jacob's death. In case the estate had been left to William W. by will, there are other members of the large family who would undoubtedly have contested the will, and in that case there would have been a long and tedious suit, during which all the secrets of the family would have been exposed to the public. Now of course there can be no contest, and the other relatives will have to whistle for their part of the property they think they are entitled to.

The Astor estate, as above stated reaches about 70 millions of dollars. Most of the property lies between Twenty-third street and Fiftieth street, from Eighth to Third avenues. Murray Hill lies in the heart of the family possessions. Blocks and blocks of houses here belong to John Jacob Astor, all of which he has deeded to his son.

The present John Jacob Astor's father died about 35 years ago, bequeathing his property to John Jacob and William B. Astor, and to his daughter, now Mrs. Chandler. There was also an idiot son in the family, for whom ample provision was made, and also for this son's guardian. The idiot child grew to manhood, and died several years after his father's death. At that time the estate was worth about $30,000,000 or $40,000,000. It was then mainly unproductive. John Jacob Astor received the largest part of the estate, including the Astor House, which was deeded to him for $1. The golden principal of the Astor family was never to build until forced to do so, and when a building was put up it was intended to last for years. The estate grew more valuable each year, and solid houses were built upon the land, until to-day the value is really unknown.

SUIT AGAINST CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Cornell University is having a great deal of trouble just now over the fact that Prof. Willard Fisk, for many years librarian of the university, has brought suit to annul the will of his wife Jennie McGraw Fisk, which gave a million and a half dollars to the University. The nature of the present action is a motion to open the final accounting of the executor, by which he had paid $800,000 to the university, and to have him account for the money yet in his hands. The ground on which the action is brought is a clause in the charter forbidding the university to hold property in excess of $3,000,000. The issue involves the title to the celebrated Fiske mansion, on University Hill, and other property, in addition to her personal estate. Prof. Fiske is now residing at Florence, Italy.

JAY GOULD'S RAM.

The other day his royal highness Jay Gould was out pleasuring in his new steam yacht. There was a large party on board, and they were having a delightful time when a sudden shock disturbed them for a moment. It was but for a moment however as the yacht kept right on her course and the jolly party never thought to inquire anything about the shock. To some other parties however, it was a pretty serious affair, the shock having been caused by the yacht running down, cutting in two and instantly sinking the large harbor tug boat "General Hawley," which is a total wreck.

Richard Francisco, the captain of the tug, states that he cannot be blamed for the collision, as he took all necessary precautions to avoid it. "Why, they just stove right into us, and cut us as clean as a whistle," says the Captain. "We had been over to Brooklyn, and about 6 o'clock came around the Battery, at a good pace, and struck across toward Communipaw. When about two yards from the coal dock the 'Atlanta,' without any deviation from its course, struck us amidships, going clear through the tug. In a moment we were all in the water, and somebody picked us up. The 'Atlanta' kept right on her course up the river, as if it was an every-day occurrence." The loss will amount to about $15,000. Gould's yacht, the "Atlanta," sustained no damage.

BONANZA MACKEY

is growing old, and begins to pine for some distinction other than that of being one of the wealthiest men in America. So far he has been interested only in mining schemes, which though they bring him untold wealth, do not give him the social standing which he thinks he ought to have. So he has gone into the Postal Telegraph Company, and has become its President. His acceptance of the Presidency was a genuine surprise to the financial world, but now that he is in it, it is believed that he will push matters to the limit. Mackey is very ambitious, and may even go so sar as to give Jay Gould a rub.

HIDDEN TREASURE IN CENTRAL PARK.

The other day the Park Commissioners received a letter signed G. W. Parrett, asking permission to make an excavation in Central Park for the purpose of unearthing a vast treasure that had been buried three hundreds of years ago. The Commissioners scoffed at the application and refused the desired permission. Afterwards Mr. Parrett was interviewed about the matter, and after at first refusing to say anything about it, finally explained that about six months ago, while he was in a trance, the spirit of a negro named Washington appeared to him and told him that during the Revolutionary war the people on Manhattan Island and Long Island journeyed to a vault in the woods where Central Park now is and hid their money and valuables so that the British soldiers could not find them; that this treasure has remained untouched to this day, and that it can be found now.

At first he paid no attention to it, but the spirit came to him again, and then one day, when he went to Central Park, he was shown the exact spot where the treasure is. He says it amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and could be obtained in three hours. He is awfully torn up over the refusal of the Commissioners, and thinks, perhaps, he will undertake the recovery of the treasure without their sanction, running the risk of any punishment that may be inflicted upon him for it.

THE VILE CIGARET.

Notwithstanding all the newspaper talk about the pernicious habit of cigaret smoking it is still on the increase, and its victims are becoming more numerous every day. The latest case reported is particularly sad, the victim being an exceedingly bright boy would undoubtedly have made mark in the community. He became a slave to cigarets, and smoked them to such an extent that blood poisoning ensued, and in spite of all the doctors could do, he pined away and died. William Morris was only 15 years of age when cigarets carried him off. This fate ought to be a warning; but it is not. Boys won't learn that cigarets are sure death, sooner or later. There ought to be as stringent a law against their sale as there is against that of opium, for one is as bad as the other.

CHAPUIS.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Northern Pacific—A Glance at the Past—Change in the Policy of the Government on the Advent of Republican Rule—Independence Growing in the South—Calamities—Return of Headquarters to the Capital—The Weather.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1883.

The opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad completes another link in that chain of events forged by the Republican party which is binding our great country into a still closer unity. For many years before the war great efforts were made to interest the Government in some scheme for uniting more closely the Atlantic States with our possessions on the Pacific, but Congress was kept so busy in taking care of the interests of slavery that it had no time or disposition to do anything for the interests of the country. The young men of this generation can never fully understand how completely the old Democratic party was in the hands of the slave power, nor how its connection with slavery paralyzed its energies and kept back the development of the country. Before the war every national enterprise was at a stand-still, the energies of the Nation were dormant, its finances were embarrassed, money could not be obtained except at an exorbitant interest, the Northern States were alarmed at the attitude of the South, the South was preparing to cut itself loose from them, and California, then rising rapidly into notice, was so dissatisfied about its loose connection with the Republic that her occasional mutterings caused much anxiety, and fear was entertained that she might cast in her lot with the seceding States.

But when the Southern States withdrew from Congress to organize the rebellion they left the Government in full possession of the Republicans; and, desperate as the circumstances seemed to be, they at once put the ship of state on another tack and there was an immediate and great change in the policy of the Nation. Slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia and an appropriation made to recompense the owners of the slaves; and, as soon as the circumstances permitted, steps were taken to secure the construction of a railroad to the Pacific, and liberal provisions made for the future construction of other roads. Twenty years have now passed since the surrender at Appomatox, and not merely the one road has been completed, but three roads now traverse the immense distance and open up a stretch of country of unequalled fertility and beauty, which is soon to be dotted with Towns and to constitute an important element in the productive power and material strength of the Nation.

We have mentioned only emancipation in this district and the Pacific Railroads, but these represent much more. There were changes in the Tariff, changes in the banking system of the country, changes in the management of the finances and a general change in the legislation of Congress from local narrowness to the broadness which was commensurate with the greatness of the country. The result was that we came out of the great war with an elastic bound; and, after gathering our affairs into shape, went forward as no country ever went forward before. Millions on millions of property had been destroyed, an enormous debt had accumulated, the interest of which was greater than the whole of our former expenses, but we arose from all these embarrassments into an extraordinary prosperity, carrying the humiliated South along with us, and making her feel that the loss of her cherished institution was, after all, a real advantage. In this City the change produced seems to a stranger like the work of magic. The long stretches of dirt streets are gone; the "magnificent distances," which so amused the newspapers, have gone with them; the slave pen, the negro quarters, the poverty-stricken shanties, no longer vex the eye. The magnificent public buildings, which used to look so out of place in the midst of their slovenly surroundings, are still points of interest, but the odious comparison no longer exists. The private mansions compare well with the public buildings; the streets are nicely paved and clean; long rows of shade trees and beautiful flower gardens give to the City an air of comfort and beauty surpassed nowhere else, and the Capital of the Nation, which was so long regarded as the meanest place in it, has become the admiration of the country, and, if it is not now, is soon to be the most beautiful City in the world.

You will notice that in Virginia Mahone is not licking "the hand just raised to shed his blood." Contrarywise he is going to and fro with words of stimulation and encouragement for his followers and with very fair prospects of victory. The conference in this City last week is regarded as a very important meeting and is expected to have a bearing on other Southern States besides Virginia. It was composed of some Republicans and some dissatisfied Democrats who are tired of bulldozing and ballot-box stuffing and desire to organize parties in their states against the Bourbons. They believe that such organizations can be made successful in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Mississippi and perhaps in Maryland. As to Virginia the Mahone men appear to be confident of holding their own and retaining majorities in both houses of the Legislature. Of the Senate they seem to have no doubt. The House is not so certain and the result depends on three or four Counties which are close, but which they should feel certain of carrying but for the large sums of money which will be poured into them by the other party. In relation to the attitude which the Mahone men hold toward the Republican party, the Richmond *Whig*, the other day, in reply to an article, talked as follows:

"We have repeatedly and plainly said that we and the Readjuster party, beyond all doubt, will support the Republican ticket next year, provided the nominees and platform are favorable to us. We just as certainly will *not* support such ticket if it be inimical to us. We fully expect, however, that the Republican ticket and platform will be favorable to us, and just as fully we expect to support that ticket when the time comes."

What a season this has been for calamities of one kind or another. Collisions on sea, collisions on railroads, explosions on steamboats, explosions in mines, floods, cyclones, deaths by lightning, deaths by suicide, earthquakes, volcanos, contagious diseases and runaway matches. We are just now getting the particulars of the terrible destruction of a cyclone on the Newfoundland banks, by which great numbers of fishermen have lost their lives. On the other side of the globe a great earthquake has swept off many thousands. Fortunately for us, who have remained "by the staff" at the capital, nothing out of the usual trend of human affairs have occurred, while the season has been one of exceptional comfort, so far as the weather is concerned. We expect this week to have the President back again and the greater proportion of the Cabinet, and the wheels of the Government which have been so long silent will soon begin to make their usual clatter. The great question among Democrats is as to who will be Speaker when Congress meets in December. The contest seems to settle down between Carlisle and Randall, and the newspapers say that Carlisle's stock is at a premium. It is unfortunate that so much attention is given by the Democrats to these matters of office and so little to the interests that they are chosen to serve.

We are having the same extraordinary weather in Washington that is noticed in the papers as occurring elsewhere. Usually, our Septembers are dry and hot, but this year the nights and mornings are so cool that fires are required to secure ordinary comfort.

BUCKEYE.

TRAVELS AT HOME.

Northern New Jersey—A Beautiful Country—Washington—Beatty's Organ Factory, with Some Account of the Life of a Successful Man.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, N. J., Sept 10, 1883.

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

Down to the foot of Barclay street, across the Noble river to Hoboken, and safely aboard the cars of the Delaware & Lackawanna Road. Punctually to a minute the train is off and you are plunging through the delightful valleys of Northern New Jersey, winding along its lovely streams and passing between its ranges of what are mountains in the Eastern States, but which in the West would be only hills, and not very large ones.

There is no more beautiful country in the world than this part of New Jersey. The professional tourist or the ultra lover of what is called "Nature" would pass it by with a mere glance and contemptuously remark "Tame!" This kind have an admiration for cold, grey rocks, for great mountain ranges and abrupt peaks that testify to something nature has done when in an angry mood. They want the wonderful eccentricities of the Sierras or the fearful terrors of the Alps. Nature in a nightmare pleases them, not Nature in its best and benevolent moods.

For my part I prefer the quiet beauty of the North New Jersey country. There is a soft beauty as well as hard. There is mountain enough here to prevent monotony. There are long reaches of cultivated fields with stretches of corn and orchards loaded with fruit, with pleasant farm-houses nestling under the hills. There are no cold,, gray precipices, suggestive of only desolation and death, but there is everywhere life and the signs of life, in a very sleepy, quiet way, it is true, but still life. As life is the principal object of men, that country which best shows the power to produce the means of life is the most beautiful to me; provided, always, there is a sufficient diversity of surface, a sufficient mingling of hill and dale, wood and water, to save the eye from being tired by contemplation of one thing only.

Northern New Jersey is very like the most attractive parts of rural England. There are hills stretching away in the distance, green at the foot and blue at the top, there are the most beautiful streams winding among them, with clear rippling waters, there are rises of land and level stretches, in short, there is every variety of what is soft and pleasant in scenery, and the whole suggestive of wealth, comfort and ease. It is not a hard, cruel, country, in which the maintenance of life is a desperate struggle, but a country rich enough to give a living to everyone who will work for it.

You are whirled through a succession of thriving manufacturing Cities and Villages, through suburbs filled with the villas of wealthy men, attracted thither by the beauty of the country, till, 60 miles from New York, the conductor shouts "Washington!" and you, or rather we, are at the end of our journey.

Washington, New Jersey, is a thriving, bustling place, full of life and charged with progress—it was—but we are anticipating. What it was and what it is, and what brought it to what it is, out of what it was, this letter will treat of.

The first sound you hear on alighting from the cars is the greeting "Free carriage to Beatty's Organ Factory," emanating from the lips of a cheerful and pleasant-looking African, "Pompey," the well-known coachman of the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty. You seat yourself in an elegant carriage, the motive power of which is two splendid horses, and a drive of a few minutes brings you to the object of the journey, the greatest manufactory of organs in the world. There is no train from either direction that does not have a score or more of visitors, for the organ factory is one of the curiosities of the State and many thousands yearly take the trouble and expense of going to Washington to see it.

There are hours of interest before us, and under the guidance of a competent and polite assistant we make the tour of one of the wonders of modern times.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

"There's nothing succeeds like success," is an old saying and in the main a true one. Success, in one sense, is not always the measure of a man's greatness, and in another it is. A man may be great in some sense, and never succeed, and yet the really great man always accomplishes his mission. The greatness that fails has always a weak spot in it—the greatness that succeeds is that rounded, well-balanced greatness that always recognizes the right thing, and avoids the wrong thing to do. Success always attends the really great. One-sided greatness always fails a little short of it. A great man may have made a narrow escape of greatness, falling just short of the point of that the world recognizes.

If success be taken as the measure of greatness Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, the organ manufacturer of Washington, N. J., is a very great man, for certainly no such success has ever been achieved in this or any other country as has attended him.

The man who can commence in a little, old-fashioned, New Jersey Village, without a dollar, with nothing but his brain, his principles and two good hands, and from such a slender beginning build up the largest business in his line in the world, and make his name, not by self-seeking but simply through his qualities, a household word wherever civilized man is, is entitled to credit for something more than accident or luck. Such results do not happen—they are compelled; and the life of the man who does so great a work is certainly worth the writing and reading. It is more like romance than real life.

THE BEGINNING.

In a plain old-fashioned farm house, high-gabled and many windowed, on the very summit of Schooly's mountain, in Lebanon Township, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, in 1848, Daniel F. Beatty first saw the light. His ancestors were of that good, old sturdy Scotch blood, from which so many great Americans, such as Alexander T. Stewart and others have sprung. However, it matters but little who were the ancestors of he who is really the head of his family. In this instance the family, so far as it is known outside of the locality where it originally settled, is the subject of this sketch. It is sufficient to say he came of good honest parentage, and breathed the air of the mountains, the air that makes good men always.

He was educated, as the majority of the men who lead were, in the common schools of the Township, where he received a solid education if not a brilliant one. He was taught and absorbed all that the schools of State could give him but he was receiving the at home from an honest father and a loving mother what was better than mere book-learning, the practical end of life, and was developing that mental muscle which was the solid foundation of his future success.

From his earliest infancy he developed a remarkable talent for music. There was nothing in the way of melody that escaped him. The religious music of the day, rude as it was, was as familiar to him as the lullabys of his mother, and even when a mere youth it was improved as he sang it, showing not only the imitative power in music but the creative as well.

The choir in the church where the family worshipped when he was a boy, was possessed of a melodeon, one of the primitive kind which was merely a stationary accordeon, but it was everything to young Beatty. It was the best he had heard, so far, and, bad as it was, it was something. At the age of 17 he had mastered the science of music far enough to be able to play church music, as well as it could be played upon the rude instrument, and it was the proudest day of his life when he was installed as leader of the choir, and its "organist." He was compelled to go to the old church to practice, which was something not at all to his liking, and so he was determined to have an instrument of his own. By dint of the closest saving of pennies, by chopping wood and gleaning harvest fields he managed to save $27 in three years, and with that fabulous sum he bought the cheapest of the very cheap melodeons of the day, and he was happy. With him, then, as now, to determine to do a thing was to do it. He was determined to have a melodeon and cent by cent he earned the money to get one, and got it.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

The mother of young Beatty died when he was a mere lad, and his father married a second time. This event was one of the most important in his life, and had everything to do with shaping his future career. It is a very singular story. The step-mother was actually jealous of his musical ability, and lost no opportunity to annoy him, which was continued for years. One cold morning in 1870, when 22 years of age, his step-mother deliberately organized a quarrel with him, which gave him no choice. He was compelled to leave his home and go out into the world to find what he could never have there, peace, quiet and opportunity. Without a dollar, with not even the price of a night's lodging or a meal, he shouldered his loved melodeon, the only property he could call his own except the scanty clothes upon his back, and bidding his home good-bye started out in a cold world, cold in more senses than one. What to do he had never thought of, for he had never calculated upon the situation he found himself in. But pluck and genius, when it has good sense between them, finds its own way.

About that time melodeons were becoming common in that section of New Jersey, and were sold invariably by agents. Young Beatty saw men totally ignorant of music, and consequently unable to show the points of an instrument, doing very well selling them, and it occurred to him that his knowledge of music would stand him in good stead in this business.

THE LITTLE BEGINNING.

But how to get a start! He hadn't a dollar in the world and was totally unknown to any one able to assist him. Here another point in his character came in to help. He had the reputation in the neighborhood of strict integrity and of an indomitable will. These qualities were his capital. A kind farmer in the neighborhood gave him credit for a horse and wagon, a melodeon manufacturer in New York was impressed with his appearance to the extent of giving him credit for a load of instruments, and he commenced. He sold the first instrument to Mr. John Castner, of Hunterdon County, N. J., and then all was clear sailing. With the good sense that has always characterized him, he avoided the flashy appearance of other "men on the road," he never misrepresented the goods he had to sell. He was especially particular in instructing those to whom he sold instruments in their proper use and care, and he made himself so popular that he virtually acquired a monopoly of the business in his section. He made it a rule never to force a sale, never to over persuade an unwilling purchaser, and never to place an instrument where lack of musical ability or pecuniary circumstances did not justify the outlay. In short, he was recognized as an honest man, and it came to pass that people took his judgment as to whether they ought to have an instrument or not. He gave his customers all the advantages possible, his idea being that he expected to make it a life business, and desired to lay the foundations for it broad and deep. In one instance when a girl, who gave great promise, desired an organ and her father did not feel able to purchase it, he left it, taking the girl's word that it should be paid for when she had earned the price by teaching.

CAPITAL AND REPUTATION.

At the close of his first year's business he found himself with a cash capital of $800, which was a considerable sum for a young man in those days, and what was better than money, a reputation as a shrewd and honorable business man.

He was not long destined to sell instruments as an agent. Daniel F. Beatty could no more continue to sail his ship in such shallow waters than Napoleon could to go through life as a subaltern.

WHAT HE HAD LEARNED.

Mr. Beatty had learned all about pianos and organs during this very valuable apprenticeship. He had ascertained their first cost, the commissions paid to the agents, to the wholesale dealers, and the profits of the manufacturers, and all about it. Very naturally it occurred to him that could he manufacture his own instruments and sell directly to the consumer, to the man or woman who wanted the instrument, sweeping out of existence at once the horde of middlemen whose commissions and expenses swelled the cost of an instrument three-fold, there was not only fortune for himself but good to the world in it. As the boy Beatty started out with a melodeon on his back, without fear, so the man Beatty determined to manufacture instruments. For him to conceive an idea was to make it an accomplished fact. Loving his old home and its associations he built at Washington, New Jersey, an immense factory, for that time. It occupied a plot of ground 80 feet front by 105 in depth, and he filled it with the most approved machinery of the day, much of it of his own invention and construction. He simplified the machinery used in work of the kind, he invented new processes for bettering the quality and diminishing the cost of making musical instruments, he discarded the slow and cumbrous methods of other manufacturers, and succeeded in producing a better instrument at far less cost than the best of his competitors. Quality and cheapness secured one great step was gained, and a very important one.

HIS NEW METHOD.

But the great stroke, the one point where the genius and far-sightedness of the man came in, was manifested in the method of selling. He refused all agencies, he refused to sell to wholesale dealers, and completely reversed the methods of the trade.

The superiority of his instruments becoming known, the leaders in musical merchandise beseiged him for agencies, but he steadfastly refused. He would sell to the people alone, and that at a price that gave him a fair profit for his time and money. The people he determined should have the commissions that others had paid agents, wholesale dealers and the other middle men who hang to the skirts of everything that has money in it. Mr. Beatty made the best definition of a middle man I have ever heard. "A middle man," said Mr. Beatty, "is a man who finds some one who wants something; then he finds the one who has that thing to sell, and he gets between them and keeps them apart till he is assured of all the profit there is in the transaction."

Mr. Beatty proceeded very boldly to build up a business on a different principle. He made instruments and sold them direct to the person who wanted them. He put a profit on each instrument that was satisfactory to himself, and sold the instrument at that price. Agents' commissions, interest on money and all that was wiped out as with a sponge. He got cash for his goods, he made no losses, and all these savings he gave to his customers.

THE TROUBLE THAT ENSUED.

As a matter of course, there went up a howl from the music trade that would have frightened a man less bold and less confident of the soundness of his theory. He was denounced as a swindler, his instruments were decried. It was published in venal journals that he received money for instruments and never sent them, he was stigmatized as a shyster, a cormorant, a trickster, and everything that was dishonest and dishonorable.

He paid no attention to it, but went right along in the path he had marked out for himself, knowing that time, which rights all things, would vindicate him, and it has.

THE RESULT.

To-day Daniel F. Beatty makes more organs each year than any other man or company, which is to say, his factory is the largest in the world. As stated it covered a plot of ground 80 by 150 feet, and within its walls were employed over 400 skilled operatives, drawn from all parts of the world. He brought to Washington Germans, Frenchmen and Englishmen, each a master in his particular line, not only because he would have the best work immediately, but that they might impart to his native workmen the knowledge they possessed.

He became the very center of the Town. New life was infused into the sleepy old Village. Under the stimulus of his enterprise it became a flourishing seat of trade, and the citizens appreciating his enterprise and liberality made him its Mayor, which position they will not permit him to resign. He has been elected to this responsible place we believe five times.

A SEVERE BLOW.

In 1881 he received his first check. Sunday, September 18, of that year, smoke was seen issuing from the windows of the fourth floor, and the angry fire bells made known to the citizens the appalling fact that Beatty's factory was on fire. There was no way of staying the destroyer, and as the enormous building was filled with combustibles, in an incredibly short space of time the factory, the pride, not only of the Village, but the State, was a mass of ruins. Mr. Beatty was in New York when he received the dread intelligence. It was a blow that would have staggered a common man, but it had no effect upon him, or rather it did not dishearten or discourage him. Proffers of assistance came from every source. The citizens of Washington, his own workmen, prominent dealers in his supplies, the newspapers of the country, everybody with whom he had dealings, came promptly forward with proffers of credit and help. He had established a reputation for integrity and business skill and determination, and he could have had millions if he had desired. He was stronger than the elements.

His action was chrracteristic of the man. In three days he had matured the plans for a building infinitely superior to the burned one, and the telegraph was employed to bring to the spot the material, and in a week the work was well under way. Four months from the date of the conflagration the new building was completed, the citizens met at the factory with an address of congratulation, Mr. Beatty made a very brief response and pulled the throttle-valve of the finest engine in the State, and once more the busy hum of machinery was heard in Washington.

THE NEW BUILDING

is the largest and best equipped establishment of the kind in the world. The main building extends 240 feet on Railroad avenue and Beatty streets, and has a depth of 80 feet with a wing on the eastern end of 135 feet in length by 60 feet in width, with three additional wings 40 by 80 feet. The entire building covers four acres of ground.

To attempt a description of the different departments in this great hive of industry, built upon the brain of one man, would occupy more space than could be spared in a half dozen issues of the BLADE. Suffice it to say that there is nothing in the world more complete. Mr. Beatty has his own railroad running to this buildings, his own telegraph and his own telephone. His material from the coal and lumber down to the least of that used in his work, is brought to his factory in his own cars and his product is loaded by his own men and shipped in the same. The extent of the work and the perfection of the system that rules may be inferred from the fact that *an organ is turned out, complete, every seven minutes!*

The labor is divided and sub-divided so that one man does only one thing and does that one thing all his life, acquiring an expertness that is well-nigh marvelous. There is nothing wasted either in muscle or material. The lumber is dried on the premises, the organs are built from top to bottom and tested on the premises, in short, everything that is connected with it is done on the spot, and done in such a way that waste or bad work is impossible.

MORE ENMITY.

The burning of his first factory was a source of as much joy to his enemies, the music trade, as it was of grief to his Townmen and the hundreds of thousands of people in all parts of the United States whom he had benefitted by giving them valuable instruments at one-third the price of worthless ones. The saw in the smoke that rose from the great factory the ruin of its projector, and they had no idea that he had the means or the nerve to commence again. They little knew the man. When four months after they saw the new factory not only completed but running in better shape than ever, they tried other tactics to impede his onward progress. Even Mr. Beatty's energy could not build organs during the four months required to rebuild the burnt establishment, and orders were pouring in all the time. Delays in shipping were inevitable. People who had ordered and sent their money did not know or comprehend the reason for delay, and this fact was taken advantage of by the trade to prejudice the public mind against him.

Papers were found, which, for money, would publish anything, and a new crusade of slander and abuse was entered upon.

The old lies were republished, and new ones invented. The country was flooded with statements that Mr. Beatty made a business of receiving money and not sending instruments. He was branded as an adventurer, as a mere speculator upon the credulity of the people, and papers containing these statements were printed by the million and sowed broadcast over the country.

But they did not stop with this. At this time Guiteau was being tried for the murder of Pres. Garfield. They procured the insertion in the New York *Herald* of a bogus dispatch signed "Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, N. J.," threatening to kill Guiteau should he be acquitted!

Of course so absurd a publication was known by those who knew Daniel F. Beatty to be a forgery, but how many were there who did not know him, and who, believing it to be genuine, set him down as a desperate man! It took much time and expense to run down the forgery.

Following close upon the heels of this came another dispatch in the New York *Times*, announcing the destruction of the new factory by fire, with loss of life, and that was telegraphed as an Associated Press dispatch all over the country.

So carefully had the forgers concealed their tracks that neither Mr. Beatty or the imposed-upon journals could ever discover the perpetrators of the villainy.

But all this, annoying and damaging as it was for the time, did not permanently injure him. His patrons, numbered by thousands, knew him, and their unsolicited testimony as to his integrity outweighed the efforts of interested slanderers, and his work went right along as before, increasing every day.

THE GREAT SUCCESS AND THE REASON FOR IT

The secret of Daniel F. Beatty's enormous business has been already stated. He makes only the best instruments, the quality of tone being as good in one as in another, he has the facilities for making them at less cost than any other manufacturer, and he sells directly to the user. He has no interest account to eat like a cancer, nor no agents or middlemen to consume like the locust. He adds to the first cost of manufacture a profit that is satisfactory to himself and the buyer gets all the rest. An organ which would cost, bought through the other channels and in the old way, from $175 to $275 he sells for $49.75, and having no interest to pay, no expense and commissions to agents and no loss, he probably makes as good a profit as the other manufacturers. At all events he is satisfied, and if he satisfied the buyer ought to be.

A LIBERAL MAN.

Mr. Beatty is known at home quite as favorably as a man as a manufacturer. There is not a genuine case of suffering that he is not the first to relieve, there is not a work calculated to benefit his Town that he is not the first and most liberal in assisting. His enterprise does not end with his own business. He is the largest stockholder in the Washington waterworks; he is a director in the First National Bank of his City; he is a trustee of the Methodist Church and prominent Mason and Odd Fellow; he is the very first to suggest improvements and the most liberal forwarding them.

As one citizen observed, "The Mayor's hand is always in his pocket."

IN EUROPE.

In 1878, Mr. Beatty carried out a project he had long cherished, of visiting the Old World. Of an observing nature and possessed of an insatiable desire to see for himself what he had studied from books, (his enormous business is systematized to that degree that made his absence from it possible) he sailed. His townsmen escorted him to the station, and he was away. He embraced in his tour England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany and Italy, and saw more, learned more and imparted more in the time than any score of ordinary tourists. He kept a journal of his tour, noting down what struck him as worthy of record, which was afterwards published under the title of "The Old World as I Saw It." Like everything done by Mr. Beatty, it is original, readable, practical, entertaining and instructive. He saw everything with a practical eye and gathered information from everything he came in contact with. His work ranks well, from a literary standpoint.

On his return he was welcomed by the citizens of Washington *en masse*. Washington always dislikes to see its Mayor go, and is always glad when he returns.

THE PROGRESS OF HIS BUSINESS.

Some idea of the wonderful progress of his business may be gathered from these facts: In 1880 he made and sold 2,000 organs alone, in '81, the year of the fire, which interrupted his work five months, he turned out 3,803, in 1882 the number had swelled to 15,000, and the average for this year brings the number up to fully 25,000.

Where do they go? Everywhere. Of course the United States absorbs the majority of them, but they are almost as well known in England, France, Germany, South America and Australia as at home. Beatty's organs ornament parlors in Hungary, Croatia, Wallachia and Poland, and in England they are probably the best known and most extensively used of any instrument of its class. And it is a fact much to his credit that at home and abroad the introduction of one instrument is always followed by sales of others. Where one is, more are sure to come. Hon. Daniel F. Beatty has done more than any American, except perhaps one, to familiarize foreign peoples with American manufactures. It was especially gratifying to him when in Europe to find his name was well known. His fame had preceded him.

HOW THE BUSINESS IS CONDUCTED.

Methodical to a degree, the business of Mr. Beatty's great establishment is conducted on the same system as his factory. His principal offices are in Beatty buildings, a splendid block erected by him, which contains a beautiful music hall as well, of which the citizens have the use. The second floor is devoted entirely to the offices of the business, in which over 50 people are constantly employed. His private office is a model in its way. It is very richly, but very tastefully furnished, the æsthetic taste of its occupant being displayed in the excellent pictures which adorn the walls, and the numberless objects of art it contains. From this room back there are a succession of rooms, each devoted to a single purpose, and everything running as smoothly as clock-work. Each person has his or her duty; there is no conflict, no jarring. Each does the duty assigned under the control of the master mind that regulates the whole. Beatty's offices, like his factory, is a machine, an intelligent machine it is true, but still a machine. In a moment he can refer to the sale of any particular instrument, no matter how far back it was, he can ascertain in an instant the exact amount of material on hand, the condition of every instrument in the factory, and the exact condition of everything.

In this building he has a well-equipped printing concern, telephones put him in immediate communication with every part of the vast establishment, and he has the power to do more than Puck, who could "put a girdle around the world in 40 minutes." Mr. Beatty can talk to one in New York in a fortieth part of the time. So perfect is the system that Mr. Beatty can and does conduct the great business without neglecting a detail, and yet have an abundance of time for the discharge of his multifarious public duties, still the greater demands of private charities, and the indulgence of a cultivated taste. He does in a second what would require the hours of a less skillful organizer.

THE MAN HIMSELF.

Mr. Beatty is a large, well-formed man, of peculiarly striking appearance. In hight he is five feet 10 inches or thereabouts, with a head above the medium size, and singularly well formed. He has that quick, speaking eye that such men always have, and is the kind of man that a stranger would turn to look at the second time. What is singular he is as yet unmarried, the why being a mystery. Probably he never had time to think about it.

In his intercourse with men he is always cordial, always genuine and always polite. He is not afflicted with the notion that makes so many successful business men disagreeable, that he knows it all, but he listens to every one, knowing that out of the varied experience of the world even he can get ideas that are of value. He is very quick in decision and quicker in action. When he has determined upon a thing it is as good as done, and it is always done and done well and thoroughly.

Possessed of a well-balanced mind and a magnificent body to carry it, he is capable of an immense amount of labor. He attends to the detail of his mammoth business as well as the general planning for it, and nothing escapes him. His knowledge of men is intuitive and unerring. He has the best of Lieutenants, and mistakes are so seldom in his vast establishment as to be a matter of comment.

Hon. Daniel F. Beatty is a man of mark, and his establishment is one of the great facts of American civilization. To have built up so vast an establishment is work enough for one man favorably circumstanced at the beginning—to have done it as he did is a marvel.

PIETRO.

Extreme Tired Feeling.

A lady tells us "the first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good, her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that *extreme tired feeling* which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." A second bottle effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing, enriching, purifying and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

* * *

On our eighth page to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of the various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

The Louisville Southern Exposition

Is nearly equal to the Centennial at Philadelphia. The fine exhibit of the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Manufacturing Company, of Elkhart, Ind., and their novel method of doing business attracts universal attention. The people are learning to buy goods direct from the manufacturer at wholesale prices. This company has no agents, but ships, privilege to examine before paying. No. 1 Oak Tanned best team harness $25, Single $8.50 to $20, Platform Spring Wagons $75. Send for free 50 page catalogue. Address W. B. PRATT, Secretary, Elkhart, Ind.

* * *

One million Prize Puzzles are being gratuitously distributed throughout the United States by the Van Stan's Stratena Co., Limited, of Philadelphia (Manufacturers of the celebrated cement), who offer One Hundred Dollars in Prizes for correct solution. Jobbers supplied in quantity to distribute to their trade upon application free of expense.

KEEPING THEIR END UP.

How the Great West's Marvels are Apt to Multiply.

As last Tuesday's West-bound train passed Cape Horn, a large party of Englishmen, of the "direct-from-Lunnun" variety, crowded out on the platform and loudly expressed their dissatisfaction at the scenery, which was "not at all up to the guide-books, you know, by Jove!"

As they returned to their seats to enjoy a jolly good British all-around grumble, entirely oblivious of the indignant glances of the native passengers, a meek-looking, gentle-voiced journalist from 'Frisco approached from the other end of the car and volunteered to give the tourists some valuable facts concerning the country. In an ingenious and plausible way, he answered their questions in a manner that reduced our critics from over-the-pond to a condition of profound amazement, not to say awe.

The next morning the journalist was informed by the reporter that a committee of gentlemen wished to see him in the baggage car. As he entered the latter he found a dozen travelers, all native and to the manner born, waiting to receive him hat in hand. The spokesman advanced and said:

"You are the party who was giving those globe trotters in the rear sleeper some points about the coast, I believe?"

"I am, sir," said the quill-driver modestly.

"You told them, I understand," continued the Chairman, "that Mount Shasta was 76,000 feet high?"

"The same."

"You divulged the well known fact that trains on this road were often detained four days by herds of buffalo, and that they frequently have to use a Gatling gun on the cowcatcher to prevent the locomotive being pushed off the track by the grizzly bears?"

"Yes, sir."

"You further acquainted them with the circumstance that the Digger Indians live to the average age of 204, and that the rarification of the air on the plains is such that an ordinary pin looks like a telegraph pole at the distance of 42 miles?"

"I think I wedged that in," responded the newspaper man.

"And we are informed they made a memorandum of your statement that at the Palace Hotel an average of two waiters per day were shot by the guests for bringing cold soup—eh?"

"They did."

"And, finally, we believe that you are the originator of that beautiful—that b-e-a-utiful—er—fact regarding that fallen redwood tree up at Mariposa—I mean the hollow one into which the six horse-stage drives, and comes out of a knot-hole 165 feet further along?"

"I told them all about it."

"Just so! just so!" said the committeeman, grasping the patriot's hand and producing a well-filled buckskin bag, "and I am instructed by this committee of your fellow countrymen to present you with this slight token of our appreciation of the noble manner in which you have vindicated the honor of our noble land; God bless you, sir!"

"Gentlemen," said the true Californian, much affected, "I understand your feelings, and although I blush to be rewarded for simply doing my duty, I accept the gift as a sacred trust to be devoted to the further exaltation of our common country."

"In what way?" asked the Chairman, earnestly.

"Why, I am going back to rope those fellows into a little game of studhorse poker." And as he left the car they gave him a cheer that nearly shook the train off the rails.

Great Revolution in Single Number Lotteries—New and Striking Feature in Single Number Drawings.

On the last Thursday of every month, the Henry College Lottery Co., of Kentucky, will have a public drawing in Masonic Hall, Masonic Building, Louisville, Ky., to be under the sole charge of Judge W. B. Hoke, Judge of Jefferson County, Ky., Past Supreme Dictator Knights of Honor, and W. H. Meffert, Esq., Past Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Masons of Kentucky, who will allow every ticket holder the privilege of calling out the number on his ticket just before the drawing takes place, and see the tag with the number on it corresponding to the number on his ticket placed in the wheel in his presence, thus absolutely guaranteeing a fair drawing. This Company has given a bond for $100,000 to the Henry County Court for the payment of all prizes they may sell. The Charter has twice been declared legal by the highest Court in Kentucky. First Grand, Fair and Public Drawing takes place Thursday, Sept. 27th, 1883. 1 capital prize of $30,000; 1 of $10,000; 1 of $5,000; 2 of $2,500 each; 5 of $1,000 each; 20 of $500 each. 1,857 prizes, amounting to $110,400. Tickets only $2 each; halves, $1; 27 tickets, $50; 55 tickets $100. Address all orders for tickets or circulars to J. J. Douglas, Louisville, Ky., or to Fred Erry, 79 South Clark street, Chicago.

Scientific Calculations.

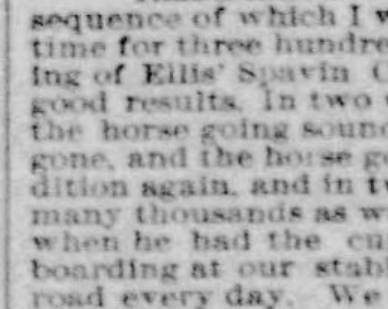
Norristown Herald.

The depressing intelligence comes from Washington that five years must elapse before the scientists have finished their calculations upon the transit of Venus. The announcement, no doubt, will cause considerable gloom, and the wheels of progress may be retarded by the delay, but as long as we can read in our scientific journals that, if a man had an arm long enough to touch the sun with his forefinger the burning sensation would not reach his body during his lifetime, we shall try to worry along a few years without the transit calculations.

The Reporter Took too Much.

The Kentucky *Gazette* thus abruptly concludes its account of a barbecue at which were present Gov. Blackburn and many other "elegant Kentuckians." "At this stage our reporter left, he probably having had access to some private bottle and from its gurgling throat taken that which disqualified him from further reportorial duty. From others we learn that the whole entertainment was a most complete success."

VALUABLE TESTIMONIALS.


TRADE MARK.

DUNN & SCHURK, Boarding and Sales Stables, 148 East 24th street.

ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO.—

Dear Sirs: We were having an occasion to put a valuable horse in condition for a race. In giving the horse his work he threw out a curb, in consequence of which I would have sold him, at that time for three hundred dollars ($300), or less. Hearing of Ellis' Spavin Cure Liniment I tried it with good results. In two weeks the curb was gone, and the horse going sound. In two weeks the curb was gone, and the horse going sound. I put him in condition again, and in two months we sold him for as many thousands as we valued him worth hundreds when he had the curb. The horse is at present boarding at our stable, and being driven on the road every day. We can safely recommend your Spavin Cure Liniment for all bone diseases and callous lumps of any kind, if properly used.

Yours, with respect, DUNN & SCHURK.

STARRIN PLACE STOCK FARM, FULTONVILLE, Montgomery Co., N. Y., July 24, 1883.

THE ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO. Gentlemen: Remedies received in good shape. Send me a glass sign by express, to Fonda, well packed, and I think it will come all right. Also send me some of those cards with a horse head and shoe on. I have taken off several curbs, "one very bad;" cured a case of Sweeney and Navicular disease with the Spavin Cure, and restored several worn-out horses with the Powders. Yours respectfully, CHANDLER QUINTIN, V. S.

J. H. Whitson & Son, 24th st., N. Y., says: "We have used Ellis' Spavin Cure in our stables for two years, and have tried it on the following with perfect success: Splints, curbs, ring bones, bunches on the neck, swelled ankles, also quincy sore throat, and for general stable liniment it is the best article we have ever used."

"I would gladly recommend your Spavin Cure to all, with perfect confidence as to the result," writes J. C. Perry, V. S., Boston.

"We believe Ellis' Horse Remedies to be 'the best articles on the American market.'" Straus & Immen; East 24th street, New York City.

"Too much cannot be said in praise of your most valuable remedies," says Langan Bros., N. Y.; "we have produced results with them such as we have not been able to do with any others."

Send for free book of testimonials, describing all our specialties. ELLIS SPAVIN CURE CO., Boston, Mass., and New York City.

LADIES, send initials and get Monogram Pattern, 3 sizes; plain, 25, 50, 75 cents; elaborate 25 cents extra. Mrs. N. E. Johnson, 1457 Filbert st., Oakland, California.

WANTED—Lady correspondents, by a bashful, intelligent, respectable, sentimental bachelor. Fun or matrimony. Thomas Not, Fredonia, Kansas.

LADY of education wanted on SALARY in every city and village. A FEW wanted to travel. NO capital required. TYLER & CO., Detroit, Mich.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY and R. R. Agents business. Good situation. BEST chance ever offered. Address J. D. BROWN, Mgr., Sedalia, Mo.

WANTED—The address of Surgeon Blanding, of the 24th Regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry. Wm. Van Eman, Jefferson, Iowa.

HOME DECORATIONS—Illustrated Pamphlet mailed for 6 cents. Address Benn Pitman, School of Design, Cincinnati.

FOR EXCHANGE—Flour Mill and Elevator in Central Illinois and cash, for a good farm. A. D. DEBROUGH, Philo, Ill.

RICH.—Something new. Six samples mailed free for 4 1-cent stamps. H. A. Ails & Co., Chicago, Ill.

NEW ORLEANS, August 1, 1883.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Investigate for Yourselves!

Postmaster-General Gresham having published a wilful and malicious falsehood in regard to the character of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, the following facts are given to the public to prove his statement, that we are engaged in a fraudulent business, to be false and untrue:

Amount of prizes paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company from January 1, 1879, to present date:

Paid to Southern Express Co., New Orleans, T. M. Westcoat, Manager	$1,366,300
Paid to Louisiana National Bank, Jos. H. Oglesby, President	463,900
Paid to Louisiana State National Bank, S. H. Kennedy, President	125,100
Paid to New Orleans National Bank, A. Baldwin, President	88,550
Paid to Union National Bank, S. Charlaron, Cashier	64,450
Paid to Citizens' Bank, E. J. Carriere, President	57,000
Paid to Germania National Bank, Jules Cassard, President	30,000
Paid to Hibernia National Bank, Chas. Palfrey, Cashier	37,000
Paid to Canal Bank, Ed. Toby, Cashier	13,150
Paid to Mutual National Bank, Jos. Mitchel, Cashier	8,200
Total paid as above	$2,253,650
Paid in sums of under $1,000 at the various offices of the Company throughout the United States	2,627,410
Total paid by all	$4,881,060

For the truth of the above facts we refer the public to the officers of the above-named corporations, and for our legality and standing to the Mayor and Officers of the City of New Orleans, to the State authorities of Louisiana, and also to the U. S. Officials of Louisiana. We claim to be legal, honest and correct in all our transactions, as much so as any business in the country. Our standing is conceded by all who will investigate, and our stock has for years been sold at our Board of Brokers, and owned by many of our best known and respected citizens.

M. A. DAUPHIN, President.

CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000

Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard

J. A. Early

Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. TENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS K, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, October 9, 1883—161st Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE			$75,000
1	do	do		25,000
1	do	do		10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$6000		12,000
5	do	2000		10,000
10	do	1000		10,000
20	do	500		10,000
100	do	200		20,000
300	do	100		30,000
500	do	50		25,000
1000	do	25		25,000
9	Approximation Prizes of		$750	6,750
9	do	do	500	4,500
9	do	do	250	2,250

1967 Prizes, amounting to $265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans. For further information write clearly, giving full address. Make P. O. Money Order payable and address Registered Letters to

NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

Ordinary letters by Mail or Express to

M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

Louisiana State Lottery!

For tickets or further information of the above Lottery address DAVE C. JOHNSTON, Covington, Ky.

L.S.L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO,

B. FRANK MOORE,

127 La Salle Street, Chicago.

(FORMERLY 319 AND 212 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,)

New Manager Chicago Office,

to whom apply for information and tickets.

161st Monthly Drawing.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9.

First Capital Prize, $75,000. Tickets, $5: sold in Fifths at $1 each. See full scheme elsewhere.

FREE!

I will mail free a splendid Puzzle to every person who will write and ask me for it. Address SEWELL'S ENVELOPE FACTORY AND MANILLA BOX WORKS, Chicago, Ill.

EVERY WOMAN Should send 3-ct. stamp to DR. FREDERICK KIRBY, Cleveland, O., for pamphlet about the prompt and positive cure of (Whites) Leucorrhoea. Cheap and never fails.

PARLOR ORNAMENTS.—Life-sized Pug Dog and Cat, with easel supports, sent by mail for 40c. in silver. A set of six advertising Italian Cards, new and very pretty, for card collectors, 10c. D. S. Rockafellar, Somerville, N. J.

EYES Tired, Weak, Over-worked, Spectacled, are invigorated to discard glasses. Tonic Sight Preserver Restores Vegetable Vapor. Circulars free. ANDERSON & CO., 517 Broadway (Room 14,) N. Y.

WANTED—Agents for the beautiful book, "Mother Home and Heaven." The work of best authors. A choice volume elegantly illus. Worth its weight in gold for home. R. C. Treat, 199 Clark-st., Chicago.

LADIES wanting the best and most fashionable Hair Work, can get No. 1, guaranteed goods of all kinds cheap, by sending their orders to MRS. M. E. J. FENTON, Lock box 333, Jamestown, N. Y.

FOR SALE—164 acre prairie stock farm, dwelling with 9 rooms, barn and other buildings; 20 acres in wood land, with living water; title perfect. Terms easy. Address M. W. Barnes, Ashmore, Ill.

TWO Orphans—boys, or boy and girl, 10 years or over, Industrious and intelligent, can get a good home and education of D. J. Caldwell, Ozark, Anderson Co., Kan.

LIVE men wanted to build grist mill, start new railroad town, etc. T. P. Bailey, Sibley, Iowa.

Dr. CLARKE

NO FEE Until Better! Established 1851. Chicago, Ill. 186 So. Clark St.

The REGULAR OLD ESTABLISHED PHYSICIAN and SURGEON DR. CLARKE, at the old number continues to treat with his usual GREAT SKILL all PRIVATE, CHRONIC, NERVOUS and SPECIAL DISEASES. DR. CLARKE is the oldest Advertising Physician, as files of Papers show and all old Residents know. AGE and EXPERIENCE IMPORTANT.

☞ NERVOUS DISEASES (with or without dreams,) or DEBILITY and loss of NERVE POWER treated scientifically by new methods with never failing success. ☞ It makes no difference WHAT you have taken or WHO has failed to cure you.

☞ YOUNG MEN and MIDDLE-AGED MEN and all who suffer should consult the CELEBRATED Dr. Clarke at once. ☞ The TERRIBLE POISONS of all BAD BLOOD and SKIN DISEASES of every kind, name and nature completely eradicated. REMEMBER, that ONE HORRIBLE DISEASE, if neglected or improperly treated CURSES the present and coming generations. ☞ DISEASED DISCHARGES cured promptly without hindrance to business. Both sexes CONSULT CONFIDENTIALLY. If in TROUBLE, call or write. Delays are dangerous. "PROCRASTINATION is the THIEF of TIME." *A written warranty of cure given in every case undertaken.*

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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Are you suffering from any Chronic Disease as Catarrh, Bronchitis and all forms of Lung Diseases, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Complaints, Diseases of the Blood and Nervous System, Female Weakness, Piles, Stricture, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Varicocele, Syphilis, Gleet, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, etc.!

DO YOU WANT TO BE CURED?

By my system of printed and written examinations I am able, in ninety-eight cases in every one hundred, to determine the real nature of the disease, and forward medicine that will cure, with the same certainty as if the patient were present in person; thus placing a means of cure within the reach of those who cannot endure the expense and fatigue of long journeys.

State your case to me. I will consider it, and give you a candid, honest opinion. It will cost you nothing and may save your life. All communications confidential. I use only plain envelopes. Examination blanks and the Health Helper sent free on application.

Address DR. S. T. BAKER, P. O. Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Farmers, mechanics, business men or boys can now own a handsome Hunting-Cased Time Keeper. No Humbug or cheap toy, but a thoroughly reliable teller of the time of day in a silver-nickel case. Send 35 cents (postal note, silver or stamps). We will at once mail you 25 samples of our fast-selling goods, a 48 page illustrated book and the Little Wonder Time Keeper FREE, and tell you how to make from $4.00 to $5.00 a day at home. BABCOCK & CO., CENTERBROOK, CONN.

FARMERS' SAW MILL

A TEN HORSE POWER DRIVES IT.

Send for Circulars to

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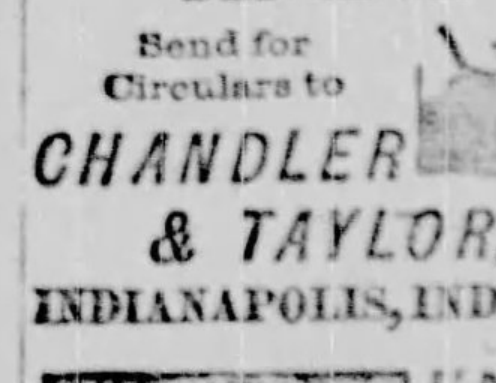

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embracing all varieties; also a superior stock of fruit trees. Illustrated Catalogue free, telling how to get and grow them. J. T. Lovett, Little Silver, N. J.

GIVEN AWAY! Your Name printed on 40 New Verse, Motto, Swiss Scenes, Lilies of the Valley, Imperial Gems, Landscapes, Moss Roses, Etc., Cards, all new styles, for only 10 cts. Get up a club of 15 names and send $1.50 [illegible] you this Solid Rolled Gold Parisian Diamond Cluster Ring as a Premium. If you are not satisfied we will return the money. 50 Fun Cards 10c. Address, Clinton Bros. & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

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IF TROUBLED by water beating under outside doors from storms, etc., send your address to [illegible] MFG. CO., 52 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE

BY JOHN COWAN, M. D.

A Book worth $50.00 for only $3.00!

The "Science of a New Life" has received the highest testimonials and commendations from leading medical and religious critics; has been heartily endorsed by all the leading philanthropists, and recommended to every well wisher of the human race.

IF YOU ARE MARRIED,

or are contemplating marriage, it will give you information worth Hundreds of Dollars, besides conferring a lasting benefit not only upon yourself but upon your children. Every thinking man and woman should study this work.

Read the following Table of Contents through, and we believe you will decide to send for the book but any person desiring to know more about it before purchasing, may send to us for our 16 page descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents. It will be sent free by mail to any address.

TABLE OF CONTENTS OF

"THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE."

CHAPTER I. MARRIAGE AND ITS ADVANTAGES.—CHAPTER II. AGE AT WHICH TO MARRY.—CHAPTER III. THE LAW OF CHOICE.—CHAPTER IV. LOVE ANALYZED.—CHAPTER V. QUALITIES THE MAN SHOULD AVOID IN CHOOSING.—CHAPTER VI. QUALITIES THE WOMAN SHOULD AVOID IN CHOOSING.—CHAPTER VII. THE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF GENERATION IN WOMAN.—CHAPTER VIII. THE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF GENERATION IN MAN.—CHAPTER IX. AMATIVENESS—ITS USE AND ABUSE.—CHAPTER X. THE PREVENTION OF CONCEPTION.—CHAPTER XI. THE LAW OF CONTINENCE.—CHAPTER XII. CHILDREN, THEIR DESIRABILITY.—CHAPTER XIII. THE LAW OF GENIUS.—CHAPTER XIV. THE CONCEPTION OF A NEW LIFE.—CHAPTER XV. THE PHYSIOLOGY OF INTRA-UTERINE GROWTH.—CHAPTER XVI. PERIOD OF GESTATIVE INFLUENCE.—CHAPTER XVII. PREGNANCY: ITS SIGNS AND DURATION.—CHAPTER XVIII. DISORDERS OF PREGNANCY.—CHAPTER XIX. CONFINEMENT.—CHAPTER XX. MANAGEMENT OF MOTHER AND CHILD AFTER DELIVERY.—CHAPTER XXI. PERIOD OF NURSING INFLUENCE.—CHAPTER XXII. FOETICIDE.—CHAPTER XXIII. DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN.—CHAPTER XXIV. DISEASES PECULIAR TO MEN.—CHAPTER XXV. MASTURBATION.—CHAPTER XXVI. STERILITY AND IMPOTENCE.—CHAPTER XXVII. SUBJECTS OF WHICH MORE MIGHT BE SAID.—CHAPTER XXVIII. A HAPPY MARRIED LIFE—HOW SECURED.

The book is a handsome 8vo., and containing over 400 pages, with more than ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS, and is sold at the following prices:

English cloth, beveled boards, gilt side and back, $3.00. Leather, sprinkled edges $3.50. Half Turkey morocco, marbled edges, gilt back, $4.00.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Any reader of this paper ordering the book, and after studying it, not feeling fully satisfied that they have received more than full value for their money, it will be refunded. The work is commended by the Editor and publishers of this paper.

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Send all orders for the book, and applications for an agency, to

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. Box 2767. 13 Rose Street, New York.

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SUMMERING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

I camped out this Summer. Doubtless to many of the members of the Household this is a yearly experience, but it was *my* first and only one. It was among the grand old Rockies, in the grandest range of all, the Sangre de Christo, that I realized this dream of my youth, and brighter vision of later days.

Everybody has a hobby. No use of shaking your head and declaring yourself exceptional in this respect, for right sure am I, if the truth were known, that you have one which you are unconsciously riding at a rapid pace. Mine is that an out-of-door life is a sure cure for all of the aches and pains that render existence miserable, that the elixir of an absolutely pure atmosphere will make whole the most dilapidated physical system that was ever possessed by a human being whose feet were not already chilled by the rolling waters of the dark river. Bathe the body in floods of golden sunshine, inhale the fragrance of blossoming flowers, breathe the odors from the swaying trees, quaff deep draughts of the sweet air, which is just as God meant it should be, with no infusion of the malaria of civilization, sleeping nor eating, playing nor working within walls more substantial than those of a tent, and with Dr. Oswald, I believe health and vigor are the certain results, if persevered in a sufficient length of time. This hobby I expect to ride until my death.

Well, as I said before, I went out camping. I wanted to have a little experience of the kind of life mine would be if the time ever come that I needed to give it a sort of permanence. It was a glorious morning when we left Silver Cliff, as clear and bright and beautiful as if just sent down from Paradise for our especial use. Part of us went in a democratic way in an open wagon sitting bolt upright with a back ground of traps and calamities that eventually materialized into a tent, blankets, cooking utensils and supplies. I was *one* of the democrats. (Remember I am not speaking politically.) The rest followed in more aristocratic guise, rolling along in an easy riding, covered carriage, full of comfort, but shut away in part from a view of the glorious valley that is held in the heart of the hoary old mountains. Besides these, there was "a solitary horseman" mounted upon a broncho, and looking a good deal like a bandit chief until he turned his smiling face upon us.

Crossing the valley with its wealth of wild flowers along the roadside, that nodded approvingly as we passed, we began to climb the mountain side. Do you know what that means? In this case it seemed to me that the horses most of the time stood upon their hind feet, with head and fore feet in mid-air. I want it distinctly understood that I was not afraid. I liked it, only I thought it best to take a little foot exercise just at that time. One feels more one's own mistress when walking, anyway. That is what I thought when I descended from the wagon. My opinion when we at last reached the timber and sat down to rest is of no importance to the public.

Sitting there to let our breath, which we had left some distance further down, catch up with us, our eyes took in such a picture of glory as held us dumb while we gazed. On either hand rolled the mountains away into the distance, their giant peaks rising, one after the other, into the measureless blue. At our feet was the valley in gentle undulations draped in soft, velvety green and dotted with ranch houses, that looked in the far away like dots upon the emerald surface. Afar, and bounding the vision on the other side, was the Wet Mountain range, and resting near its base, Silver Cliff. The scene was impressive and beautiful enough to fasten itself upon the memory forever.

I cannot stop to tell in detail how the democratic portion of the party undertook to explore a road that led to nowhere in particular and ended abruptly in a rail fence. Other people with inquiring minds have done the same thing. We simply satisfied ourselves that it was not a good place to camp out, because there was not room enough to turn the wagon around without danger of letting it roll down into a rushing, foaming creek, and running the risk of getting it up again in good order. We know for we tried the experiment. It resulted in mashing the "solitary horseman's" skull, and knocking the "medicine man" of the party into the next week, but the wagon and its belongings were saved.

We plodded back to the forks of the road wiser but not a bit sadder, and started out again for the place which had been chosen for camping. All trace of the carriage party had been for some time lost to view, for the guide was with it, and besides the exploring mania of its members had not developed. Then the rain suddenly began to fall as it has a trick of doing in Colorado during the months of July and August. Still we marched serenely on, leaving the wagon to pound itself to death over the rocks and stumps, while we gathered the wild flowers and congratulated ourselves upon the world of fun we were having. The "solitary horseman" and the "medicine man" were not so interested in the works of Nature at that particular juncture, for reasons that may be surmised from what had happened, and consequently they were not so happy.

Right here I want to speak of the exquisite beauty and variety of the wild flowers of Colorado. They greet you at every step, each one wearing a different guise from the preceding, and all lovely as a poet's dream. They peep up like stars from the grass, they nod from long slender stems on every little mound, they bend from crevices in the rocks, they sway in the breezes everywhere. There are daisies of so many colorings and shades that one can hardly number them; the coarse sunflower of the East has here softened down into a pretty blossom, with a deep crimson velvet center, circled by slender petals that have imprisoned the brightest rays of sunshine, and their number is countless. There are purple and white columbines so delicate and beautiful as to far outshine many of the most cherished hot-house pets, beds of poppies with clustering snowy blossoms, star-like menzaleas and a host of others too numerous to even try to mention. In the valleys they are scentless. Away up on the mountains they have a fragrance at once delicate and delightful. I found one tiny flower not more than three-fourths of an inch in diameter, with pistils united in a pyramidal form and yellow stamens appearing to be growing out of the white petals half way between the edge and the base. It gave forth a perfume similar to the tube rose, but far less overpowering. I could not learn its name but its memory lingers with me still.

To return. Suddenly a shout was heard in the distance. It was not a cry of alarm, nor the warwhoop of the wild Indian, but seemed a sort of civilized questioning halloo. We answered back with no uncertain sound, and around a bend in the path appeared one of our carriage friends with bland, smiling face, leading a horse all saddled and bridled and "ready for the fray," which fray was to carry us two women folk to the camp. I never *could* ride double. Besides I had discarded all luxurious helps of any kind, so my flower-loving companion mounted and moved onward while the "medicine man" and myself, provided with stout sticks, took up a foot march in the same direction.

I do not want to exaggerate. I was told that the camp was but two or three miles away, but I solemnly declare—and nothing can shake my belief—that it was 15. I merely state this fact to show how much exercise one can take in the open air climbing the mountains, without being entirely overcome with fatigue. Conversation *may* have flagged with us a little at the last, but when we triumphantly entered upon the scene where was a wild *debris* of horses, tents, blankets and people, with the singing of the waters close by in our ears, and the solemn mountains closely encircling us, we sank down with the decided affirmation that it was all delightful.—Emily S. Bouton.

Fancy Work and Home Decoration.

Card Cases.—It is often very convenient to have a case for cards to carry in the pocket, which takes up little room, or if kept for immediate use in the hand is not burdensome. Pretty ones can be made at home by the exercise of ingenuity and taste, that will be far daintier than anything of leather or the more pretentious ones of shell or silver.

Take a piece of silk and one of satin of the same size, namely, four and a half inches long and 10 inches wide. Have them of pretty contrasting colors. Black, or a very dark, bright blue look well for the satin, which is to be the outside. Shell, or rose pink, lilac, sky blue, or gold, make pretty linings. Cut a piece of light quality of bristol-board, four and one quarter inches by five, and fold it exactly in the middle so that each side shall be exactly two and a half inches wide. Place the exact center of the satin and silk upon the fold of the bristol board, then turn in the edges and sew them neatly so that the stitches are almost or quite invisible. Of course the satin and silk project on the sides considerably beyond the stiffening. This is what is to form the places for the cards. Fold in these ends to within a half inch of the center, and fasten them at the sides. Press the case together and place it under a weight, leaving it there until it is quite smooth. If ornamentation is required, the outside may now be painted with some small flower, or an initial might have been embroidered upon it before it was put together. This, well done, makes a very pretty gift for a friend and a most useful one.

Plush Flowers.—A novel and exceedingly beautiful imitation of the texture as well as the color of certain flowers is made by using plush petals to form the flowers in half relief. The stems and leaves are worked in silk arrasene. In a design of wild roses and buds, the roses are formed of pieces of pink plush in several shades. The center of full blown roses are filled with golden plush in the new stitch. The plush petals are shaped by being formed over card-board patterns, all the cut edges being turned under the board, when they are sewn down with fine twisted silk. Two pieces of different shades form a bud, and the natural moss covering is formed of arrasene. Pansies are beautifully represented in purple and golden plush with green arrasene leaves and buds. A full square of silk plush for a cushion, with handsome design commenced with materials to finish, costs $10 at embroidery stores. Small specimens illustrating the manner of working may be had for $2 at some stores. These samples afford an excellent opportunity for ladies to learn the new embroideries. They are made in the work rooms of large establishments by trained workmen, and may be easily copied.—Libbie Ransom.

Picture Frames.—To the lady who wanted to know how to make cheap picture frames I would recommend the following: Take an old pasteboard box. Cut out a frame of the size you want and then make a place for the picture. Next take rye straw and sew on the frame until the pasteboard is covered on the side and ends. Don't sew through the straw, but loop it over. Then cut the ends of the straws, sloping so the ends of the sides and ends toward each other are the longest; have your glass a trifle smaller than the frame, then cut a pasteboard back and sew the back and front frames together and you have one of the nicest frames and it costs you nothing but a little labor.

Another nice way is to take white husks, fold them lengthwise until they are three thicknesses, then lap it over your finger so it will form a point, sew them on frames just the same as the other.

Another way is to split the husks lengthwise, and double the ends together, and place them on the frames in rosettes, and put a gay button in the center of each rosette and you have a nice frame. Another way is to take brown paper, cut in squares, then double it into a three-cornered piece, then double it again, making it four thicknesses and sew on, or you can lap the corners one over the other and sew on.

Nice paper or letter holders are made the same way by sewing them on heavy paper cut the shape and size you have your board cut for your holder, then tack the whole on to your holders, and varnish. It also makes nice lambrequins for an old table or shelf.—Margaretta, Rising Sun, Ia.

Oak Leaf Lace.—Cast on 14 stitches. First row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 1—tto 2—k 2 tog—tto 2—k 2 tog—k 1. Second row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. Third—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 3—tto 2—k 2 tog—tto 2—k 2 tog—k 1. Fourth row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. Fifth row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 5—tto 2—k 2 tog—tto 2—k 2 tog—k 1. Sixth row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 5—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. Seventh row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 7—tto 2—k 2 tog—tto 2—k 2 tog—k 1. Eighth row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 7—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. Ninth row—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 14. Tenth row—k 2—bind the first over second and so continue knitting and binding till you have turned off 8 stitches and have 14 left on the needles, 1 on the right hand and 13 on the left—k 5—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 2. This completes one scollop. The lace is much used at present. For petticoats it is generally made of red or white Saxony yarn; for underclothing of linen thread, though some prefer common thread as it wears better, and for fancy articles of silks of all colors.—Bertha White.

Correspondence.

The Other Side.—Yes, the marriage question has been freely discussed in these columns, and I for one was willing to let the subject drop until a writer signing herself "Going" made such a tirade upon what should be the holiest of all things, the subject of matrimony. She says: "Girls, don't marry at all. If you only knew the untold misery," etc., etc. Now, "Going," if you are miserable probably it is your own fault. You may have been imposed upon by some worthless man, but I should judge from the tone of your letter that your unhappiness was in a great measure your own imagination.

You ask, "Can you find one married woman out of a hundred who will not say she enjoyed more pleasure in one month of single life than in two whole years of married life?" Yes, we can find plenty of them everywhere, that despite the cares that time brings, feel that their cup of happiness is indeed full, and who are drifting on through life blessed, honored and worshipped by husband and children, who, like myself, would not give one year of married life for their whole girlhood, could they do so.

And you say money won't buy happiness, as indeed it will not; but that matchless thing love (which you deny the existence of) together with contentment and a clear conscience will. My dear misguided sister, you are in trouble now; your heart is embittered. Something has wrecked your happiness. Some one has placed wormwood to your lips and bade you drink, and I pity you. Altho my lines have been cast in pleasant places, and my life filled with sunshine, I pity you and sympathize with you. Faith, Hope and Charity, these three, but a greater than these is Love.—Contented Housekeeper, Osage City, Kan.

Novel Reading.—Is novel reading a sin? If not why are all the leading men and women of the day opposed to the practice? If it is a sin, why is novel reading allowed to continue and grow in this enlightened nation of ours? Can we expect knowledge from such reading, to assist the world to any great extent? Do we want novel readers to teach our schools? Do we want novel readers to run our offices? No! We want men and women who spend their leisure moments over the news of the country, and the welfare of the nation. We see many households ruined by novel reading; for instance, we see the wife, of a morning, sit down by her churn with a *New York Weekly* in her hand. She churns a few strokes then reads until the clock strikes 12, and her husband comes to dinner. Her complaints begin then. She had no wood, and she is worked to death; and he, glad of the opportunity, takes the paper, and though she may rant and rave, he is intoxicated with his reading and hears nothing.

Why not prohibit novel reading the same as liquor drinking? Both are injurious to mind and body. In my opinion there is no great difference between intoxication by strong drink and intoxication by novel reading.

Imagine the novel writers changed to history writers and the same amount of reading done, what a beautiful, enlightened country we would have.—Ida.

Farming.—"Country Cousin" thinks that "Cato" ought to leave the City and go to farming. Yes, that might be the place for you. If you have never been in the country, it would do you good to go. But just imagine one of our City clerks with his stand-up collar on, and his hands incased in a pair of kid gloves, his boots polished so that he might see his face in them, starting out into a field to plow. You may say let him lay aside his collar, kid gloves and polished boots, and he may do so. Let him go on with his work and the first time the plow comes in contact with a stump or stone he would be reminded that he was not behind a counter waiting on some fair one, but *had* been behind a plow a few moments before. Now, if every young man learns farming, who is going to do the work in the machine shops that "Country Cousin" speaks of? It certainly would not be a proper place for a lady and such work must be done. There is work that is just as necessary as farming, and there are men that are better qualified for such work, than they are for plowing. Would it not be amusing to see some of the young men here in the City, working on a farm? I think it would.—City Girl.

A Word to the Wise.—I would say to "Black-eyed Lydia," that while you and Jim may be temperamentally adapted, it is very evident that you are not mentally. He is entirely too young to marry yet, and if he does not think enough of you now to quit swearing and using tobacco he never will. I hope you will read physiology enough to know who is adapted to you and who is not before entering the bonds of matrimony, for if you do not know these most essential things, it will be altogether probable that ere many months you will have cause to write such another letter as "Going" did. You can expect nothing more when young persons, mere children of 17 or 19, take upon themselves the responsibilities of married life without knowing so much as the first principles to be observed by those united in wedlock. I am confident that if the ladies knew as much about that tobacco chewing animal styled the "Lord of Creation" as I do, they would wait until they were 25 at least before trusting themselves to his care for life.

Again, if the women would require their husbands to be as pure and virtuous as the men do their wives, a vast amount of iniquity would be taken out of the world immediately. "Marguerite," you are right about kissing. I could not respect a woman who used her kisses promiscuously. They should be retained for your future husband. Do any of the fair members of the Household wish a literary correspondence for mutual improvement?—Franklin.

A Word for All.—We have just dropped in for an evening chat, my friend and I, as we have our day's work done. We were looking over the letters in the Blade, and saw several concerning girls working out. As for myself I have worked out and think it an honor. I have two grown-up sisters and am not needed at home. I can do as I please, stay there or not. My friend has never worked out. It is not because she thinks it a disgrace, but she is an only daughter of a well-to-do farmer and cannot be spared. I am working at her home now and used as one of the family. We think that people who will not allow their hired girls to dine with them or spend their leisure hours with the family, should not be pitied if they could not get a girl.—Black Eye and Blue Eye.

She Speaks.—Somebody appears to be in a terrible way about "the deceit of women." Poor man! I do not see how he is to find out whether his girl's make-up is false or not unless he asks her. I have not the least doubt but that she'd tell him. If he is anything like the Council Bluffs boys, he will not be backward in asking. As for my part, I'd just as soon say that I wear false waves as to say I wear my back hair braided, because it is more becoming to me that way. I do not see anything disgraceful in wearing any sort of becoming wearing apparel as long as there is no deceit about it. The disgrace comes in with the last.

As for kissing games, I think they are detestable. I go to church sociables and have fun, too, with neither dancing, card-playing, nor kissing. Indeed, everybody knows better than to attempt to kiss one of "our crowd," for our tempers are notorious, and our principles well known.

And about duty and parents. What is one to do if one parent says do what the other opposes? I think one's own judgment is the main dependence after all. One thing more: School soon begins, and essays must be written. Will any one be kind enough to tell me some nice subjects to write upon?—Council Bluffs Girl, No. 300 Pierce street, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Her Story.—If I may come into your circle again, and sit and talk with you awhile. I hope to make a better impression on your minds than I did in my hastily penned complaint of some time ago. I will try to draw a short sketch for your perusal, altho it may be wrong to do so. Yet I think I owe it to myself and to those of the Household that saw fit to answer my first letter. It will be a trial to me to do this, and I don't know as I can draw a picture that will in any way please or be profitable to any one, but will I try to give a truthful story.

Once upon a time, not a hundred years ago, I knew a young girl, 15 years old, the youngest of a family of nine children who had never been compelled to do any work unless she wished to, but went to school and studied and dreamed just, as her fancy led her, till she was 12 years old. She had no ambition or fixed purpose for anything. Where is the child that has at that age, unless the parents have brought them to understand they must work and strive for some particular aim and object to support themselves?

When she was 12 she went to live with a married sister, the wife of a lawyer, and afterward State Senator and Supreme Judge. Then, too, her life was an easy one. She went to school and studied music, of which she was passionately fond. She was petted, and dressed nicely always, and made to believe that her life would be free from toil, and easy. She cast no thought on the future or made any preparation for adversity. So she lived, till she was 15; then her sister died and she went to her home in another State. There she became acquainted with a young Englishman. He was 25 years old, good looking and smart appearing, and claimed to love her very dearly. Her foolish young head and mind were set on getting married then and marry she did, but when she got to be a few years older and could understand the step she had taken, she was much puzzled to understand why her parents could encourage her, or even allow her to be married so young. Her day of adversity and toil soon came. In a few years she was the mother of five children. She never kept any help only when sick, but worked day and night almost to keep souls and bodies together. Her husband became neglectful and left her alone evenings to visit Town and neighbors; so it went on for years with no joy or sunshine but the love and care of her children to cheer her weariness. If she complained the husband would tell her that she didn't need any company "only that of her little brats." Where was he spending his time, do you ask? Well, she would hear occasionally of his being in the society of ladies; whether good or bad, she never troubled herself to inquire. It was enough that she knew that his interest was no longer with his family. He was very careful of his own looks and appearance and must have his house kept in order to entertain his company.

That poor wife's heart was turned to gall. She never would have submitted only that her children were helpless and had no earthly friend but a loving mother who must stay and take care of them. Is it any wonder that she wished to live and use her own patrimony for the benefit of herself and the education of her little sons and daughters? I think not. She would naturally wish to know what was done with it, even if her little heart was too selfish "to appreciate the good that the kind husband was doing with it."

"Suffragist," let me thank you and inquire where such a paper can be had. Where must I send to get it, and what is the name of it?

"Always Busy," yes, it takes two to make a quarrel, and I can fancy you to be a man worshipper. Well, I hope you have got a worthy one to worship.

Let me tell you sisters, home is not always what we women make it, or at least not what we would like to make it. And let me say to you, parents, if it is in your power to make home pleasant for the children, do so by all means. Keep them with you just as long as you can. Give them an education, and the girls a trade, or fit them in some way to help themselves. Don't let them get married till they come to the years of understanding. I think there ought to be a law that girls shall not marry till they reach the age of 21, at least. Is it any wonder that my hair is white, that my face is wrinkled at the age of 30, or that I am an old woman in appearance? But my children are loving and good, and I now have them to care for me, if their father has forgotten his duty and his marriage vows. They are left to me and I love them. I love them. God bless and keep them.—Ill Used Reader.

Sympathetic Advice.—"Despondent," I would like to say a sympathizing word to you, if I may. Let me hope that the affliction you so naturally dread, may by God's mercy be averted, but try not to think about it, for worrying and fretting will only very much aggravate the evil. Even if you should have to grope in darkness, God has given you loving hands to lead you. You will still have many mercies to thank him for. Eyesight is a very precious thing and should be well cared for. You do not tell your age. That may have something to do with it. I should advise you to keep your mind as easy as possible. Rest in a darkened room, with a cold or tepid water bandage over your eyes as much as possible, and always at night. Then bathe them two or three times a day with tepid water, with a little salt dissolved in it. Be careful in your diet; avoid coffee or liquors of any kind. Don't eat or drink anything that will irritate the nerves.

A preparation for the eyes, worth its weight in gold, is this: Boil a fresh egg hard; when cold, take the white and break it in bits into a saucer; then take a bit of white vitriol, not any larger than the half of a small hazelnut, pulverize it and sprinkle over the broken up egg; then take a table-knife, the blade of it in your fingers, and lightly beat the egg, till all the oil is extracted. Put the oil in a little bottle and anoint your eyes twice a day, using a bit of very soft rag, or better still, a camel's hair brush, letting it go well inside the lids. This will help you, I think, if you give it a fair trial. I may be able to advise you further, if you will write me, giving all particulars about yourself, and the symptoms. The signature of this will find me.—F. H. P., Eskridge, Wabaunsee, Kansas.

A Home for One.—I feel as though I were personally acquainted with all of the Household. Some have a comparatively easy life, while others seem burdened with many cares, and were it not for the sweet consolation and sympathy extended toward each other, life indeed would be a burden.

My husband and myself constitute our household, God does not see fit to send to us the 'angels of earth' that cheer and brighten the hearthstone. We have a good home, are well to do, and if the ladies of the Household know of some bright, pretty little girl of legitimate birth and of good blood that is left an orphan, or is without a home, would they please communicate with me through the Household at first? We would be glad to adopt such a little waif (not over four years of age). We would educate her and bring her up as our own daughter—in a few words, she would have an excellent home. We live in a large City and I have never known what real hard work is, but although it has not been my lot to perform much manual labor, I have the ambition and will do it, should it ever be necessary.—Pauline.

More About Hired Girls.—"Poor Unknown," I agree with you about hired girls. I would like to have some one tell what difference there is between a respectable girl and the family she is working for. They are all laboring for an honest living. I once heard of a lady (and she was a lady, too, in every sense of the word, and always kept a girl), say that a girl that was not good enough to eat with her was not good enough to cook her victuals, and I thought she was sound. What do you think, "Poor Unknown?"

One lady writes that it is such a perfect rest to get a girl out of the house for a few hours. I hope she knows that it is just as much of a rest for the girl as it is to her.

"Black-eyed Lydia," I pity you. I don't want to make fun of you, but unless I had a better chance to marry than you have, I would not think much about a wedding dress for September. I am 24 years old and have black eyes, too, but I would not marry a boy if he had 40 handsome uncles, and horses and wagons and money. No, "Lydia," you are too old for him. If you were 19 and "Jim" 24, you might talk, that is if he would leave off all bad habits. I am very sure that I would say anything about "courting folks" if "Mary Ann" should call on you, and it would not surprise me if he did, that is if you don't wear "hoop-skirts."

"Going," I am sorry for you; you say there is no such thing as love, and I don't know as there is, though I am happy. But one thing we know is that "Into each life some rain must fall," and oftimes "behind the clouds the sun is still shining."—M. G.

Gentle Words.—Did you ever feel, when the sky of your existence seemed darkened by lowering clouds that gathered thick and fast around you, when your soul was weighed down by wrong, the soothing influence of gentle words? They are to our lives as the Summer breeze that fans the heated brow calming the tumultuous feeling. As we walk the pathway of life we can, almost every day, find some one by the wayside on whose tired, bleeding heart a word of sympathy would fall as manna. It may be only a little child, whose feet are pierced by the thorns along its pathway. Let us bind up their wounds and speak words of cheer and thus win our way to their love and confidence. Thus may we cast our bread upon the waters, for time can never blot from their minds the memory of a gentle word, and after many years we may receive a hundred-fold reward. In our homes are we always as careful to be gentle and kind as we feel that we should be? Do we not sometimes misconstrue the weary look on the faces of loved ones for moodiness, and act accordingly? Do we realize that it is mightier to conquer self than to take a City? Each of us as we pass on our way from day to day, however obscurely we live, though we may draw ourselves into our shells as the snail, and think our retirement excuses us, yet our very seclusion must be accounted for and if by our reserve we fail to widen the good we might do them, for this also we must give an account even as the Levite that passed on the other side. There are so many in the Household who need our sympathy. "Blackeyed Lydia," you should not think for one minute that life would be happier spent with one who, though quite young has already fallen a victim before so many of the grosser passions. "A father" needs the kindest consideration from those whose hearts can respond to his plea for sympathy. Who is there who has not had to yield to death some loved one. And oh, how sweet it is in that hour to know that, though there is naught that can take away the pain, yet there are some who deeply feel for us in our trial. Let us bear one anothers burdens, that when we are called from earth to reward we may hear the welcome words, "Well done."—Edelweiss.

A Mistake.—"Busy Bee" says a woman's life is what she makes it, and it is her own fault if she is not happy; and also remarks that she is 20 years old and ought to know. But I am nearly 50 and beg leave to differ from her. If it is a man's nature (and I claim people are what nature makes them) to be faultfinding and use his prerogative of ruling so as to make a woman feel herself a slave, why then she must manage somehow to be happy! Yes, and it is her duty to try and make her husband happy also. Oh, stop! Don't make the burden too heavy! If men would act out their natural selves, so there was no possibility of deceit, I don't think there would be quite so much marrying done. I say, girls, don't be in haste to marry. The Bible says, "The married woman shall have trouble in this life," and they generally find this to be a sorrowful truth, and no honorable way to get out of it but to die.

"Robin Tunweaver," I had a cracked iron tea-kettle. I boiled common salt and ashes in it, boiled it dry; after setting a while, washed it, used it again, and it never leaked until I boiled lye in it.

Some one wants to know how to make pop corn balls. Boil your molasses first as if for candy, but not so much, then have your corn in a large tin pan, pour your molasses over it and take your hands and make the balls.

Would some one please finish the lines commencing thus:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead," etc.?

There were some verses composed on the trial of Abraham's faith I would very much like to have. I would have bought them long ago, if I had known where to send. They commence thus:

"The morning sun rose bright and clear,
On Abram's tent it gaily shone," etc.

It would be a hard heart that would not be affected by it.—Addie M.

Inquiries.

Will some one please give directions for making a baby cap of feather edge braid?

Where can a book or sheet of patterns for working braid be procured?

Will some judge of music give the name, author, and price of a good vocal medley; also state where it can be procured.—Edith.

Will "Mollie" please tell me if those curtains that "Aunt Ruth" colored were cotton?—Roseltha, Neb.

Can some one tell me how to make a medley of steel engravings. Also, what will take spider specks off of white paint and not soil the paint?—Adell West, Bowling Green, O.

Will some member of the Household answer the following question: 1. How to cook salt pork? 2. Can anything be done with pork that is slightly tainted? 3. How to make hard water soft? 4. How to fry potatos?—Plain Spoken.

"Plain Spoken" should send $2 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., for a copy of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" where she will find these questions answered and thousands of useful household recipes given.—Ed.

1. Where can I obtain material and patterns for point lace? 2. Where can I find sale for same, and other kinds of fancy work? 3. Give address of *Young Ladies Journal* and price per copy?—Wild Rose.

Send to a store in any large City where fancy work materials are kept. Many of them in New York send catalogs on application with prices given.

Write to any "Exchange for Women's Work,"—of which there is one in Toledo—sending samples of your work. If it is excellent of its kind they will sell it for you for the small commission of 10 per cent.

We do not know or at least do not now recall any Young Lady's Journal. There is Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal published at 55 Park Place, New York, at 35 cents a number. Perhaps that is what you mean.—Ed.

Will "W. M. Ehey" tell us how she breaks her hens to set?—An Old Breeder.

Please ask is "E. L." of Guthrie Center, Iowa, will give the recipe for canning corn?—Fern Leaf.

What will take tea stains from cotton or linen?

Is Colorado beneficial to weak lungs?—Fern Leaf.

Will some kind reader of the Household send me a cure for waterbrash?—Second Wife.

Will someone please send me a recipe for pound cake by measurement?—Country Girl, Vermilion Co., Ill.

Will some of the sisters of the Household please tell me how to cook corn starch for table use?—A Reader of the Blade.

Please give the name of the New York skin doctor you spoke of in one of the back numbers of the Blade in "Health and Beauty."—A Reader.

We cannot advertise any physician gratuitously and that is what the answer to this question would amount to.—Ed.

"Texan," please tell how to apply the ointment for removing pimples and tan from the face which you gave us in Blade of July 19.—Grace.

Can any of the writers to the Household tell me how to make an abdominal supporter? One writer in the Blade says: "I firmly believe that in the better world we will know and claim our own." Can she tell me if she thinks it from any passage in the Bible.—Reader.

A very simple, but most effectual support is made by taking a piece of bleached cotton cloth a half yard wide and long enough to pin easily around you. Fold it through the center lengthwise and run it around the three sides leaving only space enough to turn it through. This will make a bandage one-quarter of a yard wide, and of two thicknesses. Now fold it in two and take up a seam three-quarters of an inch wide to start with, but sloping out to the upper edge. Half way between this and each end take up another of the same size, making three in all. Pin this firmly around you and you will find it a great help in walking and working. The advantage of pinning it instead of using buttons is that you can loosen or tighten it as you may feel that comfort requires.

Please give me a good recipe for making coffee.—R. T. Smith.

Will some one tell me how to blanch almonds? Will some one tell whether there is or is not any way to remove a cowlick?—May.

Will you or some correspondent of the Blade please inform me where I can obtain the open net corset for Summer?—Mrs. A. W. Stebbins, Clay, Washington Co., Iowa.

Your best way would be to write to some large dry goods store and inquire for them. Ed.

Answers to Inquiries.

I used coal oil on my hair and ruined it so I had to have it cut. It is nice and long now, and I think using a wire brush is what made it grow.—F. B.

"Goose quill riddle," (as I learned it(:

"Flesh and blood I was,
But neither flesh, nor blood, nor bone
Remains in me.
I was taken from my mother's side,
Where I was nicely bred,
When I come to perfect age,
They cut off my head.
They gave me such a drink to drink,
And such a strength it had,
It showed to me what they did think,
And made true lovers glad."

Katie Milbarp.

Some one wishes to know how to kill plantain. Sow chloride of sodum or common salt over the ground for two or three weeks. It will kill it.—Subscriber.

Will you try this for liver chills? Here is a sure cure, and not bad to take: Get the bark off the root of a sycamore and wild cherry, and the bark from shell-bark hickory—not from the the root, but the body of the tree, the rough outside bark. Put in a kettle, with two gallons of water, boil down to one; then put on again with the same amount and boil down to one. Sweeten quite sweet with loaf sugar, and drink half teacupful every hour. Repeat, if necessary.

For Tetter—Pine tar and lard, equal parts and apply. This I know is a sure cure. Try and report. It will not stick; the lard prevents.—A New Writer.

"Mayne," Decatur, Ill., asks me to name the best and easiest instructor. For piano and organ I think C. A. White's instructor is just what a beginner needs. It is the work of two celebrated composers, and is so very plain. In my teaching I use seven different instructors, according to my pupils' need. To all who desire to learn music, I would say persevere. It requires patience and work, but it pays. Only this morning I received an order from a Southern house for 5,000 copies of my late waltz, and also had a $500 position offered me in the Exposition at Louisville. Some of the Blade readers can testify as to the truth of my being self-taught in music, also in thorough bass and composition. I have studied under difficulties, live in a small village, have few advantages, frail health and the unkind criticisms of the world to contend with, but I meant to succeed. To the friends who think this world a bitter abiding place, may I say, the good deeds are not always published, the evil are sure to be known. If we try to live a pure, clean life, the Everlasting Arms are around us, even though earthly friends fail us, and adverse circumstances surround us. Affliction are sent to humble and soften us. The taking of dear ones ought to draw us nearer to Him who gave them to us.—Ella Guernsey.

If the little girl 10 years of age, signing herself "D. G.," will give me her address I will tell her what to do.—L. A. Williams, Johnson City, St. Clair Co., Mo.

Seeing a request in your paper for a cure for inflammatory sore eyes, I will send one that has never been known to fail; it cures every time: One-half oz. essence of peppermint; 1 teaspoonful of white vitriol; 1 teaspoonful of sugar of lead; 1 teaspoonful of saltpetre; a piece of copperas as big as a pea; a little more camphor gum than copperas. Put in a pint of soft water and let stand 24 hours. This is a sure cure.—E. C. C., Holden, Mo.

We publish the above, but at the same time feel obliged to urge our readers so afflicted not to use that or anything else without asking some good physician what would be its probable effect upon your particular case. It may be excellent for many, but harmful to you. The eye is a delicate organ, and the sight once lost or injured can rarely be restored. There are so many different affections of the organ which must be treated differently, and so many things to be considered, that too great caution cannot be used. What we are saying is general and not intended to apply to any one remedy.—Ed.

Recipes.

Canned Corn.—Cut the corn from the cob; to 8 qts. of corn add 1 oz. of tartaric acid and water to cover well; cook in brass or porcelain kettles at least a half hour after it begins to boil, adding water to keep it well covered and stirring with a wooden spoon. Can the same as fruit. I find tin cans the best. When opened for use I throw water over the corn, draining it all off. Add fresh water and to every quart of corn not quite half a teaspoonful of soda. After coming to a boil I pour that off and dress with cream, butter, sugar, pepper and salt.—Mrs. M. H. Roland, Lewisburg, Pa.

Carolina Cake.—One cupful of butter, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 2½ cupfuls of flour, (better take 3 cupfuls of flour,) ¾ of a cupful of sweet milk, whites of 8 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar; mix cream of tartar in flour, ½ of a teaspoonful of soda and essence of lemon. This is splendid to eat with ice cream.—Orange Blossom.

Graham Bread.—"Baker" asks for information on making Graham bread. I will will willingly give my way. I have used this recipe often with a good result. Before mixing my white bread I take out ½ teacupful of the sponge, (a tablespoonful of strong yeast will do instead). Add to it 1½ teacupfuls of lukewarm water, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of brown sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of white flour, and enough graham to stir stiffer than for cake. Have your steamer ready over a pot of boiling water; when the loaf has raised put a little butter over the top of the loaf and set into the steamer. Be sure and get it into the steamer before it has raised too high, or else it will fall in the steamer and be sticky. Steam about 1 hour, keeping the water boiling, then set into the oven and brown slightly. It is nice if done right.—Mrs. M. J. R. Loyd, Wis.

Cold Slaw.—To a common-sized dish of slaw take the yolk of 1 egg; 1 tablespoonful each of butter, sugar and flour; beat to a cream: boil ½ pint of weakened vinegar; stir the paste into it, pour over the slaw, stir well and cover closely. Add pepper and salt to taste.—Country Girl.

Ham Salad.—Take your fragment of cold boiled ham left after slicing, remove all dark and dry portions, also all the fat; mince evenly and fine; take enough rich, sweet cream to set the mince, a saltspoon of strong ground mustard, the same of fine sugar and a good pinch of cayenne pepper; mix thoroughly with the ham; garnish with sprigs of parsley, and you have a nice dish for tea.

Mock Mince Pies.—Four Boston crackers rolled; ⅔ cupful cold water; 1 cupful molasses; ½ cupful sugar ½ cupful vinegar; 1 egg; raisins and spices as for mince pies.

Our Young Folks

CHAT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Dear Friends:

Since my chat last week about Thomas Campbell, I have learned a little more about him. I suppose the southern shore of Connecticut bordering on Long Island Sound is a beautiful region. I was never there, but I have read that the hills and valleys, forests and streams, broad meadows and quiet inlets combine in such a way as to form such scenery as is seldom found, and the somewhat severe climate of New England is softened by the sea air and the shelter of the hills. Here on the coast is situated the Town of Guilford. And here on the 8th of July, 1790, in a pretty cottage on the east side of the village green a baby was born—a baby boy. He grew, as we all do. He started to school as we all do. He proved to be a very smart boy as we all do (in our opinion.) But I suppose you are beginning to wonder what this has to do with Thomas Campbell. Well just be a little patient, I am almost ready to tell you. This little boy's teacher made him a present of a book. I don't know why;—whether it was for being a good little boy and always getting a hundred per cent. in deportment, or because he got the most head-marks in the spelling class. This was the first book he had ever owned aside from his school books. It was a book of poetry. It contained only one poem. The author of that poem was Thomas Campbell, and its name "Pleasures of Hope."

He became an extensive reader and an ardent lover of poetry, and he loved Campbell the most of all. "He had no taste for the rough sports and adventures in which most boys delight, but preferred to wander alone in the fields and woods, by the river banks, or on the shores of Long Island Sound, with a copy of Campbell's poems, or some other favorite volume with which he would beguile the hours." Long after he had become a man he said in a letter to a friend, "Can you not repeat without the book every line which Tom Campbell has published? If not, you have never been as happy a man as you ought to have been."

When this boy had come to be a young man, and wanted to strike out into the world for himself, he went down to New York and became a clerk in a banking house. In New York there was another young man who was also a great lover of poetry, his favorites being Shakspere, Burns and Campbell, but these two young men didn't know anything about each other, till one evening the last mentioned and several companions were standing around the door of a tavern, which was a great gathering place for the young men of that part of the City. A shower had just fallen and a beautiful rainbow was seen in the sky. The young men were telling what they would wish if their wishes could come true, when along came the first mentioned from his place of business, and said: "If I could have my wish it should be to lie in the lap of that rainbow and read Tom Campbell."

At this the other turned to him and exclaimed: "You and I must be acquainted; my name is Drake." And then and there began a most intimate friendship between Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, which was only severed by death. They talked, walked, fished, rode, read and wrote together. Many of their pieces were joint productions. But their intimacy could not always last. In the Summer of 1820, Drake was stricken down with consumption. Halleck watched by his bedside like a brother till the 21st of September, when Drake passed away. As Halleck returned from the funeral he said, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone."

He had already—on the very day of Drake's death—composed the following beautiful lines to the memory of his friend, and wrote them out on a blank leaf of a manuscript collection of Drake's poems:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth were proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow,
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine.

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words were free;
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

Have you seen this new young people's paper, *Mastery*, which made its appearance about the middle of the Summer? A recent number of that paper contains what seems to me an excellent plan for forming a book club. If I didn't have access to a good library now, I would go to work among my acquaintances to-morrow—carrying out that writer's directions. I give the piece below. When you have given the plan a trial let me know the result:

HOW TO FORM A BOOK-CLUB.

Young people who live in Villages or small Towns often hear with envy of the great City libraries, which are free to all, and have a hunger for more books, which is not satisfied by borrowing or re-reading those which they have. When they hear of journals of travels, interesting stories, new histories, or inspiring biographies, a great longing comes to see these books, and to have an opportunity to read them; but alas! money must be spent for so many other things that in most families only a few dollars a year can be spared to the boys and girls for any books besides those which are used in school; and so, too often, the time which might be spent in useful reading, if the volumes were at hand, is wasted in idle talk or in studying the advertisements of the daily papers, while the great world of books remains almost unknown. Perhaps some of you who are situated in this way will be glad of a few suggestions which will help you to a larger acquaintance with books.

Now, suppose some of you boys and girls who have a little money every year to spend for such things should unite your forces and form a book club. Such an association is very easily carried on if some one is ready to give a little attention to it, provided it is started in the right way. Go out some day and see how many young people you can find who are willing to unite with you in forming such a club. The yearly tax must not be too high. If each member pays $2 annually, you will have enough to keep a well-managed book club in a flourishing condition. If you have 10 or 12 members it will be quite enough to begin with, and the number should never be allowed to exceed 25. Let all meet and chose a President and Treasurer. The first officer should be the one who has been the most interested in forming the society, and who knows enough to select the books, and the Treasurer some one who is exact in keeping accounts, and is not too careless or bashful to exact the fines which may become due. When the Treasurer has collected $2 from each member, the President can send for the books. If you do not know exactly what you want, you can easily find some friend or publisher who will help in the selection. Try and have as great a variety as possible. There are many books of travel, popular scientific works and short biographies of eminent men and women which will interest intelligent young people "in their teens," and which the older members of the family can enjoy with them.

Besides these, you will want some good stories. Make up your mind from the start that no one member will like *all* the books, for that would be impossible, and each must be content to pass a book now and then without reading it.

Almost any publisher or dealer will give reduction of 20 or 25 per cent. on books which are bought for a club, and you can easily arrange to have them sent to you once in six months by mail or express. Of course, at first you cannot buy large or expensive books. If you have 12 members in your club you will have 12 books in your first purchase, and these should not cost more than $10 or $11, for you must allow something for expressage and other incidental expenses.

It may be necessary to have some some of the books in the cheap paper editions, but buy as many as you can afford to in hard covers, as they last so much better, and are worth more after they have been the rounds. When the books arrive cover them with strong manilla paper, with the name on the outside, with "Book Club" in large letters above it. Place inside a list of the members of the society, arranged in the order in which they live, and a notice that if the book is kept more than two weeks a fine of two cents will be required for each day's detention. Start one of the 12 books with each member of the club, writing the date against the name of the person. The President should keep a list of the books, with the date of starting and the name of the member receiving it first. Then the work of the officers is done for six months, each member having agreed to hand the book to the next one on the list, inserting against the name the date of such delivery. The member who receives the book last must return it to the President when the time has expired. The club shall all keep watch for notices of new books which would be suitable for the society, and suggest the purchase of them to the officers, but every one should bear in mind that it is not possible to follow *all* such suggestions, and no one person must expect to have his taste constantly consulted. At the end of the first six months the President should have 12 more books covered. A book club which is managed in this way will be very little trouble, and will prove a great source of pleasure and profit to the members.

There are several ways of disposing of the books which have made the circuit. They can be distributed among the members by lot, or numbers can be drawn for the order of choice, the person who draws number one being entitled to the first selection, and so on, the one who draws number 12 of course taking the book which remains. Another way is to keep the books as the nucleus of a Village library, but neither of these is perfectly satisfactory, for it brings no money into the Treasury. It is better, if possible, to sell the books at auction to the members of the club or their friends. In this way you will be able to add a little to the sum which you have from the subscriptions. A few dollars kept in reserve will make it possible for you to indulge now and then in a more expensive book than usual. The disposal of the books is a matter which need not be decided upon at first. Leave that for discussion for the meeting at the end of the year. It is enough at first to consider simply the formation of the club. One year's experiment will prove to you what a simple matter it is to have plenty of books which are worth reading if the young people will only help each other. Try it and see.

Did you ever make a scrap-book? If you didn't you have missed much of the pleasures of this life and some of the profits. My memory runneth not back to the time when I began to clip articles from newspapers. My earliest recollection is of myself sitting on the floor, a paper in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other. You would have said then that I was destined for a literary career, if you could have seen the litter I scattered about. Many great men have been noted for their collection of scraps, but I am afraid that many men who are noted for their collection of scraps do not become great. I heard a man say not long ago that he had a library of 1,400 volumes, of which he was very fond, but he had a scrap-book which he valued more highly than he did his library. I value my scrap-book more highly than I do my library, too, but my library doesn't contain 1,400 volumes. Among the many collections I have made is one which I call "Poetical Curiosities." Here is one of the pieces. You may put it in your scrap-book if you wish, if you haven't it already, and then perhaps I'll give you more selections hereafter:

A SWARM OF B'S.

B hopeful, B cheerful, B happy, B kind,
B Busy of Body, B modest of mind,
B earnest, B truthful, B firm and B fair,
Of all miss B havior B sure to B ware;
B think ere you stumble for what may B fall,
B truthful to self and B faithful to all;
B Brave and B ware of the sins that B set;
B sure that no sin shall another B get.
B watchful, B ready, B open, B frank,
B manly to all men, whate'er B their rank.
B just and B generous, B honest, B wise,
B mindful of time, and B certain it flies.
B prudent, B liberal; of order B fond,
Buy less than you need Before Buying Beyond.
B careful, But yet B the first to B stow,
B temperate, B steadfast, to anger B slow.
B thoughtful, B thankful, whate'er may B tide,
B trustful, B joyful, B cleanly B side.
B pleasant, B patient, B fervent to all,
B Best if you can; But B humble withal.
B prompt and B dutiful, still B polite;
B reverent, B quiet, B sure and B right.
B calm, B retiring, B ne'er led astray,
B grateful, B cautious of those who B tray.
B tender, B loving, B good and B nign—
B loved shalt thou B, and all else B thine.

All please give close attention now, I want to ask another question. How many of you have ever seen a first-class collection of poetry for children? I mean a collection which would be to us young folks what many of these large collections are to the old folks. Our parents and older brothers and sisters have been pretty well provided for in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," Beeton's "Great Book of Poetry," Poetry," Dana's "Household Book of Poetry "The Cambridge Book of Poetry and Song," and many others of the same class. Of course there are some poems in these collections which children of 10 or 12 like to read, for their own sake, but they are scarce. Quite a large number of them become interesting with a little explanation, but unfortunately conditions are not always such that we can have them explained.

But what has been done in the way of collecting poetry, especially for children? Well, there have been some pretty fair efforts made. Coventry Patmore has presented us with "Children's Garland," and John G. Whittier has given us "Child Life," while one Mr. Gates has collected a much more complete work than either of these and called it "The Children's Book of Poetry." Besides these there are perhaps twice as many more similar works by different editors, but all that I've examined have two grave faults. They are very incomplete,—there is *so* much good poetry for us young folks that is not to be found in them, and then they contain so much that is beyond our reach. Yes, and I've thought of another fault. They are very defective in explanatory notes. There is surely a wide field here for somebody. I sometimes almost have a notion to make a collection myself, but I guess I won't this evening. But I'll tell you what I am going to do. So long as I have anything to do with these columns I am going to give every week one or two pieces which I would put in a collection if I were making one. And if you have any poetry, either of your own composition or anybody else's, which you would like to give a wider circulation, I would be glad if you would send it in. Let me see. What shall I give this week. O yes! Here is a good little piece of advice by Kate Clyde:

FIND YOUR PLACE.

In this world, so great and mighty,
There's a place for every one,
And each one must find his corner,
Ere life's battle can be won.
If you meet with stern rebuff,
Do not stop to mind it;
Search with all your heart and soul
For your place, and—find it!

Set to work with care and patience,
And a firmly settled mind
That with pluck and perseverance
You your place will surely find.
Pause a moment, then, and think
What line most prefer you.
This decided, go your way,
And let naught deter you.

One is born to be a merchant,
One towards law with longing turns,
One to sea, and one to physic,
One with poet's fire burns.
One is made to grind the grain,
One to sow and reap it—
Every mortal has his place,
Find *yours*, then, and keep it.

While you go to school or college,
Keep your end always in view,
Learn all that you can about it,
Know your business through and through.
When your place at length awaits,
With a strong heart take it,
Do your duty, hold your fort,
And *do not forsake it.*

We haven't had anything yet in the way of puzzles, have we? I wonder how many can tell

THE MAN'S NAME

who is described below:

He was born in London, Oct. 14, 1644, and was the son of an Admiral. He was the oldest child and had but one brother and one sister. He studied at Oxford, and stood high as a scholar, but was expelled from college for attending the meetings of a certain religious sect whose views he held.

His father sent him to travel through Holland and France, and he remained there several years, devoting as much time to study as to amusement.

After his return home he was sent to Ireland to attend to his father's estate, but he turned more firmly than before to his former views, and when he returned again to London he began to preach.

CHEMISTS HAVE ALWAYS FOUND
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
TRADE MARK
The Most Perfect Made.
A PURE FRUIT ACID BAKING POWDER:
There is none stronger. None so pure and wholesome. Contains no Alum or Ammonia.
Has been used for years in a million homes.
Its great strength makes it the cheapest.
Its perfect purity the healthiest. In the family loaf most delicious. Prove it by the only true test.
THE TEST OF THE OVEN.
MANUFACTURED BY
STEELE & PRICE,
Chicago, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo.
Manufacturers of Lupulin Yeast Gems, Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, and Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes.
WE MAKE NO SECOND GRADE GOODS.

He was imprisoned but soon obtained his freedom. He was imprisoned again and sent to Newburg for six months. When he was set free he traveled in Holland and Germany.

He had a claim against the Government for £16,000, in the settlement of which he was given the grant of a large territory in America, with the right to form a colony with laws in accordance with his views. He came to America in 1682, when a charter was issued and a City planned. He returned to England, was accused of treason, and deprived of the title of his land, but was declared innocent in 1693, and the title re-issued in 1694.

He returned to America in 1699, and remained two years. He died on the 30th of July, 1718.

He was noted for uprightness and justice.

The last number of "Our Little Ones and The Nursery" contains the following from Auntie Rea, who seems to be enjoying herself away over among the Sandwich Islands:

COCOANUT ISLAND.

I want to tell you about the little Kittredges' picnic on Cocoanut Island. This is a very small island in Hilo Bay. It has many cocoanut-trees on it; and there are lovely little caves behind the island where the waves break softly on the coral sand. The children and their mamma and some little friends went in a boat rowed by natives. Maurice had a fishing-line over the side of the boat. Once he thought he had a fish, but it was only a big piece of sea-weed that he pulled over into the boat.

After they got to the island Maude and Rose were busy for a long time picking tiny shells out of the sand—so tiny that lots and lots of them would only fill a phial as large as your little finger. They are pink, and purple, and white, and yellow, and are very lovely; but to see just how pretty they are, you must look at them through a microscope. Maude calls them fairies' shells.

Maurice bathed four times, and once he jumped from high rocks into deep water. This he thought was great fun.

The natives climbed up the trees and brought down soft cocoanuts. The milk looks like water, but is very sweet and nice. In a soft cocoanut there is a tumblerful of water, and the meat is so tender you can take it out with a spoon. This is very nice too. At last the sun began to go down, and mamma said the children must go home. Maurice found a long bamboo pole which he took into the boat with him. He said he thought the boat would go faster with a mast to it. So he held it up like a mast all the way.

But Auntie Rea's stay was rather short, so now we will hear about

OTTO WERNER,

BY MARY W. ALLEN.

Switzerland, which is so famous for its wonderful scenery, its fields of ice and charming waterfalls, is famous, as well, for its people. They are noted among other things for great fearlessness in traveling over dangerous passes and paths which abound all over the mountains. They are noted too, for their great skill in wood carving, and some of the most delicate and beautiful work ever seen, is done by the Swiss.

In one of those quaint-looking houses which seem to hang on the side of the mountain, with the jagged peaks towering far above it, and the valley lying in the quiet below, there once lived a family of four persons, Frederick Werner, his wife and two children, Otto and Bertha.

The father was one of those famous wood-carvers, and had spent all his life at the work.

Otto was a herdsman and guide. The herdsmen, in the Spring, when the grass comes fresh and green, in the higher valleys on the mountains, goes up with his herd; and then during the Summer it is pastured and watched over, so that not one of them shall stray away and fall down the steep side of the mountain.

Otto kept a shepherd boy to help him, so that he could go as guide, and a great many times he started off early in the morning, before the sun had come up over the mountain tops, and with his staff in his hand was ready to guide in safety, any traveler that might want him. This is very dangerous work, for there are narrow, slippery paths winding around the peaks, and such high bridges to cross that look so frail and dangerous, that unless a traveler has a trusty guide with him, and one that knows just where to go, he need not expect to pass over them in safety, as he would perhaps step on some snow covered chasm, fall through out of sight, and never be found.

Otto was a great hunter, too, as many of the Swiss are. He could climb up steep places, and spring over such wide chasms as would frighten any one else who was not accustomed to it, as he had always been. One day as he was returning home to the cottage he looked down in a chasm below him, and there, lying at the foot of a tree he saw a chamois that had fallen down and seemed to be hurt. It did not take Otto long to climb down, and there it lay, so badly hurt that it could not walk. He went to the cottage for Carl, the shepherd boy, and then they carried it home as easily as they could. They took good care of it, and in a few days they were paid for their trouble by seeing it try to walk. It was a young chamois and as they are easily tamed, it never left them, but followed the herd. When the cold weather came on, and Otto went down into the valley again, he took it with him and gave it to his sister Bertha, but every Spring it went up with the herd to Summer on the mountain.

Wishing you good luck and plenty of it, I draw to a close once more.

Cousin Fred.

Warrenton, N. C.—Rev. J. E. C. Barham, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters. It is a complete restorative, tonic and appetizer."

◆

The women of Boston seem to be losing the little interest they at first took in exercising the inestimable "right" of voting. Only forty of them have thus far this year come forward to be assessed for a poll tax.

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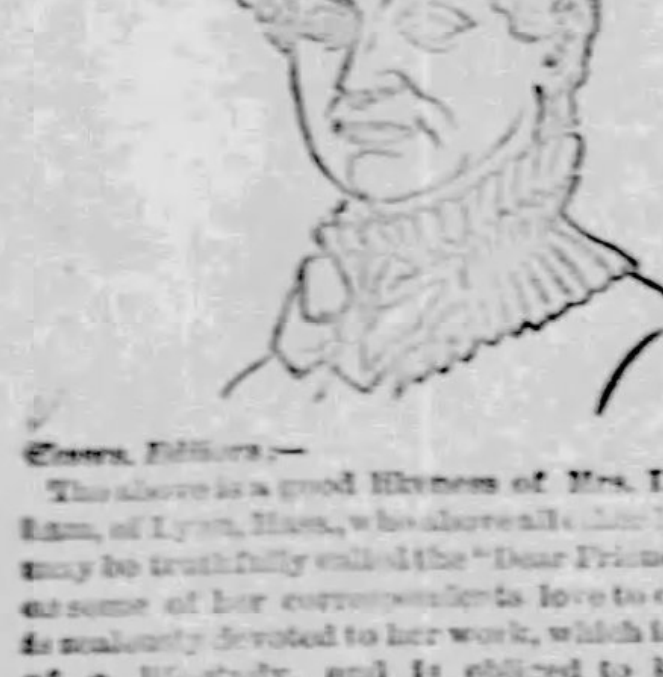
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.
[From the Boston Globe.]



Messrs. Editors:—
The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

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CLAIMS FOR Horses Lost

By Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress by applying immediately. Apply to T. W. TALLMADGE, Attorney, Washington, D. C., who has had 21 years experience and recommended as attorney by Hon. Wm. Lawrence, 1st Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. Also prosecutes Pension Claims.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

To Make Cheese.

Arnold's American Dairying gives the following directions to make cheese, which will no doubt prove interesting:

For making cheese under any circumstances, a few things are absolutely necessary. One must have a vessel large enough to hold the milk. It may be any clean tub, boiler or kettle. A wooden tub is best, because it will lose the least heat while standing. There must be means for warming, which can be supplied by a cook stove. Rennet, for coagulating the milk, must be provided and soaked beforehand. A strong hoop for pressing the curd, with a capacity of at least six cubic inches for every quart of milk used, and power for pressing equal to at least the weight of a ton.

"These being provided, warm the milk in any convenient way, without burning, to about 84°, and add rennet enough to have it begin to curdle in 15 minutes, and cover the milk to keep it from cooling. The quantity of rennet to use must be found by trial. A good rennet, well soaked and rubbed, in time will curdle about 2,000 quarts of milk, but there is so much variation in their strength that only an approximation to the quantity required can be made. When the curd has become so hard as to cleave before the finger when passed through it, it should be cut with a blade that will reach to the bottom of the vessel, into columns an inch or so square, and then covered again to let the whey separate. After it has stood 15 or 20 minutes, the whey which can be conveniently removed may be dipped off, and the curd carefully broken with the hands into pieces of the size of chestnuts, or even finer. When this is done, the whey which has been dipped off, or, what is better, an equal bulk of water, heated to 150°, may be turned into the curd and stirred enough to make all parts of the curd warm up alike. The curd should be again covered to prevent cooling, and left standing 15 or 20 minutes, or as long as it can be without sticking firmly together, when the whey may be again dipped off, the curd broken up fine again, and more hot whey or water turned on and mixed evenly with the curd by gently stirring, so as not to rile the whey and waste the richness of the curd. Cover the curd again, and repeat the operation till the mass is raised to blood heat. The stirring should be repeated often enough to prevent the pieces of curd from adhering, and the whole covered and left standing for the curd to harden. When it has stood so long as to become hard enough to squeak between the teeth, or spring apart readily when pressed in the hands, or, what is better, to respond to the hot iron test, the whey may be at once dipped off, and the curd drained on a strainer-cloth laid over something which will allow the whey to run away steadily, like a large sieve or a basket. When the curd has been stirred till it is freed from whey, and becomes a little cool, and the large lumps broken up fine so it will all receive salt about alike, salt at the rate of one ounce for each ten quarts of milk. Mix the salt thoroughly through the curd, and then put to press. As soon as the curd is well stuck together, so it can be handled safely, remove it from the press, put on a new press cloth, turn the under side up, fold the cloth evenly over it, and press again till the press is wanted for the next day's cheese. Upon taking it from the press, let it stand for an hour or two till it becomes dry; then rub it over with some soft grease, and turn and rub daily till it is cured, which will be in from 30 to 60 days. On small cheese for home use no bandage will be required. The surface must be greased often enough to keep it from drying and checking.

In making small cheese for home use, the press, though desirable, is not an absolute necessity. If a curd is properly made it will form itself into a cheese of good texture by its own weight. In molding a cheese without pressing, the hoop should be made of perforated tin, so that they can readily escape, and should have a cover of the same material for its top and bottom, shutting over and outside of the tin like the cover of a pill box, and should be only just about large enough to hold the curd to be molded. A cover is placed upon the lower end of the hoop, the warm curd filled in, and the cover put on the upper end and set on any level foundation. After standing a few minutes, the hoop is turned quickly upon the other end, the curd slides down and makes a smooth surface on what was at first the upper end. By turning the hoop a few times while warm, both ends get an even surface, and then, by standing still, the curd will permanently adhere and remain firm when taken from the hoop. To succeed well in molding cheese without pressing, the curd should be taken from the whey a little sooner than otherwise, and be quickly drained and salted and put into the hoop quite warm. Cold curd will not adhere without pressing.

Head Versus Hand.

We can readily understand why our neighbor who rises at seven in the morning, and spends three or four hours of almost every fair day in the Town or Village talking politics, does not prosper at farming. We say sometimes, perhaps heartlessly, that he does not deserve to succeed, and that we have no sympathy for him. But most of us will not have to look very far to find another neighbor whom we rarely see away from home, but who is generally found in frock and overalls plodding at his work, and yet this farmer is not growing richer, but rather poorer. How are we to account for this?

We once knew of a very skillful and industrious carriage manufacturer who failed in his business after a long and hard struggle. Another succeeded him, and the tables were turned at once. With no other facilities than the first enjoyed, the new comer soon built up a thriving and profitable business. He was once asked why his predecessor met with so signal a failure; he replied: "He worked too much; he spent his time at his bench when he ought to have been attending to his sales and purchases and overseeing his workmen." Is not this answer suggestive? May it not account for the fact that some of the most industrious farmers never rise above mediocrity? Some farmers certainly do over-estimate the importance of the labor of their own hands.

Suppose a man has two teams and four men at work on his farm. It is obviously of greater importance that he should keep all advantageously employed every hour in the day than that his own hands should be kept constantly busy. Few men are able to do good hand-work and good head-work at the same time. Better lay by the hoe or pitchfork and plan the work, so that every stroke shall count, and so that there shall be no delays or blunders. Every farmer should have a carefully-laid plan for each day's operations before beginning work in the morning. Without such forethought things cannot go on smoothly. The whiffletrees will be needed on the wagon when they are three fields away on the plow; the hay-rack will have to be repaired after the hay is ready to haul to the barn; or the team and the men will be kept waiting to grease a hot axle. The farmer who keeps himself wearied and worried with manual labor is in poor condition for plan-wisdom. His mind will be hampered and fretted, and annoyances that would scarcely ruffle a peaceful mind are enough to stir his troubled spirit to a foam. Things seem arrayed against him—not because they are so, but because he is over-taxing himself.

The farmer must make a difference between his own work and that of his hired man, or he will sooner or later fail in body and in business. His man has but one subject to engross his attention, the work upon which he is engaged; but with the farmer there are many weighty questions to be considered. There are the arrangement and timing of his work. There is the subject of implements and machinery, of farm improvements, of rotation of crops and of varieties, all important questions. Then there is the commercial aspect of his business, which he can certainly not afford to overlook. If he deals with these subjects wisely he does well without putting his own hand to the plow. He is a poor business man whose head is not worth more than his hands.

There are doubtless farmers to whom moderate manual labor is a true pleasure. It is not work as a privilege, but work as a duty that we are denouncing. The farmer whose mind is so large and whose farm is so small that the care of it is no burden, and who takes delight in moving his fertile soil and his golden grain with his own hands, is of all men the most enviable. But we all agree that such farmers are too few. We find many more who come to the shady side of life with the back bent with toil, and the brow furrowed with care. It is for this class that these words are meant.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Changes in Strawberries.

A list of the best strawberries made about 40 years ago, contained the following sorts, which were nearly all of any value then cultivated in this country: Duke of Kent, Large Early Scarlet, Hovey's Seedling, Ross' Phœnix, Prolific Hautbois, Myatt's British Queen and his Deptford Pine, Swainstone's Seedling, Elton, and Red and White Alpine. Old men will remember most of these names, but to those who are young, Hovey's Seedling is the only one known. All the rest are among the things of the past.

Ten years later, the list was changed by adding Hudson, Crimson Cone, Boston Pine, McAvoy's Superior, Burr's New Pine, Hooker, Jenny's Seedling, Black Prince and Walker's Seedling; while Large Early Scarlet and Hovey were the only two of the first list which had survived.

After the next decade, a number of valuable ones had been again added, including Wilson and Triomphe de Gand, while others less valuable were Brighton Pine, Jenny Lind, Agricultural, Austin, Cutter, Genesee and La Constante.

Another period of 10 years brought us a number of our present acquaintances, as Charles Downing, Nicanor, Kentucky, Jucunda, Seth Boyden, Monarch, Black Defiance, Duncan and President Wilder. It is interesting to observe that of the first two lists which we have given, Hovey's Seedling is the only sort which is not generally discarded, and which is known to young cultivators; and in many localities even this has long since ceased to exist.

To recapitulate—the following, which were common or well known in past years, are either generally unknown or are no longer cultivated: Alice Maude, Austin Shaker, Barnes' Mammoth, Boston Pine, Brighton Pine, British Queen, Brooklyn Scarlet, Col. Ellsworth, Cushing, Cutter, Prenche's Seedling, Genesee, Georgia Mammoth, Hathaway, Iowa, Jenny Lind, Keene's Seedling, Le Baron, Napoleon III., Scott's Seedling, Victoria, Walker's Seedling, Bishop's Orange, Dr. Nicaise, Moyamensing, Neck Pine, Willey, Rival Hudson, Old Hudson, Ida, McAvoy's Extra Red, Diadem, Fillmore, etc. What a throng have gone to oblivion!

At the present time the newer popular sorts are Sharpless, Cumberland, Crescent, Bidwell, Duchess, Windsor Chief, Miner's Prolific and others. A few more years will determine to what extent the superiority of some of these to the old sorts has been owing to the better cultivation they have had on account of being costly novelties. There is now a vast number newly introduced and offered for sale with high praises, many of which will be forgotten in a few more years.

In contrast was this rapid mutation, examine the lists of apples, pears and cherries, such as they were 40 years ago, and observe how small the change is which has taken place. Of these fruits, new sorts of high merit are not so easily produced.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Few Brief Hints.

An inch of fine manure spread around strawberry plants set since bearing, will preserve moisture in the soil, and prevent the ground from crusting if it becomes necessary to water them.

Take special pains at this season of the year to prevent any weeds from going to seed. If they have got above ground, pull and throw them into the brush heap for burning.

Continue to cultivate and keep clean all hoed and growing crops, and prevent the formation of a crust.

In hand-picking pears, the eye will point out, by a yellow tint or color, those which are mature enough for house-ripening, and if the stem cracks off when the fruit is partly lifted, they should not be left any longer on the tree.

The Fall web-worm is now making its appearance; it should be promptly removed and destroyed.

The best remedy for cabbage-worms on a small scale, and which we have used for many years, is hand-picking before the plants form heads, and hot water from a watering-pot when the heads appear—some practice being required to know just how hot and how long to apply the water.

Keep all garden and other tools under shelter every day they are not used, and have them made clean every time, and rubbed bright and oiled.

Bud such fruit trees as are freely growing and on which the bark will lift freely. Success in budding depends more on a free-growing stock than on all else. Remove the ligature as soon as it begins to cut the bark.

Destroy the plant-lice with strong soap suds or tobacco water.

Cut off the first appearance of black-knot on plum trees.

In mowing lawns, allow a gradual higher growth as Autumn approaches, so as to have a thick mass for enduring Winter.

The amount of the crops of strawberries next year will depend very much on the treatment of the bed this year. A strong growth late in the Summer and during the first half of the Autumn will give a good crop next year. Scatter manure between the rows or about the stools, and work it into the surface soil with a steel rake or hoe, if in the garden, or with horse culture in the field. Keep the runners cut, and a fine growth will be the result.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Best Feed on Earth.

A correspondent of the *Poultry Yard* declares, with his experience of 20 years, he must say there is no feed on this earth that is so good for young chickens, old chickens, or fowls, as sour milk, clabbered milk, or cheese curd from sour milk. Even old, sour buttermilk for old fowls is the best of food, but all of this must have some meal and and judgment added to it. No gapes, no cholera among chickens that are fed on sour milk and kept from lice. His feed is fresh ground cornmeal, oatmeal, and shorts wet with clabbered milk, some cracked corn and whole wheat fed according to the age of the chickens. Raising chickens is something like making cheese. There is a time and a place for every step from the egg to the full grown chicken. Experience, with the right kind of perseverance, will raise chickens and take good care of old fowls. Sour milk thickened with shorts and meal fed every morning, and some kind of whole grain at night, is the best food for eggs. It is our impression that the fresh ground cornmeal, the oatmeal, and the shorts, the cracked corn and whole wheat, constitute a pretty good variety of food, even with the sour milk left out, and for very small chicks we would so leave it. For older fowls old milk is first class. New milk will not hurt them though.

The Sunday School.

The Child Samuel.

LESSON 13, SUNDAY, SEPT. 23, 1883.

Golden Text.—Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. 3: 9.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Samuel 3: 1-19.

1. And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision.

2. And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see.

3. And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep.

4. That the Lord called Samuel and he answered, here am I.

5. And he ran unto Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not, lie down again. And he went and lay down.

6. And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again.

7. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him.

8. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child.

9. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go lie down; and it shall be if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place.

10. And the Lord came and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak, for thy servant heareth.

11. And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle.

12. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house, when I begin, I will also make an end.

13. For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restraineth them not.

14. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering forever.

15. And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to shew Eli the vision.

16. Then Eli called Samuel, and said, Samuel, my son. And he answered, Here am I.

17. And he said, what is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me; God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide anything from me of all the things that he said unto thee.

18. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.

19. And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

In this story of the child Samuel, we are shown what may be:

1. A Place in God's House (v. 1 3.)
2. An Ear for God's Call (vs. 4-8.)
3. A Mind for God's Service (vs. 9, 10.)
4. A Message at God's Bidding (vs 12-19.)

I. A PLACE IN GOD'S HOUSE.

And the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days (v. 1.) There have been good old times, and also old times that were not so good. Those days of Eli and Samuel seem to have been days of both sorts. Judging from Eli, the old people were no better then than now Judging from Samuel, the children of good mothers started off as well at that time as the best of them that start at the present time. And even in that long ago period, it is seen that the children could have a place in the house of the Lord. It's a common thing to say that only in modern times have the children been brought forward to a recognized part in God's worship; but here we find a child having a place at the sanctuary in the very presence of the high priest of God's chosen people; and no blame was attached to Eli for giving this place to a child. Eli was blamed for having neglected his own children, but not for doing too much for other people's children. That is a pleasant picture of Samuel ministering unto the Lord in the presence of the high priest; an encouraging picture, too. "The word of the Lord" [the disclosures of God's purposes,] we are told, "was precious in those days." Yet that word was not too precious for a child to have a share in it. God's word is never too precious for the children to share. Jesus himself did not hesitate to give children a foremost place in comparison with older persons, when he, the very Word himself, was teaching; and he said that in heaven those who represented the children could always have his Father's ear. If God in heaven, and Jesus Christ on earth, give children the foremost place, who shall dare to deny or begrudge them that place at any time. No arrangement of Sabbath services, no arrangement of sanctuary accommodations, that crowds children into a minor place, has justification in the teachings of the Old Testament, or of the New.

2. AN EAR FOR GOD'S CALL.

The Lord called Samuel, and he answered Here am I. He ran unto Eli, and he said, Lie down again (vs. 4, 4.) Samuel could hear what the Lord said to Samuel better than Eli could hear what the Lord said to Samuel. The Lord can make his voice heard by a child when older persons cannot hear that voice. And the Lord often speaks to a child directly, instead of speaking to him by his parent, or his teacher, or his pastor. Eli was not prepared for that truth: so he told Samuel to lie down again. Many a man of God, since that day, has told an aroused child to lie down again, when God had called up that child, had called him in a voice that the man of God couldn't hear. It is to Eli's credit that he found out his mistake and corrected it. Eli's example ought to caution other men of God to beware of telling a child to lie down and sleep, when God is speaking to the child. And children of now-a-days should be taught to have open ears for the call of God. Although Samuel had not heard God's voice before, he was quick to catch its first sound. So every child should be. A child may hear God's voice in his parent's words, in his pastor's words, in his teacher's words. It may come to him in the words of his Bible-reading, or in words spoken to his thoughts in the stillness of the night. If he listens for it, it will come to him in some way. God loves to speak to children who love to hear him. And when God speaks to a child, let the child be prompt to receive God's message at its fullest.

3. A MIND FOR GOD'S SERVICE.

Eli said, If he call thee, say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. The Lord called, Samuel, Samuel; then Samuel answered, Speak, for thy servant heareth (vs. 9, 10.) That was good advice which Eli gave little Samuel when he realized that God was calling the child. And little Samuel's way of taking good advice was a good one. It is always safe to tell a child to be ready to answer God's call; to tell a child to be in a state of readiness to do God's bidding. It is always safe for a child to act on such counsel as that. A child ought never to ask God to put off his call for just a little while. The time to answer God's call is at the time of the call. The time to do God's bidding is when God's bidding comes. And every child ought to seek to know from God what God would have him do at the present time. Most children in godly homes are taught to tell God what he can do for them, to make known to him their wants from him; but not all children are taught to ask God what they can do for him; what service he may have for them to perform. Samuel's words, be it remembered, were not "Hear, Lord, for thy servant speaketh;" but, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." In which way are your children taught to call on the Lord?

4. A MESSAGE AT GOD'S BIDDING.

The Lord said to Samuel, I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken. Eli called Samuel. And Samuel told him every whit (vs. 11-18.) It was a peculiar message which God sent to Eli by Samuel. Rarely does a child have any such message as that to deliver. But it is for God to decide as to the message. The child is simply to deliver it as he is bidden of God. The Bible sends messages of love and cheer, of invitation and promise, which any child can carry to any needed one. The very existence of those messages in God's word is a bidding from God for their delivery. And there are special messages sent of God to particular persons by children whom God chooses to employ as his messengers. A dying child clasped his arms about his godless father's neck and said, "Papa, promise me that you will come to me in heaven. Do promise me, papa." The broken hearted father promised; and kept his promise. Was not that child God's messenger? Another little child rose from her knees by her prayerless father's side, and, clambering upon his knees, whispered lovingly to him, "Papa why don't you ever pray? I want to hear you pray." And that was a message from God which led that father to prayer in faith. Another child in a drunkard's home sobbed out in sorrowful tenderness, to her wretched father, "O father, don't drink any more." And that call was a means of that man's reform. Yet another child who saw her father depressed to very despair, gave him God's message of cheer in one of her Sunday School hymns,

> "Oh, do not be discouraged,
> For Jesus is your friend."

And so in all the years since the days of the child Samuel, God has been sending messages of truth by little children. It is for parents and teachers and pastors to receive these messages when they come to them by such an agency. And children should be taught that they can bear a message from God, only when they have received a message from God.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

FROM A CLERGYMAN SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

A clergyman in Cleveland, O., 71 years of age, who had preached regularly nearly every Sunday for over fifteen years, says, in a letter dated February 8th, 1882, a few weeks after commencing the use of Compound Oxygen:

"My strength was equal to the work until about a year ago, when I began to fail, and had come to the conclusion that my work, if not my life, was nearly at an end. *But now I am quite a new man*; yea, the revitalizer *has introduced new life into my almost dead organs.* I can say that I am well, with the exception of a little soreness in my throat. Allow me to give thanks, first to God, and then to you, for this blessed hour of health."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen,*" containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases will be *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Phila.

Prof. Fiske and Cornell University.

ITHACA, Sept. 7.—The Journal has a five column account of an attempt to annul the will of the late Jennie McGraw Fiske, whereby Cornell University received $1,500,000, at the instance of her husband, Prof. Willard Fiske, ex-Librarian of the University. The nature of the present action is a motion to open the final accounting of the executor, by which he had already paid $800,000 to the University, and to account for money yet in his hands. A clause in the charter forbids the University holding property in excess of $3,000,000. The University authorities refuse to disclose or outline their defense. A decree opening final accounting was made yesterday.

Lost Faith in Physicians.

Why is it that so many persons use proprietary medicines, or patent medicines, as they are commonly called? Is it because people lose faith in their physicians? Well, this is, no doubt, frequently the case. There are innumerable instances where cures have been effected by SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA or BLOOD & LIVER SYRUP for all diseases of the blood, when they have been given over by their physicians. It is one of the best remedies ever offered to the public, and as it is prepared with the greatest care, as a specific for certain diseases, it is no wonder that it should be more effectual than hastily written and carelessly prepared prescriptions made by incompetent physicians. Take SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP for all disorders arising from impure blood. It is endorsed by leading professional men as by eminent physicians and others.

News of the Week

Thrilling Scene at a Burning Mill.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 4.—A thrilling scene was witnessed at the burning of a saw-mill on Six Mile Creek, a few miles from this City. One of the owners, Dallas Crawford, drove from his premises a gang of tramps who requested food and lodging, but were unwilling to work a few hours in payment.

A vagrant who refused to go, and drew a deadly weapon, received the contents of a shotgun in his leg. He lurked around several days waiting for revenge. After supper he saw Mr. Crawford's two little daughters enter the mill, on the upper floor of which a play-room had been petitioned off for them. Following them, the wretch fastened the door while the children were playing inside. Descending to the basement, he piled heaps of inflammable material in several piles, and then set the whole on fire. The fiend's intention was to burn the girls alive in retaliation for shot imbedded in his flesh by their father. In a few moments the lower portion of the mill was enveloped in flames.

Ingress and egress were alike cut off and the girls seemed doomed to die the most agonizing of deaths. They crawled through a hole upon the roof, but were afraid to jump, as the distance was 35 feet and the ground thickly dotted with jagged boulders. No ladders were available, nor would the flames have permitted their use, even if at hand. The father and spectators turned away sickened, momentarily expecting to see the rafters yielding and the children disappear into the roaring flames. The mother, shrieking that if her darlings could not be saved she would perish with them, rushed to the blazing building, but strong arms prevented the execution of her frenzied resolution. At this instant a deliverer appeared—a young farmer named Alfred K. Bonnell, carrying a coil of rope, to which was fastened a strong iron hook. Hastily strapping the climbing-irons to his legs, he ascended a tall oak tree near the mill. In a moment he stood on a limb high above the children, who gazed at him with eager eyes. The young man threw the rope so precisely that the hook caught in the smaller girl's dress. Drawing the cord hand over hand the girl swung clear and was lowered safely into her father's arms. The crowd stood like statues as Bonnell cast his hook the second time to snatch a human life from a death that but a few seconds before appeared inevitable. He succeeded in getting the rope to the other child, who soon hung suspended in the air, her clothing catching fire as she left the perilous place. She was saved, however, without being much burned. When the intrepid hero regained the ground he sank down overpowered by the intense excitement, and was carried away not a second too soon for the safety of himself and friends.

The boiler in the burning mill, surrounded by a mass of glaring coals, exploded, the detonation being heard for miles. Fragments of iron plates, red-hot farming machines and flaming timbers were hurled hundreds of feet, though fortunately not a person was injured. The incendiary tramp fled from the scene of his crime on a stolen horse, and escaped the vengeance of the furious farmers.

Cincinnatus.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6.—A parade of the Order of Cincinnatus to-night brought out apparently the entire population of the City, or so much of it as could be packed on the sidewalks and in windows, doorways, housetops, and special platforms built for the purpose. The largest of these is one in Fifth street, opposite the Government building, where room for 4,000 was prepared. A tedious delay in starting made the display very late. It did not begin to move until after 9 o'clock, and reached Fourth and Vine at a quarter before 10. When the head of the procession reached the Postoffice, three patrol wagons preceded the first car side by side to clear the streets of the people, who had occupied the entire space. The crush was terrible in many places. Twenty-five floats, illustrating ancient Roman history, were exhibited. While they aroused but little demonstrative enthusiasm, they were apparently satisfactory. There was a lack of lights for the last five or six floats that detracted from their appearance. It required 25 minutes in passing.

The parade ended at 11:40. No accident occurred except the breaking down of the float representing Antony and Cleopatra, within three squares of the end of the line of march. The weather was delightful. The festivities closed with a ball at the Chamber of Commerce.

The Utah Commission.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—The members of the Utah Commission have thought it necessary to send to the Interior Department a defense of the attacks upon them, in which they were arraigned for not having accomplished anything. They reply that the reverse is true; that they have accomplished a great deal, and all, in fact, that the anti-polygamy law will permit them to accomplish; that they have excluded 12,000 polygamists from the polls, and all polygamists from elegibility to office. Still it is admitted by members of the Commission privately that the most vigorous enforcement of the Edmunds law would be utterly inadequate to accomplish the purpose of the framers. The Commission will undoubtedly recommend some stringent additions to the law, but even then there are grave doubts whether polygamy can be destroyed by legislation.

Repudiating the Postal Note.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Treas. Wyman to-day received a postal note from a bank in New England in payment of the return express charges on a package of national bank notes sent here for redemption. Mr. Wyman refused to accept the note, claiming that he had no facilities for sending to the postoffice to get the cash on it. This action of the United States Treasurer places one branch of the Government in the attitude of refusing the notes issued by another branch, although those notes were authorized by Congress. In a technical sense Mr. Wyman was no doubt right, but his action may lead to some inconveniences to the business public.

"Hazing."

ANNAPOLIS, Sept. 4.—Cadets J. A. Guthries and H. M. Peckham testified they were made to stand on their heads in their night shirts on the deck of the "Constellation;" the accused were there. Cadet Archibald Campbell was charged with making cadets Galloway and Callahan eat soap. Cadets P. Andrews and E. T. Witherspoon were acquitted.

Judge Hoadly.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4.—A number of persons called at the St. George Hotel to see Judge Hoadly, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, but the condition of the gentleman is such that all visitors were denied an audience, by the advice of his physician. The Judge will remain quiet during his stay.

We have for twelve months been prescribing Swift's Specific in the treatment of diseases for which it is recommended, and have not been disappointed in a single instance. We think, for all diseases it is recommended to cure, it stands without a peer, and that the medical profession will sooner or later be forced to acknowledge it, in the treatment of blood diseases, a *sine qua non.*

N. L. GALLOWAY, M. D.
J. T. ROBINSON, M. D.
Monroe, Ga.

I have sold at retail in four months over 12 dozen S. S. S. and have watched its effects very closely, and to every one who has used it it has given entire satisfaction. I have seen it used in the primary, in the secondary and in the tertiary stages, and in each with the most wonderful effect. I have seen it stop the hair from falling out in a very short time. I advise all sufferers to take it and be cured.

W. H. PATTERSON, Druggist,
Dallas, Texas.

We do not hesitate to say that for a year past we have sold more of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) than all other blood purifiers combined, and with most astonishing results. One gentleman who used half a dozen bottles says that it has done him more good than treatment which cost him $1,000. Another who has used it for a Scrofulous affection reports a permanent cure from its use. VAN SHAACK, STEVENSON & CO.,
Chicago.

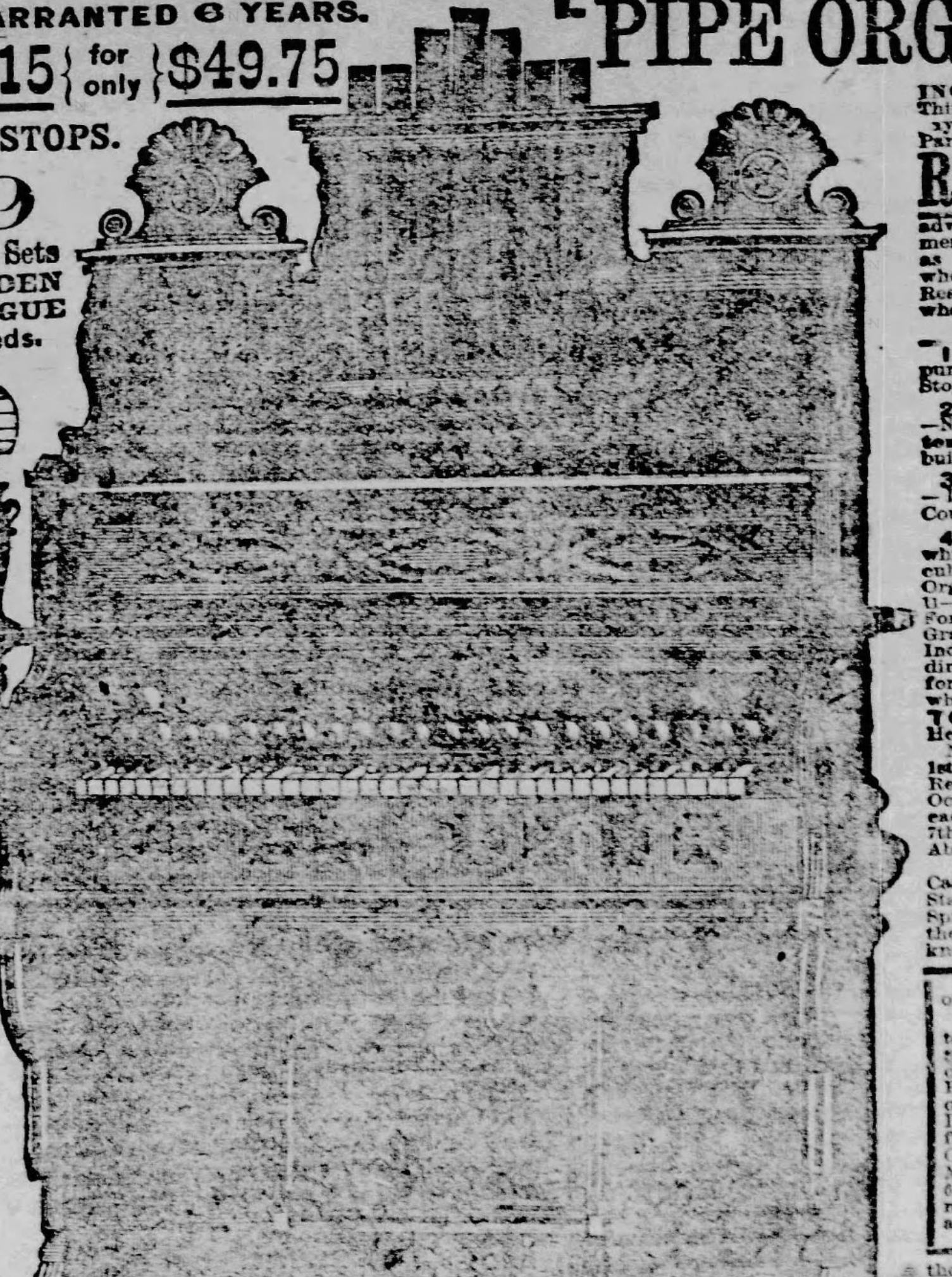
John Kelly for Harmony.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—At a meeting of the Tammany Committee on Organization to-night John Kelly suggested the appointment of a committee to draw up resolutions advocating harmony and recommending that a united delegation be sent to the Buffalo Convention. If this were done, he said, there was no reason why the Democratic party should not gain a memorable victory in New York State this Fall, and it would be absolute guarantee of a united delegation at the National Convention next year. The committee was appointed in accordance with Kelly's suggestions.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Unequaled.

Dr. R. M. ALEXANDER, Fannettsburgh, Pa., says: "I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is not equaled in any other preparation of phosphorus."

WARRANTED 6 YEARS.
$115 for only $49.75
25 STOPS.
9 Full Sets GOLDEN TONGUE Reeds.



PIPE ORGANS 25 STOPS ONLY $49.75

INCLUDING BENCH, BOOK AND MUSIC, provided you order within Thirteen (13) days from date of this Newspaper, or if you order within Five days, a further reduction of $4.00 will be allowed. I desire this Piano Pipe Parlor Organ introduced [illegible], hence this GREAT REDUCTION.

REGULAR PRICE, $115.00. If you are in want of an Organ order at once from this advertisement, or if you are unable to buy now write your reasons why. Remember, this offer cannot be continued after the limited time has expired, as the AUTUMN AND WINTER MONTHS are my busiest season, when I sell thousands at the regular price for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. Read the following brief description, and let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not.

25 USEFUL STOPS AS FOLLOWS:

1. VOIX CELESTE.—The sweet, pure, exalted tones produced from this Stop are beyond description.
2. Powerful BOX SUB-BASS.—New and Original. Its thundering tones are without a parallel in Organ building.
3. Double Octave COUPLER.—Doubles the power of the Organ. Couples octaves right and left.
4. PICCOLO.—Variety of music which makes the Piccolo the most difficult and expensive Stop to build in this Organ.
5. SAXAPHONE.—The beautiful effect is "Beatty's favorite."
6. FRENCH HORN.—Imitates a full orchestra and brass band.
7. DIAPASON.—Draws a full set of Golden Tongue Reeds.
8. DULCIANA.—A full set of Paris Reeds is drawn by this Stop.
9. VOX HUMANA.—Tremulant, which, by the aid of a FAN WHEEL, imitates the human voice.
10. VOX JUBILANTE.—When used in connection with Stops Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6, peals forth most delightful music.
11—Æolian. 12—Clarionet. 13—Cello. 14—Violina. 15—Clarabella. 16—Grand Forte. 17—Melodia. 18—Bourdon. 19—Viol di Gamba. 20—Viola Dolce. 21—Grand Expressione. 22—Harp Æolian. 23—Echo. 24—Acrostatic Expression Indicator. 25—GRAND ORGAN. The last fifteen (15) Stops are operated in direct conjunction with above ten (10) bringing forth, at command of the performer, most charming music, with beautiful orchestral effect from a mere whisper, as it were, to a grand burst of harmony. Its MELODIOUS TONES, while using the full Organ, must be heard to be appreciated. Height, 70 inches; Length, 46 inches; Depth, 24 inches.

NINE (9) SETS PARIS AND GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, as follows: 1st. Five (5) Octave Set Golden Tongue Reeds; 2d. Five (5) Full Set "Paris" Reeds; 3d. Sweet Voix Celeste Reeds of three Full Octaves. 4th. One (1) Full Octave Powerful Manual Boxed Sub-Bass Reeds. 5th. Two (2) Octaves of one each of Piccolo and Saxaphone Reeds combined. 6th. Set Soft Cello Reeds. 7th. Set Viola Reeds. 8th. Set Jubilante Reeds. 9th. Set Clarionet Reeds. Above Nine Sets Reeds are original, and covered by United States Patents.

FIVE FULL OCTAVES, Manual or Keyboard, Handsome Walnut Case, with Illuminated Pipes, Receptacle for Book and Sheet Music, Lamp Stands, Handles, Rollers, Treble Upright Bellows of immense power, Steel Springs, &c. Right Knee Swell, also Left Grand Organ Knee Swell, by which the full power of this Organ may be obtained at pleasure, by use of the knee, without removing the hands from the keyboard.

[illegible] of the WEEKLY BLADE together with only $45.75 or $49.75 Cash, by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check or Bank Draft, mailed within five (5) or thirteen (13) days, as specified. I hereby agree to receive same in full payment for one of my Pipe Organs, New Style, No. 9,000, &c. Money refunded with interest at 6 per cent. from date of your remittance, if not as represented after one year's use. Signed,
DANIEL F. BEATTY.

My sole object is to have it introduced, without delay, so as to sell thousands at the regular price for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, and to this end I am willing to offer first Organ as an ADVERTISEMENT, a sacrifice as every one sold sells others. All I ask in return of you is to show the instrument to your friends, who are sure to order at Regular Price, $115. Instrument speaks for itself, it sings its own praises. IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO ACCEPT THIS OFFER NOW, WRITE ME YOUR REASONS WHY. Friends of yours may desire an Organ. Call their attention to this advertisement. If they are from home mail this offer to them. If you can conveniently help me extend the sale of these POPULAR INSTRUMENTS, I shall certainly appreciate your efforts.

☞ You should, if possible, order within Five days, thus securing the $4.00 extra. Remember, positively no orders for this handsome Pipe Organ will be executed for less than the Regular Price, $115.00, after the limited time as specified above has expired; thus: *If you order within Five (5) Days it costs $45.75; within Thirteen (13) Days, $49.75; after that date $115.00 each.*

Address or Call upon the Manufacturer, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

Frank James Acquitted.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 6.—The topic of conversation upon the streets this evening is Frank James' acquittal. There are many who say they expected it, but a majority say they looked for a disagreement of the jury. Public sentiment can be quoted as strong in condemnation of the verdict, although there are those who argue from a strict legal standpoint that the jury was justifiable in acquitting, the State's evidence being made up of Liddell's testimony, supported only by circumstantial evidence. The general feeling, however, is one of disappointment and chagrin that the strong chain of evidence woven by the State failed to stand. Expressions of sympathy with the prisoner or satisfaction over his acquittal are confined to a very few, who are and have been James' friends, and can be taken in no way whatever as an indication of actual public sentiment here. A frequent expression is the verdict is an outrage and an unjust stigma upon the State. Charges of jury fixing also are bandied about.

Gov. Crittenden, when asked by a reporter if he had any opinion to express regarding the verdict, replied that he had not. "It is the verdict of the jury," he said, "and it would be improper for me to comment on it. The case has been pushed with great energy. It has been both prosecuted and defended with great ability—perhaps more so than any other criminal case in the history of the State."

"What effect does this acquittal have upon Frank James in regard to the requisition from Minnesota? Are there any other indictments here?"

"I believe so, for the murder at Westfall and of Sheets, and for the Blue Cut robbery."

"He would still be regarded as in the custody of the State, so far as requisitions from other States are concerned?"

"Yes, but I cannot say what course will be pursued toward him in the Counties where the indictments are found."

GALLATIN, Sept. 6.—Frank James was acquitted. The jury returned a verdict at 4 o'clock. Upon the announcement of the verdict quite a decided demonstration of applause came from certain quarters of the Court-room. The Court, however, quickly frowned it down, and singling out a young man who had made a movement to throw up his hat, called him to the bar and administered a severe reprimand. The youth proved to be Luther James, of Kansas City, a cousin of the defendant. The question of the disposition of the remaining indictment for complicity in killing Westfall at the Winston robbery and the murder of Sheels at the Gallatin bank robbery, in 1868, came up, and after consideration, the cases were continued until the October term and the prisoner remanded to await further trial. It is announced that he will not attempt to give bail, but remain in jail until the next term. The prisoner received the verdict with perfect composure, as did also his wife, but Mrs. Samuels was much affected. In order to guard against any disturbance which might follow, the single saloon of the place was closed. It can truthfully be said that the verdict was a genuine surprise to the community, and much indignation is expressed. A member of the jury stated to a correspondent that the first ballot stood 11 for acquittal and 1 for conviction, and that one, after hearing the explanation of the others' views, made the vote of acquittal. Conversations with the foreman of the jury corroborated the statement of this juryman. As indicating public sentiment a subscription paper was circulated and signed by over 100 citizens, including the foremost men and most of the business men of the place, for the purpose of presenting it to Prosecutor Wallace of Kansas City, as a testimonial of their heartiest endorsement of his conduct of the case and appreciating his efforts in behalf of the State.

Pawning His Child.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 6.—A member of the firm of Hamberg & Co., pawnbrokers, was arrested at the instance of Supervising Examiner McCalmont, of the United States Pension Office in this City, on the charge of violating the pension act of Feb. 28, 1883, and held for a hearing before United States Commissioner Edmunds. The Examiner discovered some months ago that John Lafferty, a cripple, who had served in the army, and who was in receipt of a pension of $24 a month, was in the habit of pledging his pension certificate every month with Hamberg & Co. for as nearly its face value as possible, and paying a rate of interest that was computed at 100 per cent. per annum. This was also the case with more than 60 other pensioners, who were kept in a state of starvation by the usury that was exacted by different speculators. The quarterly payments received by the pensioners seldom sufficed to more than pay the loans and the interest.

Under the law prior to February last no penalty was fixed for a violation, but on that day Congress passed an act amending section 4,745 of the United States revised statutes, and the penalties are very severe. Special Examiner McCalmont said last night:

"In this case the pawnbroker had possession of the certificate for several years, the pensioner never being able to redeem it. When the time came for the payment of pensions the pawnbrokers used at first to go with the pensioner to the office and take the greater part of his money as soon as he came out, but latterly he had a hostage in the person of the pensioner's daughter, a bright and intelligent girl of about 15, who was locked up in his house until the precious certificate was replaced in his keeping. He has, as far as I can ascertain, had her in his custody four times a year for the past three or four years."

Gov. Proctor Knott.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 4.—Ten thousand people witnessed the inauguration of Hon. J. Proctor Knott, as Governor of Kentucky, at Frankfort to-day. The City was elaborately decorated. Ex-Gov. Blackburn, in his valedictory, repeated his excuses for the numerous pardons made before the Democratic Convention in this City last Spring, and was this time patiently listened to. Gov.-elect Knott followed in a short inaugural address, in which he said: "I declare here distinctly and irrevocably that in no case will I grant a pardon or remit the penal consequences of a conviction for a criminal offense, unless I shall be fully satisfied it would be unjust to the convict to do otherwise." The inaugural oath was administered by Chief Justice Hargis. The ceremonies closed about 6 o'clock.

A Partially Dead Man.

The *Morning Herald*, Baltimore, Md., states: Major B. S. White, of this City, describes his miraculous cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first class apothecary shop. Finally St. Jacobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column thoroughly rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

Homestead Entries.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office has prepared a very interesting statement, showing the number of original homesteads entered into the several land offices of the States and Territories from the passage of the Homestead act, May 20, 1862, to June 30, 1883. The grand total of homesteads taken in this time, 608,632 is distributed as follows:

Alabama	31,207	Michigan	27,393
Arkansas	47,945	Minnesota	73,762
Arizona	42	Mississippi	13,845
California	26,8 7	Montana	3,044
Colorado	9,849	Nevada	863
Dakota	74,794	New Mexico	2,393
Florida	18,0 6	Nebraska	69,911
Indiana	22	Ohio	171
Illinois	72	Oregon	13,299
Iowa	13,96	Utah	6,121
Idaho	3,514	Washington	15,215
Kansas	9 ,485	Wisconsin	26,162
Louisiana	10,501	Wyoming	631
Missouri	28,763		

It will be seen that the greatest number of homesteads were entered in Kansas, while the next largest were entered in Dakota, the next in Minnesota, and so on in following order: Nebraska, Arkansas, Alabama, Missouri, Michigan, California, Wisconsin, Washington, Mississippi, Oregon, the smallest number being entered in Indiana. The first three homesteads were entered in Illinois in 1863. In 1870, 40 homesteads were entered in the same State. The number of homesteads entered in Dakota gradually and rapidly increased from 75 in 1863 to 22,061 during the fiscal year ended June, 1883, a larger number of homesteads entered than by any oter State or Territory. During the last fiscal year homesteads were entered as follows:

Nebraska	4,683	Minnesota	3,146
Kansas	3,749	Washington	2,687
Arkansas	3,035	California	2,557
Alabama	2,212	Florida	1,646
Missouri	1,755	Colorado	1,387
Oregon	1,589	New Mexico	1,014
Mississippi	1,356	Michigan	689
Louisiana	936	Idaho	640
Montana	569	Wyoming	189
Utah	432	Nevada	26
Iowa	29	Illinois	
Ohio	1	Arizona	70
Dakota	22,061	Indiana	-1

The totals of homesteads entered by years are as follows:

1863— 8,223	1864— 9,405	1865— 8,924
1866—15,355	1867—16,957	1868—23,746
1869—25,628	1870—33,972	1871—39,768
1872—38,742	1873—31,561	1874—29,126
1875—2 ,608	1876—25,104	1877—18,675
1878—35,636	1879—41,005	1880—47,293
1881—36,999	1882—45,331	1883—56,590

Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The following is a statement of the public debt for the month ended August 31:

Interest bearing debt—	
Three and one-halfs	$ 21,404,550
Four and one-halfs	250,000,000
Fours	737,610,500
Threes	305,529,000
Refunding certificates	334,850
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Total interest bearing debt	$1,328,878,950
Debt bearing no interest—	
Matured debt	$ 6,583,165
Legal tenders	346,739,891
Certificates of deposit	12,145,000
Gold and silver certificates	175,644,721
Fractional currency	6,997,796
Total without interest	$ 541,527,408
Total debt	$1,876,369,523
Interest	11,083,227
Cash in Treasury	$ 351,503,986
Debt, less cash in Treasury—	
September 1, 1883	1,536,518,765
Decrease during August	6,671,85
Decrease since June 30, 1883	14,572,442
Current liabilities—	
Interest due and unpaid	$ 2,047,262
Debt on which interest has ceased	6,583,165
Interest thereon	3 3,347
Gold and silver certificates	175,644,721
United States notes held for redemption of certificates of deposit	12,145,000
Cash balance available, Sept. 1	154,739,490
Total	$ 351,503,986
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	351,503,986
Bonds issued to Pacific Railroad Companies, interest payable in lawful money, principal outstanding	64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	646,235
Interest paid by United States	5,922,053
Interest repaid by companies—	
By transportation service	17,009,223

Shrewd Speculators in Wyoming.

RAWLINS, Wyo., Sept. 5.—It has developed that the railroad survey being made across Wyoming to Yellow Stone Park, beginning at Fort Washakie, is contracted for by John E. Bothwell, of New York. It is not known who his backers are. It is reported a London syndicate is behind him. It is also said he is interested in the Union or Central Pacific. It is known the Bothwell party have secured soda lakes and petroleum springs and other large interests in this section. Col. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, is with Bothwell at Fort Washakie, and Dr. Graff is on the road to join them. The country that will be developed by this road is noted for its agricultural and grazing lands, as well as timber, soda, coal, iron and petroleum.

Not a particle of quinine nor any mineral substance is contained in Ayer's Ague Cure—but it does the business. Warranted.

Saloons Victorious.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5.—In the Court of Criminal Correction to-day over 800 cases against saloon keepers for selling beer on Sunday were nolle prossed, on the suggestion of the Court. This ends for the present the fight against saloon-keepers, and is a triumph for them. This action was taken in view of Judge Noonan's late decision sustaining the law of 1857, under which, in St. Louis City, by a special act passed by a vote of the people, the sale of beer and wine on Sunday is permitted.

From Northampton, N. H., Mrs. L. B. Tarlton writes: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured my son."

Priest vs. Public Schools.

ATLANTA, Sept. 4.—Father Hennessy on Sunday ordered all male Catholic children to attend school in the basement of the church. He said sacraments would be withheld from parents who refused to obey. Fifty of 200 Catholic pupils have left the public schools in consequence of the above order. The reason for the priest's action is the refusal of the school board to permit Catholic religious instructions in school after school hours.

New York Greenbackers.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 5.—In the Greenback State Convention, Geo. O. Jones, of Albany, was nominated for Secretary of State. He declined. Rev. Thomas K. Beecher was then nominated by acclamation. Louis A. Post, of New York, was nominated for Attorney General by acclamation. G. L. Halsey, of Unadilla, was unanimously nominated for Controller. Julian Winne, of Albany, for Treasurer; Edwin A. Stillman, of Ontario, for Engineer.

WHEN the scalp is annoyed with dandruff, Glenn's Sulphur Soap will be found infallible.

Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50 cents.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 4.—Admiral Cammeral, of the British flagship "Northampton," to-day investigated a serious outrage perpetrated on four British vessels by French fishermen, headed by a shore captain, at Cape Onions, on the northeast coast of Newfoundland. Early in August British fishing vessels came to an anchorage at Cape Onions for cod fishing. As soon as they launched a skiff a number of Frenchmen ordered them to weigh anchor and quit. They refused, whereupon the Frenchmen commenced to unfurl their sails, seized their oars and carried them to the shore. Two days after, a French war cruiser arrived, and after some inquiry restored their sails and gear to the vessels, but ordered them to quit the harbor. All four vessels retired under protest. The people of Newfoundland are indignant at this violent outrage, and it is not unlikely to lead to international complications.

CANADIAN METHODISTS UNITED.

TORONTO, Sept. 6.—The union of the four great evangelical bodies in Canada, decided by a vote last night, will affect 6,000,000 of people in the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland and the Bermudas, and millions of dollars of church property in these provinces. For months past the four denominations—the Canadian Methodists, Bible Christians, Episcopal Methodists and Primitive Methodists—have been negotiating for the union of those bodies. The Canadian Methodists, being the most wealthy of the four, some objection was offered to an equal division of the property, but this was overcome, and now the whole body of Methodists, as united, will be the strongest religious body in Canada.

At the dawn of womanhood, or in the change of life, *Samaritan Nervine* is the ladies' friend.

Laying the Corner Stone of Dakota's Capitol Building.

BISMARCK, Sept. 5.—Three thousand people gathered to welcome the Villard party. Gov. Ordway made an address of welcome, concluding by inviting Pres. Villard and Jay Cooke to assist in laying the corner stone of the capitol of Dakota. Pres. Villard responded, and the ceremonies of laying the stone followed in the usual form. The Governor presented to the German Baron Eisendecker an engrossed copy of the resolutions of the citizens in honor of the German Chancellor after whom the City is named, and he responded with good wishes for the prosperity of the growing City. Hon. William M. Evarts, in response to calls, made a few remarks. Gen. Grant was also called out and said:

"It is with some reluctance that I respond to your kind request. As you are aware from your reading when I get to talking before a crowd, I scarcely know when to quit. [Laughter.] I am sure were I to stop to tell you of my feelings at the sight I have seen, the train would not get off in time. I never set foot in Dakota until yesterday. I have heard much of your country, but I was not prepared to see what my own eyes have witnessed. With Mr. Evarts, I predict for you a prosperous future. In a few years you will rank far above the best of the States, and perhaps their representatives, unless Congress hastens to admit you when the next census is taken."

Remarks were also made by Hon. Carl Schurz, who was warmly received; Mr. Billings, Hon. Carter Harrison and Sec. Teller. Mr. Villard then introduced Sitting Bull, whose remarks were translated to the assembled thousands by the Government interpreter. With a few more words Mr. Villard closed the ceremonies and he and his guests departed. The Villard train crossed the river to Mandan, where another handsome welcome was given.

When we eat bread raised with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, we are eating the wheat flour, in all of its nutritious efficiency. Physicians recommend it because while making the white loaf deliciously palatable, it keeps the nourishing elements intact and whole. It has proved itself for years, to be the best and safest.

Fred Douglass and the Colored Convention.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—Fred Douglass, the colored leader, in an interview with a Star reporter, to-day said the statement printed in a New York newspaper that the proposed Convention of colored men at Louisville on the 24th inst. was to be in the interest of the present administration was wholly untrue. He said also that he proposed to go as a delegate to the Convention if one should be held, and that he had received letters from Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Nebraska, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland and other States, informing him that delegates from those States would attend. He said also that he had received letters from Sen. Harrison, of Indiana, from the Mayor of the City of Indianapolis, welcoming the Convention to Indianapolis in case it should not be welcomed to Louisville, and in any case, if the colored people should wish to hold the Convention there.

DIPHTHERIA!

THE PROSTRATION which follows Diphtheria, and the persistency with which it clings to the patient, are well known to all who have had any experience with this terrible disease. The following letter shows how the restoring and invigorating properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla overcome it, and how by vitalizing and enriching the blood it neutralizes and eradicates the poisoned matter from it, bringing to the convalescent the color, life and vigor of robust health.

LOWELL, Mass.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO.: Gentlemen—My little girl had diphtheria last April. The disease left her very weak, blood poor, [illegible] HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA [illegible] great deal of pleasure. Very truly yours,
J. R. SMITH,
19 Butterfield Street.

"That Extreme Tired Feeling."

"The first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good; her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that *extreme tired feeling* which she did before taking HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA."

Sold by all druggists. Price $1 a bottle or six bottles for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Tooth-Powder, Only 25 Cents.

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

EDWARDS, Miss., Sept. 4.—To-day James King and George Gaddis, (negros), arrested on the charge of robbing the grave of Mrs. Hatte Howell, confessed their guilt, informing the officers they stole the body for the purpose of securing the bones of the arms, which they used in their profession of conjurors. When news of the robbery and arrest became known a crowd of 150 men assembled and demanded the Sheriff to turn over the prisoners. He refused. In the confusion Gaddis attempted to escape, and was riddled with bullets by the crowd. The Sheriff was then overpowered and the other prisoner taken from jail and hanged.

STANFORD, Ky., Sept. 4.—Early this morning C. C. Monday came to Town and reported to Judge Brown his wife had been murdered. Monday was himself suspected and arrested. The woman was found with her head nearly severed from her body, evidently with a hatchet. There is no direct evidence, but the general character of Monday, coupled with threats made by him against his wife, led the Coroner's jury to charge him with murder.

GREENVILLE, Ind., Sept. 4.—The business community was greatly surprised at the announcement that James O. Evans, a farmer, had skipped the country Saturday. Evans borrowed very large sums from business men, besides $200 from the Citizens' Bank, amounting to nearly $600. He also induced Mrs. Evans to borrow $600 by mortgage on her farm. His wife and child knew nothing of his departure till to-day, and are greatly shocked. Evans has heretofore borne an excellent reputation, and had good credit, although worth nothing. His wife is possessed of property, and will not suffer. It is thought he took about $1,500 with him.

DAYTON, Sept. 4.—Laura Beachler, a six-year-old daughter of George Beachler, Miamisburg, suicided this evening by drowning in the canal at Miamisburg. Laura's parents were anxious to keep her in school, but the determined infant refused to go, and on being compelled to do so, took an everlasting recess in the canal. She left a note in her desk at school, making known her desperate resolve in tragic language, and telling which bridge she would jump from.

ANN ARBOR, Sept. 4.—George Hudson, the brakeman on the Toledo & Ann Arbor Railroad who had his legs run over 10 days ago, died to-day from the effects of amputation a few hours before. Hudson's family lives in England. His only relative in this country is an aunt at Galion, O.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 4.—The janitor of the Farlan Colored Grammar school building, Sixth street, above Lombard, discovered this afternoon the bodies of two colored infants in a cesspool in the rear of the building. Both were males, apparently five months and three months old.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 4.—J. Harby yesterday attacked with a cane on the street Rev. D. Levi, rabbi of the synagogue. The latter made no resistance. A woman is said to be in the case, but no explanation is made.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Sept. 5.—Owing to the sickness of an important witness for the prosecution, the trial of James Nutt for killing N. L. Dukes was to-day continued to the December term.

BUCYRUS, O., Sept. 4.—This morning Charles Grabe, a 13-year-old boy, was gored by a vicious animal while working at Herren's dairy, east of Town, and was so seriously injured that he died from the effects of the wounds this morning.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 4.—At 2 o'clock three young ladies named Anna Schuey, Lulu Hawlin and Libbie Simmons, all between 16 and 20 years of age, went out rowing for pleasure, and about 4 o'clock they attempted to change positions in the boat, when it upset and turned over them as they were thrown into the water. They were all drowned before any help could reach them, as they were seen only by two small boys, who gave the alarm. The bodies have been recovered by Coroner Jones. The ladies belong to prominent families, and their terrible fate has caused a cloud of sorrow to settle over the City.

READING, Pa., Sept. 5.—Two empty coal trains collided this morning near the big dam. The cars were piled up in great confusion, and 15 thrown into the dam. The blockade caused a bad delay to all trains. The accident was due to the neglect of the brakeman, who fell asleep. Twelve cars were totally demolished. The brakeman and conductor were injured.

DETROIT, Sept. 5.—A young man named John Watts was horribly mangled and instantly killed Tuesday morning, at the barn of Zachariah Seeley, in West Bloomfield, about five miles from Pontiac, while thrashing. He had been feeding the thrasher and was up over the cylinder trying to clean out the grain and straw which had clogged up the machine, when he slipped and was drawn back over the teeth of the cylinder and hurled to the ground. His left leg, back and head were cut and bruised and he died instantly. He was 19 years of age, unmarried and lived with his father, Daniel Watts, in West Bloomfield, two miles West of the scene of the accident.

FRAZEYSBURG, O., Sept. 4.—A most terrific and destructive rain and thunder storm visited the section about 10 miles west of here, Sunday night, and did considerable damage. The rain seemed to descend in perfect sheets of water, and the rain was so heavy that water stood six inches deep on the ground yesterday morning. About 10 miles south of here, in this County, the residence of Reuben Huff was struck by lightning and his five-year-old boy instantly killed, while another son was terribly stunned.

GALVESTON, Tex., Sept. 5.—In Gainesville yesterday the jury found C. D. Sharpe guilty of rape and assessed the punishment at 50 years in the penitentiary. The crime was committed on the person of Emma Clarke, with the mother of whom Sharpe was living as husband until January last. On the 18th of that month the mother died. The second night after the funeral Sharpe compelled her eldest daughter, Emma, aged 15 years, to submit to his lust, and on divers occasions afterward outraged the person of her and her sister, aged 13. He deterred them by threats from revealing their shame until he was placed in jail on another charge, whereupon they told the neighbors. The trial of Sharpe for raping the younger girl takes place during the week.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 6.—A meager report from Waldran's Station, on the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis & Chicago Railroad states that a freight train ran into a preceding one this morning near that station and broke through a small bridge, wrecking 12 or 15 cars. The brakeman of one of the trains and the brakeman of another road, who was going home with the brakeman, were killed. Names not given. No other casualties reported.

BRIGHTON BEACH, Sept. 6.—J. P. Wescott, for some time cashier of the Coney Island Club pool rooms, West Brighton, is a fugitive. He is short in his accounts $4,000.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 6.—The steamship William Crane, Capt. N. C. Taylor, of the Merchants' and Miners' Line, arrived this morning from Savannah with a cargo of cotton and hides. She reported that she left Savannah Monday. Tuesday morning at 2 o'clock fire broke out between decks aft, among a lot of cotton, which was only extinguished after hours of hard work. Over 100 bales of cotton were thrown overboard. Loss on the vessel is about $15,000, on the cargo $12,000; all fully insured. The fire was first noticed about 2 A. M. by the engineer who happened to be on duty, who saw smoke issuing from between decks aft of the engine room where were stored some 500 bales of cotton, besides a lot of tallow and hides. All hands were asleep except the waiter and the engineers, but they were quickly aroused.

WINNEPEG, Man., Sept. 7.—The steamer "Lilley," of the Winnepeg & Western Transportation, rebuilt this season at a cost of $35,000, was wrecked while on a trial trip in South Saskatchewan River, about 600 miles west of Winnepeg. It is not known whether the passengers escaped or not. The accident occurred 50 miles from a telegraph station.

EAST SAGINAW, Sept. 6.—James Donnelly, an inmate of the City Prison, was found dead in his bunk in the jail this morning. He was picked up in a drunken condition on the street yesterday.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 6.—The house of John Everts, at Riverton, seven miles east of this City, burned to-day. Mrs. Phebe Hyland, the mother of Mrs. Everts, aged 68 years, and two children of Mrs. Everts, a boy aged four and an infant baby, were burned to death. Mrs. Everts, who was in the yard at the time the fire was discovered, rushed upstairs trying to rescue her mother and the children, and was badly burned and forced to leave them to their fate to save her own life. The old lady was very fleshy and would not trust herself to go down the stairs, which were then in flames, and would not give the babe, which she was holding, to its mother.

CHICAGO, Sept. 6.—Martin Kamper, 31 years old, was shot and killed by Constable Johnson at the suburb of Highland Park, last night. The Constable fled after the shooting, and an attempt was made by friends of the dead man to burn Johnson's house, claiming the killing was unprovoked. Johnson put in an appearance this morning, suffering from knife wounds claimed to have been received by him in an attempt to arrest Kamper and some boisterous companions.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 6.—Further intelligence in regard to the wreck near Waldron, Ind., on the C., I., St. L. & C. Railway, shows that the foremost freight was late and stopped for water, her train stretching back into Conn's Creek bridge. The engineer of the train following did not see the signals of the first, the lanterns being hid by the bridge, and crashed into it, wrecking 13 cars and piling them up in the creek. The bridge was also destroyed. The engineer and fireman of the following train jumped in time to save their lives. James Dill, of Morgantown, head brakeman, and a man named Connor, from Cincinnati, were both killed. Loss, $20,000. There are no trains running past the wreck.

COSHOCTON, Sept. 6.—Miss Martha E. Joniston was burned to death at her home in Bedford Township Monday. She was standing near a fire and her clothing became ignited in some way, seeing which, she rushed out of the house calling for help, but was beyond the reach of assistance before it arrived. She was 28 years of age.

GALVESTON, Sept. 7.—The News Luling special says: M. Ussery, one of the wealthiest citizens of Luling, was murdered this morning in his residence by a young man named Sam Brown. Ussery had two daughters. Last week the elder one eloped with a man whom Ussery considered worthless and whose suit he violently opposed. At the same time the man Brown whom the father regarded as no better than the other one, tried to steal away Gussie, the younger daughter, but was foiled by locks and bars. At dawn this morning Brown arrived with a six shooter, and rode to the Ussery mansion, remarking to his neighbors that he was going to get his girl or else kill some one. On his dismounting, Ussery and his wife consulted privately and then informed Brown that he might have Gussie, if he would get a license and marry the girl in her home. A discussion ensued, but was cut short by Brown drawing a pistol and deliberately shooting the old man three times, killing him instantly. Mrs. Ussery, rushing to the rescue, Brown leveled the revolver at her and fired, but she had knocked the muzzle aside and the powder only scorched her face. Brown fled, but was so hotly pursued by the aroused and infuriated neighborhood that he abandoned his horse and pressed through the thickets to Lockhart jail and surrendered. It is thought the many relatives and friends of Ussery will make short work of the murderer.

Ussery yesterday had made his will and arranged his business to leave this morning for Tennessee in order to get rid of the unpleasant complications.

GODERICH, Ont., Sept. 7.—The schooner yacht "Explorer," from Goderich to Coolisland, was lost with all hands on Greenaugh shoals during the gale Tuesday night. Names of the lost: Capt. Charles Woods, John McDonald, M. Heal and Walter Crane, son of Albert Crane, of Chicago, on a pleasure trip.

BATAVIA, Sept. 7.—The official report of the recent disaster is not yet published. The number of natives killed at Bantam, Batavia and Sampong is estimated at 30,000. The number of Europeans lost is unknown. The garrison and Dutch President at Telakbelong were saved. Terrible distress prevails at Telakbelong, as it is unapproachable by sea, owing to the bay being filled with banks of pumice stone. The telegraph line from Batavia to Telakbelong is destroyed.

HARTFORD, Sept. 7.—Mrs. Julie P. Smith, the well-known novelist, was killed at her Summer residence, New Hartford, this morning. She was driving with her husband, when the horses ran away.

RALEIGH, Sept. 7.—Sunday morning three prisoners escaped from the McDowell County Jail. In escaping, they rudely pushed Mrs. Finley, the jailer's wife aside, injuring her slightly. The fugitives were captured the same morning and returned to jail. About 10 o'clock repeated pistol shots at the jail attracted the attention of the citizens, who were surprised and indignant to find that the jailer, enraged at the treatment of his wife and inflamed by whisky, was shooting one of the prisoners, a negro, as he stood in the cage chained and handcuffed. Four painful wounds were inflicted. None fatal.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 7.—At a late hour last night the operator at the Pittsburg & Erie Crossing was horrified at finding a human leg lying on the track. Looking farther he discovered an arm and a body crushed and mutilated beyond recognition. The head was mashed to a pulp. The remains were taken to the Union Depot, but were not identified until this evening, when it was discovered to be the body of a well-to-do farmer, William Stafford, of Edinboro, who came to the City to attend the circus and imbibed too much liquor and probably laid down upon the track to sleep.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 7.—A man giving the name of Rudolph Schlegel was found in a field in East Cleveland this morning bleeding from a wound in the left breast. He was taken to a hospital, where he said he left home in Chicago on account of family troubles, came here, wandered into the country last night and shot himself. He is likely to die from loss of blood.

MENOMINEE, Sept. 8.—Last evening while Jim Satunsky, a Bohemian, who lives in Ingallston, about 12 miles down shore, was misusing his family, his wife sent for Jerry Williams, a Constable, who went to Santunsky's house, where Santunsky shot Williams with a rifle and a second time with a revolver, after which he fired a ball through his own brain. Both men are dead.

AKRON, Sept. 7.—S. M. Ward, a brakeman on a N. Y., P. & O. Railroad freight train, while coupling cars in the yards of that road in this City yesterday afternoon, was almost instantly killed. His foot caught in some manner on the rail, and he was drawn beneath the wheels. His legs were cut off, and his head badly mangled. He was about 22 years old. His home is not now known.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., Sept. 8.—C. D. Sharpe has been found guilty of raping Amanda Clarke, aged 13. The jury assessed the punishment at death. Sharpe on Tuesday got 50 years for outraging Amanda's sister, Emma, aged 15. He had been living as husband with their mother until the latter died, in January last. The second night after the funeral Sharpe compelled Emma to submit to his lust and on various occasions after outraged her and Amanda. A great deal of feeling was manifested in the court room during the trial. Many cheered loudly when the District Attorney made the closing speech. The prisoner was not brought out of jail to hear the sentence, as lynching was freely spoken of.

MINOR MENTION.

At Green Hill, Ind., on Sunday, in a fight, David Kurtz killed David Watts with his fist, striking but three blows.

At Danvile, Va., Policeman J. C. Parks was probably fatally shot by John A. Ferguson, whom he was about to arrest.

The report first sent about the great loss of life on the grand banks of New Foundland and afterward doubted is now confirmed.

John Luntan, a farmer living eight miles from St. Charles, Mo., while in a fit of delirium, shot and killed Lavina Labley, his colored housekeeper.

At Caldwell, O., Joseph Pero, an Italian railroad boss, killed William Brown, a railroad laborer, who attacked him while drunk. Pero used a pistol.

Ex-County Treasurer John C. Dwiggins, of Montgomery County, Ind., is reported short in his accounts $39,000. Speculation in grain is said to be the cause.

Near New London, Ia., John Crone, a wealthy farmer, cut and mortally wounded his wife. She had him arrested some time ago for threatening to kill her.

At Cincinnati, Charles J. Gulech, in a quarrel, threw a boulder at Steve Eich, hitting him in the head, fracturing his skull. Eich is in a dying condition. Gulech escaped.

A Paris cable says: John Sheridan Murphy, of Pittsburg, has been sentenced to 10 years imprisonment for breaking the window of a jewelry shop and stealing a valuable necklace.

Daniel Courtney, in a New York saloon, deliberately shot dead Thos. Young, coolly replaced the revolver in his pocket and walked away. He is still at large. Both 'longshoremen.

J. M. Tuthill, formerly an internal revenue collector in New York, committed suicide in the office of James Pyle, the soap manufacturer of that City, because of removal from his position.

Saturday evening, Constantine Mundi, confined in the Stanford, Ky., jail for wife murder, hanged himself. The murder was a horrible one, the woman's throat being cut from ear to ear with a hatchet.

H. M. Coleman, who last Wednesday married Miss Lizzie Sanderson at Jacksonville, Ill., and came with her to Chicago, is charged with having fled with $900 of her money and the checks for her baggage. The bride returned to her parents last Sunday.

Mary H. Clark, of White Pigeon, Mich., went to her husband's place of business and fired four shots at him with a revolver. He had served a term of 12 years in the penitentiary for beating her with a club, yet she lived with him on his return.

A boy named Hilands criminally assaulted the 9-year-old daughter of his employer, Fred Brockaway, at Youngstown, O. The father of the girl beat the boy severely and had him arrested. Hilands retaliated by having Brockaway arrested for assault with intent to kill.

One body, supposed to be one of the men lost in Dieman's rag house fire at Cincinnati, last Monday, has been found. It was past recognition. The slow work of removing the debris continues to be much retarded by the smoldering fire that emits a constant smoke. A relief fund for the families of the dead has been started by the Chamber of Commerce.

The steamer "Lamport," from Baltimore to London, was struck by a hurricane and disabled. The vessel carried 170 cattle. The waves sweeping over the deck lifted the cattle pens upon their crests, and all but 36 of the animals were swept overboard or killed. Several vessels are reported lost.

Two convicts in the penitentiary at Michigan City, employed in the dining-room, tore up a board in the floor, descended to another apartment, and made their way to the prison wall. When discovered by the guard they made an assault upon him. He fired, mortally wounding John A. Wills. The other quickly surrendered.

Noah Blough, who failed last week at Mount Carroll, Ill., is now charged with forging 30 notes, aggregating $10,000. One of the heaviest losers is his father-in-law, Samuel Sheller. He was one of the pillars of the German Baptist church. He disappeared last Friday, leaving behind him a wife, several children, and an aged father and mother.

At Nashville, Ben Rivers, a young negro was struck in the temple by a stone thrown by Newton Fitzpatrick, colored, and is dying from a fracture of the skull. Bud Gentry, another negro desperado, assisted Fitzpatrick in making good his escape, and was arrested. Fitzpatrick attacked Rivers because he threw a stone at William Largon, who was brutally beating his daughter.

At Chattanooga, Josie Foster, a white woman, was waylaid and almost murdered by a negro named Joseph Hoshour. She had been to a beer garden with a friend. As she was returning home the negro met her. He seized her roughly and exclaimed: "D—n you, I love you and will kill you." With this, he dealt her a terrible blow with a slung-shot, choked her until her throat was terribly lacerated, and fled. The woman is in a critical condition.

Nipped by Frost.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 10.—Sec. Chamberlain, of the State Board of Agriculture, made a trip along the line of the corn lands and reported that corn received no serious damage from frost Saturday night; it is too full and hard to be affected by frost in this latitude. The fruit is all too ripe to be hurt, and vegetables, except tomatos in the bottom lands, escaped.

Severe frosts are reported in northern Ohio last night and night before. Crops are greatly damaged, especially corn.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Special dispatches from Southwestern Pennsylvania report that damage to crops is light in the highlands and somewhat severe in the lowlands. Late corn is badly injured, though most of the crop is matured. Late vegetables suffered to a considerable extent. Fruit is too advanced to be damaged.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Sept. 10.—Reports received during the day at the Board of Trade, from different parts of the State, seem to indicate that the corn crop was pretty badly handled by the frost the last two nights. The crop did not promise largely before, and this visitation materially diminishes the prospects.

KALAMAZOO, Sept. 10.—There were heavy frosts in this section the past two nights, with great damage. Corn was caught in the milk, and at least half the crop destroyed. Some localities report that none will ripen. The grapes are killed, beans nearly so, and garden vegetables and late crops will amount to almost nothing. The potatos were mostly saved. Ice formed both nights.

Jackson reported a hard frost Saturday and Sunday nights. Farmers say the corn crop is ruined; potatos are much damaged.

East Saginaw reports that heavy frosts the past two nights have damaged corn and potatos seriously in the Counties north and west of Saginaw.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 10.—Reports say the frost was severe throughout Southern Minnesota, Northern Iowa and Eastern Nebraska, and corn is badly injured.

IOWA.

DAVENPORT, Sept. 10.—Frost the last three mornings has injured corn on the low lands, but on high grounds it has not been harmed.

Cedar Rapids and Muscatine report damage to corn on low lands only, that on high lands being uninjured. Des Moines reports no damage to corn, but garden vegetables are destroyed. At Ottumwa and Burlington, it was too light to injure anything. Marshalltown reports the corn crop injured one-third in that County.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 10.—There was a heavy frost in Milwaukee County last night, and corn on low lands was killed. Buckwheat also suffered, and the whole cucumber industry was ruined. The loss in this enterprise alone is placed at $50,000. A specialty is made of cucumbers by many farmers because of the large pickle factory in Wauwatoso.

A dispatch from Coldwell's Prairie says there was a light frost Thursday and Saturday nights, and a heavy one Sunday, doing great damage.

ILLINOIS.

ROCK ISLAND, Sept. 10.—Advices from the country represent the frost of Sunday morning as doing great damage. On low lands late corn and potatos are generally killed. On high ground the damage is trifling. If there is any real loss that farmers sustain it is potatos, as corn that has been killed was not counted as good for much except for stock feed.

BLOOMINGTON, Sept. 10.—The frost did but slight damage to the corn crop in this vicinity, except in low places.

KANSAS.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 10.—A dispatch from a well posted and reliable correspondent at Topeka, says he cannot learn that there has been any frost in Kansas, at any rate not enough to do any damage. Corn in most sections of the State was out of danger of frost, and much of it already in shock.

Crop Reports.

BOSTON, Sept. 11.—Crop returns from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, show fair condition. Probable yield in Maine—Wheat, 712,598 bushels; oats, 761,713 bushels; barley, 233,227; buckwheat, 300,000; rye, 30,000.

In Vermont grain of all kinds looks fairly. Estimated yield of principal crops—potatos, 35,000,000 bushels; oats, 3,093,000; wheat, 312,000; corn, 2,056,000; barley, 273,500; buckwheat, 370,000. The season has been favorable for the production of butter and cheese. Wool will probably fall below the average.

In New Hampshire returns indicate a large yield of cereals and potatos. Following is the estimate: Corn, 1,325,121 bushels; oats, 1,072,141; barley, 77,287; wheat, 174,806; rye, 35,093; potatos, 3,480,000.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11.—The Farmers' Review, from very extended advices, will publish in to-morrow's issue the following comment on the injury to the corn crop by recent frosts: "Frosts of greater or less severity have been experienced throughout Minnesota, Wisconsin, Northern and Northeastern Iowa, Northern Illinois and Indiana and the entire State of Michigan, causing serious injury to late corn. This injury it is impossible at this writing to accurately determine. In a locality visited by frosts some fields were so fully matured as to receive no damage. In many parts corn on high ground escaped injury, while that on low ground was severely cut. It will be safe, we think, to estimate the injury in the territory named at 25 per cent. of the estimate. It may exceed this estimate. Throughout the same territory, other minor crops, such as tobacco, hops, tomatos and other tender garden vegetables, as well as grapes, were greatly injured or utterly ruined. In Kansas, Nebraska, Southern and Western Iowa, Southern Illinois and Indiana, and all other portions of the corn-producing country no material injury is reported."

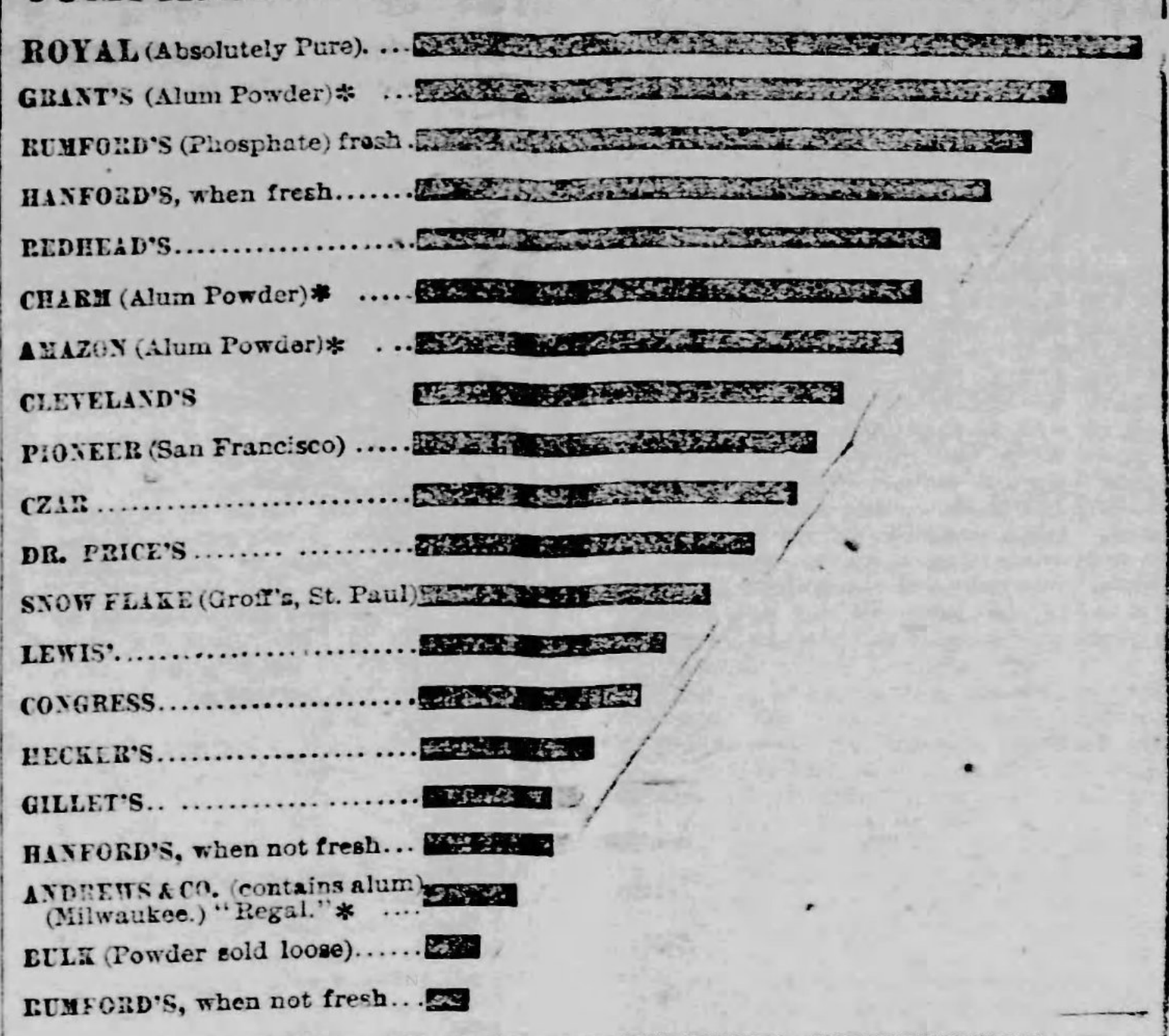
LANSING, Sept. 7.—Returns received by the Secretary of State show that in the southern four tiers of Counties 114,889 acres of wheat threshed yielded 1,737,520 bushels, an average of 15⅛ bushels per acre. The average reported threshed is 8 per cent. of the total acreage, as returned by the Supervisors. The yield in the southern two tiers of Counties is generally better, but in the central and northern Counties not as high as estimated in July. The figures indicate a total yield in the State of about 23,600,000 bushels, or nearly 600,000 bushels less than the total product estimated in July.

To the question which variety of wheat has given the highest yield per acre, 101 correspondents in the southern four tiers of Counties answer the Clawson; 96, Fultz; 55, Egyptian; and 23, Lancaster.

In the southern four tiers of Counties, 21,183 acres of oats threshed yield 7,810,876 bushels, an average of 29⅜ bushels per acre.

There is no estimate for corn. The excessive rains, that continued until late in July, and the severe drought since, have nearly ruined the crop. Corn on high, sandy soil will doubtless yield fairly well, but the crop as a whole is below the average.

Winter apples in the southern part of the State promises less than one-fourth, and late peaches about one-third of an average crop.



COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS
As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"It it a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure." "H. A. MOTT, Ph.D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance. HENRY MORTON, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A one-pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

☞ * While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mrs. Gen. Robert Toombs died Tuesday at Clarkesville, Ga.

Count Chambord left 60,000,000 francs to the Duke of Parma and the Count of Bardi.

Queen Victoria has subscribed £200 for the relief of the distress in Egypt caused by cholera.

Pensacola remains healthy. Five new cases and one death at the Navy Yard; one sick, but doing well.

Judge Devans, Republican, positively refuses the use of his name as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

The Grand Trunk road has contracted for an iron steamer, costing $285,000 to transfer cars across the river at Detroit.

The late Jeremiah Black's will, after special bequests to his children, gives the estate to his widow. Value, $200,000.

Dr. Bossa, who claimed to be almost infallible in the treatment of yellow fever, died of that disease in the Pensacola navy yard.

In order to curtail production, the mills of Canada will be run only 40 hours a week. A Cotton Association has been formed, with Sen. McInness as President.

A son of Sen. Logan, examined with others August 28 for admission to West Point Military Academy as Cadet-at-Large, passed a successful examination.

Prof. Faulba, who has made a study of the subject of volcanic eruptions, and is considered authority, predicts another earthquake will take place in Ischia the 15th of October.

The Moscow Gazette deprecates the alliance between Russia and France. It asks what power would seek an alliance with a government whose existence is not certain for a single day.

Subscription lists have been placed in every bank, hotel, and saloon in El Paso, Texas, to raise funds to insure a fight between Slade and Mitchell on the Mexican side of the river.

The Ohio State Fair closed Friday, about 10,000 people being present. It has been a greater success as an exhibition and financially than ever before. The receipts will be about $38,000.

Reports from all parts of Russia state the cattle plague continues with unabated fury. Over a million cattle have fallen victims to the plague within the last four years in European Prussia alone.

Jub, the Apache chief, is encamped 20 miles from Carralitas, Mex., with 250 braves, and is said to be in communication with the Indians who are killing people on the Sonora side of the Sierra Madre.

The Cincinnati M. E. Conference has elected as delegates to the General Conference, Rev. Drs. J. M. Walden, A. B. Leonard, C. H. Payne and Wm. Runyan; alternates, Rev. Drs. Rust and Van Cleve.

Hanlan has cabled that he will row Laycock (the Australian) on the Thames course for $5,000 a side. Hanlan gives an exhibition at the Cincinnati regatta, and will then go to St. Louis and give an exhibition.

Butterworth & Co., manufacturers and dealers in boots and shoes, Cincinnati, have made an assignment to Richard Woolley, jr., and Powell Crasley. Nominal assets, $100,000, reduced, however, by a forced settlement. Liabilities estimated at $90,000.

The Swiss Government has refused to extradite Lennig, the American student who killed a fellow student in a duel in Germany, as dueling is not named in the extradition treaty. In accordance with this decision the Court ordered the release of Lennig from custody.

In the case of the Manager of the New Orleans Lottery Company vs. the Postmaster-General, action for $100,000 damages in issuing an order to prevent the delivery of letters addressed to him, the Postmaster-General filed, by Solicitor-General Phillips, his plea. He pleads not guilty.

A deserter from the United States Army, formerly a puddler at Harrisburg, was being taken back to Governor's Island by a Sergeant and six men. At his request, his handcuffs were removed in the car, when he leaped feet foremost through the window and ran into the woods near Emaus, Pa.

John Opela, a farmer near Alton, Ill., missed his wife and young daughter on Tuesday. After a prolonged search their bodies were found in a small shed near the house, firmly tied together by the necks with a rope. There seems to be no reason to suspect the mother of murder and suicide.

Sen. Garland, of Arkansas, is of the opinion that the Democrats of that State will send a solid McDonald delegate to the next Presidential Convention of that party. He also thinks that McDonald will receive the nomination. Sen. Garland is one of the staunchest supporters that McDonald has.

Quite a heavy frost visited Hamden, Hampshire and Franklin Counties, Mass., Monday night. The tobacco crop was damaged, in some cases severely. The loss in Hampshire and Franklin Counties is estimated at $80,000. The farmers in that section have already housed about half the crop.

The Paris Clarion announces the will of Chambord gives 500,000 francs to Societas de Propaganda Fide, 100,000 francs for the benefit of the poor of Paris, 150,000 francs to the convent at Goritz. The Count bequeaths a large portion of his fortune to Duke de Parma and a smaller portion to Count de Bardi. He devises the income of his estate to his widow.

A telegram from the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies says the bays within the area of the recent volcanic disturbances are filled with banks of pumice stones. The banks of Boro Buddore, Java, the largest Buddhist temple in the East, was destroyed by falling rocks. Thirteen thousand florins have been sent to Batavia by telegraph for the relief of distress.

John C. New says that when he leaves the Treasury he shall retire from politics entirely. He has, he says, no intention of running for Governor of Indiana. His friends who have spoken on the subject have done so without his knowledge or consent, as no Republican from Indianapolis could secure the nomination. Mr. New believes the registration laws which have recently gone into effect in Indiana will assure a fair election, and with a fair election Republican success is assured.

A dispatch from Rome states that by the will of Count de Chambord 400,000 francs were bequeathed to the fund of Peter's pence.

Helmbold, the patent medicine man, has been sued for $250 in Philadelphia for the work of painting his advertising sign on the Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt.

The Prentiss Lumber Company, of Alpena Mich., on Saturday, made an assignment to George L. Maltz, President of the Alpena National Bank. They placed on record a mortgage protecting creditors to the amount of $125,000, leaving $150,000 of unprotected debts. The assets of the Company are estimated at $110,000.

Mons. Delante, Charge d'Affaires of the French Legation, has notified the State Department that the French Government has ordered the seizure of all arms and munitions of war found upon vessels of whatever nationality, entering the Bay of Tonquin bound for Annam. He requests the Secretary of State to notify American captains.

The Navy Advisory Board is busily engaged on plans for several new vessels, which will be submitted to the Naval Committee of Congress next winter. The Board will recommend the construction of one vessel similar to the Chicago, several upon the model of the Atlantic and Boston, and in addition a number of smaller gun vessels with light armament, which, in time of peace, may be used by the coast survey and for other purposes.

Old Letters from the Abductors of Charlie Ross.

NEWARK, Sept. 10.—The Evening News revives the story of the kidnapping of Charlie Ross on July 1, 1874, from in front of the family residence in Germantown. The chief of the detective police of Philadelphia, William R. Heins, recently died, and among his papers the family found two letters tied securely in a separate package, which, on being examined, were found to have been written to Mr. Ross by the abductors, declaring that if he did not come to terms "the blood of his son would be on his own head." The letters were not shown to the father of little Charlie "because it would only distress him more." At that time Mr. Ross was so prostrated that all letters and information concerning the case were turned over to his brother-in-law, James Lewis, who consulted Heins. The letters just discovered are dated November 22 and 24 of the year of the abduction.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 11.—Christian K. Ross, father of Charlie Ross, says of the Newark News story: "These letters which I am reported as not having received are no different or no worse than those I did receive up to November 6th inclusive. If they are bona fide I don't see what right Capt. Heins had to receive and open letters addressed me. I think there must be some mistake about them. While I was ill my brother-in-law had charge of my correspondence, and he kept nothing from me."

Ex-Sen. Sharon.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8.—Ex-Sen. Sharon was arrested this afternoon on the charge of adultery as he was taking a train for the East. The charge was preferred by Miss Aggie Hill, well known in society circles. The lady claims that a contract of marriage was drawn up and agreed to between them; that, in addition, she loaned him $90,000, $78,000 of which he had repaid her. She placed the matter in the hands of a man named W. M. Neilson, of an unenviable reputation, with instructions to claim the balance of $12,000 said to be due her, and at the same time swore out a writ, charging Sharon with adultery. It is stated that Sharon drew his check for the amount and gave bonds for $5,000 to answer the charge. Miss Hill bases her claims of marriage on the fact of the agreement of marriage, as she states, having been entered into between herself and Sharon, holding that in point of law it is equivalent to the marriage ceremony having been consummated. The affair is openly pronounced a miserable case of blackmailing, kept back till the last moment, when Sharon was leaving for the East.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—The statement of the United States Treasury shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury to-day as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$204,661,610
Silver dollars and bullion	119,079,703
Fractional silver coin	27,710,124
United States notes	52,835,191
Total	$404,286,628
Certificates outstanding—gold	54,759,160
Silver	75,990,257
Currency	11,730,000

Corn Frozen Solid.

ALBION DEPOT, N. Y., Sept. 10.—The devastation by frost last night was unparalleled, and is much greater than reported by the morning dispatches; beans and buckwheat are entirely destroyed in some localities. Corn was frozen solid, and ice visible until the middle of the forenoon. Much depression is felt among the farmers, as almost all crops have failed.

5

"NEAR THE NOSE."
A HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 23, 1883.

C. N. CRITTENTON, ESQ.:
DEAR SIR: I was a hunter in Idaho and Utah in 1869, and from exposure and thirst I was compelled to drink alkali water, having nothing else for over 36 hours. It saturated my system, bringing out on my face and forehead large red blotches near the nose, which remained for over 10 years.

I tried everything I could find, and had the best physicians in Chicago doctor me for over two years. Finally I tried GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP, and it is a mercy that I did, for six cakes took the blotches all away, and I shall always feel like recommending this soap to the public. I have at all times told everybody of its marvelous cure to me. I remain, yours sincerely,

FRANK G. WELLS,
Room 11, 40 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP will eliminate poisonous Skin Diseases when all other means have failed, and will quickly banish lesser afflictions and keep the skin clear and beautiful. The genuine always bears the name of C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton Street, New York, Sole Proprietor. For sale by all Druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of 30c. in stamps, or three cakes for 75c.

German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.

BEATTY'S Beautiful Rosewood UPRIGHT PIANOS { Warranted 6 YEARS, Catalogue Price, $255.00 } ONLY $185.25

INCLUDING STOOL, COVER, BOOK AND MUSIC, provided you order within Thirteen (13) days from date of this Newspaper, or if you order within Five days, a further reduction of $10.00 will be allowed. I desire this beautiful Rosewood Upright Pianoforte introduced without delay, hence this GREAT REDUCTION.

CATALOGUE PRICE, $255.00

If you are in want of a Pianoforte order at once from this advertisement, or if you are unable to buy now write your reasons why. Remember, this offer cannot be continued after the limited time has expired, as the AUTUMN AND WINTER MONTHS are fast approaching, when I sell thousands at the regular price for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. Read the following brief description, and let me hear from you anyway, whether you buy or not.

Seven and One-Third Octaves. Magnificent Rosewood Case. Richly Carved Legs, full Iron Frame, with extra braces, extra large size case, new Improved Action, three strings or unisons throughout, full Agraffe. Dimensions—Length, 5 ft. 2 ins.; Height, 4 ft. 8 ins.; Depth, 2 ft. 3 ins.; Weight, boxed, 1,000 lbs. This is a 3 Stringed (Not 2 Stringed) instrument, and is especially recommended for its purity and evenness of tone throughout the entire scale. The touch is quick and elastic, and the singing qualities unrivalled. It has great volume; the tone is rich and more powerful throughout the whole register than that of any Upright Pianoforte. I can, with the utmost confidence, recommend Style No. 5 to my friends and the public, knowing it cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction. The instrument must be heard and seen to be appreciated. Regular Catalogue Price, $255.00. (See Beatty's Latest Illustrated Catalogue, Page XXIII.)

YOU SHOULD ORDER NOW.

If you are in need of a beautiful Upright Pianoforte, clip the following notice, and order without delay. Thousands Now in Use.

This Notice if sent by any reader of the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE together with only $175.25 or $185.25 Cash, by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Check or Bank Draft, mailed within five (5) or thirteen (13) days as specified, I hereby agree to receive same in full payment for one of my Upright Pianos, New Style, No. 5, &c. Money refunded with interest at 6 per cent. from date of your remittance, if not as represented after one year's use. DANIEL F. BEATTY.

My sole object is to have it introduced without delay, so as to sell thousands at the regular price for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, and to this end I am willing to offer first Piano as an ADVERTISEMENT, at a sacrifice, as every one sold sells others. All I ask in return of you is to show the instrument to your friends, who are sure to order at Regular Catalogue Price, $255.00. Instrument speaks for itself; it sings its own praises. IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO ACCEPT THIS OFFER NOW, WRITE ME YOUR REASONS WHY. Friends of yours may desire an Upright Pianoforte. Call their attention to this advertisement. If they are from home mail this offer to them. If you can conveniently help me extend the sale of these POPULAR INSTRUMENTS, I shall certainly appreciate your efforts.

☞ You should, if possible, order within Five days, thus securing the $10.00 extra. Remember, positively no orders for this handsome Upright Pianoforte will be executed for less than the Regular Price, $255.00, after the limited time as specified above has expired; thus: If you order within Five (5) days it costs $175.25; within Thirteen (13) days, $185.25; after that date $255.00 each.

Address or Call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
WEDNESDAY, Sept. 12, 1883.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 11.	Sept. 4.
4½'s, coupons	112¼	112¼
4's, "	119⅜	119⅝
3's, registered	103¼	103¼
Pacific 6's of '95	129	128

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning easy at 2@2½ ℘ cent. Prime mercantile paper, 5½@6½ ℘ cent. Bar silver, 110. Sterling Exchange quiet; $4 81½ for 60 days; sight, $4 85. Government Bonds steady. State Securities dull. Railroad bonds strong. Stocks—The market was lower during the past hour; Michigan Central declined 1½ ℘ cent to 83. The decline in other active shares ranged from ¼@⅞ ℘ cent. The Ohio Central stockholders meet to-morrow at Toledo. A proposition to assess the stock 5 ℘ cent, change incomes into preferred stock and fund four of river division coupons will be submitted. Columbus & Hocking Valley offered lease of the river division, pay fixed charges and divide the surplus.

Government Bonds—4½s, coupons, 112¼; 4s, 119⅝; 3s, 103¼; Pacific 6s, '95, 129 bid.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$1,709,700
Specie, decrease	1,422,600
Legal tenders, decrease	525,800
Deposits, decrease	847,500
Circulation, decrease	95,600
Reserve, decrease	1,736,525

TRADE.

Reports from various trade centers of the United States indicate a marked improvement in business during the past week. The jobbing trade especially shows much greater activity. Retailers are doing a good business, and the volume is expected to grow into much larger proportions.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week, No. 2 Red Wheat was placed at 108⅜c; on Wednesday it noted 107¼c; on Thursday, 106½ was the value; on Friday it closed at 107¼c; on Saturday it rose to 109c and on Monday it weakened to 108c, which is a decline of ⅜c within the week.

The wheat market at leading points during the past week were irregular. At the close of the week reports of damage to the growing corn by frost resulted in an advance in that cereal, and wheat in sympathy was higher, but later intelligence of a reassuring character, indicating that the cold weather had done less damage than was at first anticipated, had a weakening effect upon the market. Latest telegrams show that the cold weather extended over a wide extent of country, from New York to the Rocky Mountains and well along toward the southern limit of Ohio Southward. It is too soon yet for reports to be gathered upon which a close estimate of the damage to corn, buckwheat, tobacco, grapes, etc., may be made, but from what has come to hand, it is evident that a great amount of injury has resulted from the frost on the low lands in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. If additional intelligence shows the injury to corn to be as great as it now appears, there will no doubt be a strengthening in its value. As the outlook has been for a much larger crop of corn than last year, a considerable amount of the growing corn may be injured and yet leave sufficient for consumptive requirements. While there is reason to believe that much damage has been done, however, it is best to wait for all the facts before jumping at conclusions. The reports yet to come may be greatly altered for the better. The visible supply of wheat is yet large, and as European markets are sluggish, there is an absence of a good export demand.

Cash wheat sold actively. The market closed weak with a sharp decline as compared with the preceding day.

Sales No. 2 Red Wheat to-day.......... 109,100 bu
" " " yesterday.......... 33,200 bu

No 2 Red Wheat, 106⅝c, 1¼c lower; Wabash do, 107, and to close 106½c, 1⅜c off; No 2 Lake Shore Red, 107¾c, and finally 107½c, 1¼c down; No 3 Red Wheat, 99@99½c, ½c decline; Lake Shore do, 99½c; D & M do, 98c; Rejected Red Wabash, 92c; D & M do, 90c.

White Wheat—Sales light. No 2 White, Lake Shore, 104c.

For future delivery No 2 Red Wheat sold to a good extent. Closed weak and lower.

	Sep. bu.	Oct. bu.	Nov. bu.	Dec. bu.	Jan. bu.
Sales to-day...	15000	162000	123000	....	117000
" yesterday..	4000	117000	110000	....	155000

Seller September, 107@106⅝c, 1¼c off; seller October, 108⅜c, an on concluding sales 107¾c, 1¼c lower; seller November 110c, and to close 109¾c, 1⅜c depressed; seller January 114½c, and on last transaction 113½c, 1¼c down.

Cash Corn—Fair market. Prices lower.

Sales Cash Corn to-dy.......... 13,500 bu
" " yefterday.......... bu

No 2 Corn, 54½c, 1¼c decline; Wabash do, 55c; Rejected Corn, 52c, Wabash, 4c lower; D & M do, 51½c; No 2 White Corn, 54¼c; No 3 do, 51½c.

For future delivery No 2 Corn was not taken very actively. Market lower.

Sales to-day.......... 51,000 bu
" yesterday.......... 152,000 bu

Seller September, 54¼c, and to close, 54¼c, 1¾c decline; seller October, 53¾c, 1¾c down; seller January, 51c, no change.

Oats active; No 2, 28¼c, ¼c lower; Rejected, 28c, then 27c, same as yesterday.

Rye—Sale No 2 at 60c.

Clover Seed—Sale 200 bags Prime, November delivery, at $5.25; 100 bags do, October delivery, at $5.25.

Exports and imports of Breadstuffs for fiscal years ended June 30, per Washington Bureau of Statistics:

EXPORTS.	1882-83 Quantity.	1882-83 Value.	1881-82 Quantity.	1881-82 Value.
Flour, barrels Wheat	9205664	$54824459	5915686	$36375055
Flour, bbls, Rye	6031	25070	4848	28593
Bread, lbs	16693623	838281	15529412	781292
C'rnmeal, bbls	267237	930798	288942	994231
Wheat, bu	106385928	$119879341	95271802	$112929718
Corn, bu	40586825	27756082	43184915	28845830
Oats, bu	461496	233843	625690	296849
Barley, bu	433005	299127	205930	151575
Rye, bu	2170026	1657998	973921	948686
T'l Grain, bu	150067180	$206486001	140262258	$181850899
IMPORTS.				
Flour, bbls., Wheat	2508	$13272	4176	$25640
Bread, lbs	125764	2334	110642	18767
Wheat, bu	1075725	$1070316	846675	$1077795
Corn, bu	25859	22995	69621	53895
Oats, bu	815017	389655	1850084	784118
Barley, bu	10050687	7737984	12182722	10866628
Bar'y malt, bu	1336462	1124509	1137832	1109786
Rye, bu	973677	693333	954119	899189
Total, bu	14297497	$11043338	17041932	$14841818

	Flour Wheat, bbls.	Wheat, bushels.
1882-83—		
Exports	9,205,664	106,385,928
Imports	2,508	1,075,725
Net exports	9,203,156	105,310,203
1881-82—		
Exports	5,915,686	95,271,802
Imports	4,176	846,675
Net exports	5,911,510	94,425,127

Net exports wheat and flour, 1882-83, equal 146,734,305 bushels.
Net exports wheat and flour, 1881-82, equal 121,026,305 bushels.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Sept. 11.—Wheat neglected; nominally 11c for No 1 hard Duluth. Corn firm; No 2 mixed, 60c. Oats quiet; one car No 2 white at 34½c. Canal freights—6c on corn.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 11.—Oil—Market strong and advancing; very excited; trading heavy; opened with sale at 115c, advanced to 113¾c, broke to 112⅛c, rallied and advanced to 113⅜c and closed at 113⅛c.

DETROIT, Sept. 11.—Wheat weak; cash, 107¼c September, —c; October, 108c; November, 109c; No 2 white, 103¾c; No 2 red, 107¾c. Receipts—wheat, 51,000 bu; shipments, 23,000 bu. Corn strong; No. 2 cash, 55c. Oats strong; No 2 white, 31½c; No 2, 30c.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 11.—Wheat lower; cash and September, 95¾c; October, 97¾c; November, 99⅛c. Receipts, 54,000 bu; shipments, 26,000 bu. Corn higher; rejected, 51c. Oats nominal; sample sold at 28@28c. Rye lower; No 1, 57½; No 2, 56⅛c. Barley—No 2, 61½@61¾c.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 11.—Flour weak; family, $4 75@5 00; fancy, $5 25@5 75. Wheat dull; No 2 Red, 105c. Corn dull and lower at 52½c. Oats quiet at 29c. Rye quiet and unchanged. Barley firm and unchanged. Pork dull at $12 25. Lard dull at $8. Bulk meats and bacon dull and unchanged. Whisky steady at 113.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 10.—Wheat—Receipts, 46,000 bu; shipments, 27,000 bu; market higher; No 2 red fall, 87¼c cash; 90½c November. Corn—Receipts, 7,000 bu; shipments, 28,000 bu; market higher; 36@36½c cash; 36½c bid October; 33⅜c year. Oats—Market slow; 21c bid cash.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11—12:15 P. M.—Wheat—Seller September, —c; seller October, 99⅛c; seller November, 99⅝c; seller December, 100⅞c. Corn—Seller September, —c; seller October, 50⅜c; seller November, 49⅞c; year, —c. Oats—Seller September, 26⅞c; seller October, —c; seller November, —c; seller year, 26¾c; seller May, 31⅜c.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 11.—Corn firmer; mixed and white, 60c; yellow, 61c. Oats lower at 38c. Pork steady at $12 75. Lard firm; tierce, $8 62½; keg, $8 87½. Bulk meats scarce and firm; shoulders, packed, $ 37½. Bacon—long clear and clear rib easier $7 50@7 65; shoulders dull at $7 00. Hams—Sugar cured easier; choice canvassed, 14½@15c.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—Flour—Quiet and firm; Minnesota extras, $5 75@6 25; Indiana extras, $3 87½; choice winter extras $4 25; Pennsylvania family, $5 00; Ohio do, $5 70@5 85; Indiana do, $5 05@5 75; Illinois clear, $5 75; Winter family, $5 12½; Winter patents, $6 25; Minnesota patents, $7 25. Wheat opened firm and closed weak; steamer red in elevator, 110@110½c; No 3 red, 110½@111c; rejected white, —c. Corn—No 3 mixed, 62½@64c; steamer mixed, 64c; steamer yellow, 60¾c. Oats firm; No 2 mixed, 32½c; No. 3 white, 35@35½c; No 2 white, 36½c.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11.—Wheat—Regular wheat irregular; 98¼c September; 98c October; 99¾@99⅝c November; 101⅛c December; 96⅛c year. Corn lower; 50⅝c September; 50⅞c October; 50⅛c November; 48¾c year; 50¾c May. Oats easier; 27c September; 27⅜c October; 28c November; 26⅞c year; 31⅝c May. Rye at 57¼c. Flax seed, 130c. Whiskey at 115c. Pork lower; $11 22½ September; $11 32½ October; $11 30 November; $11 05 year; $11 57½ January. Lard lower; $8 20 September; $8 20 Octocer; $7 55 November; $7 90 year; $8 05 January.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—Flour—Receipts, 22,000 bu; sales, 12,000 bu; market dull and prices unchanged. Wheat—Receipts, 148,000 bu; market opened a trifle better; subsequently ruled weaker, and fell off ⅛@⅝c; moderate speculative trading; No. 1 White, 114½c; sales, 16,000 bu No 2 Red, spot, 114⅝@115½c; 440,000 bu do October, 116 5-16@116⅞c; 960,000 bu do November, 118 5-16@119c; 336,000 bu do December, 120⅛@121c. Corn—Receipts, 140,000 bu; market opened ⅛@¼c higher, and afterwards declined ½@¾c less doing; mixed western, spot, 60@65c; do futures, 62½@64½c; sales, 180,000 bu. Oats—Receipts, 132,000 bu; market ⅛@⅝c lower; western, 32@42c; sales, 210,000 bu. Beef dull and nominal; new extra mess, $12 50@13 00. Pork dull and weak; spot new mess, $13. Lard unsettled and lower; steam rendered, $8 65. Butter firm and in fair inquiry; western, 9@25c; Pennsylvania creamery, 25c. Cheese firm at 1@10½c. Sugar firm and in moderate inquiry. Molasses quiet and steady. Petroleum firm. Rice firm and in fair demand. Coffee steady and quiet. Freights dull. Turpentine weak at 40¼c. Rosin steady at $1 52½@1 62½. Tallow steady at 7¾c for western. Eggs firm at 22@23½c.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 10.—Flour unchanged; family, $5 00@5 10; choice, $5 50@5 60, fancy, $5 70@6 00. Wheat active, but unsettled and lower; No. 2 red, 100⅝@101½c cash; 100⅝c September; 103⅝c October; 104¼c November; 108¼@108⅜c December; 100¾c bid year; No. 3 red, 95@96⅞c. Corn active and lower; 46⅝@47¼c cash; 46⅞c September; 47¾c October; 44⅞@45c November; 43¼c year; 45⅝c May. Oats—lower; 25⅝@26¼c cash; 25½c bid September; 26c bid October; 25¼c bid year; 30⅝c May. Rye better at 50@50½c bid. Barley slow at 60@65c. Lead quiet; $4 00@4 05. Corn meal firm at $2 15. Whisky steady at 114c. Butter quiet and unchanged; dairy, 12@17c; creamery, 17@20c. Eggs unchanged. Pork dull; jobbing at $12 00. Bulk meats nominal. Bacon easier; long clear, $7 12½; short rib, $7 2@7 25; short clear, $7 50@7 60. Lard nominally lower at $7 75 bid. Receipts—Flour, 5,000 bbls; wheat, 107,000 bu; corn, 43,000 bu; oats, 25,000 bu; rye, 300 bu; barley, 300 bu. Shipments—Flour, 14,000 bbls; wheat, 46,000 bu; corn, 29,000 bu; oats, 10,000 bu; rye, none; barley, none. Hogs—Market slow and weak; light, $5 10@5 20; packing, $4 40@4 80; rough mixed, $4 50@5 25; butchers', $5 00@5 20; receipts, 2,300 head; shipments, 3,700 head. Cattle in good demand for all kinds, but there are no natives here; Texans, firm at $3 50@4 25; receipts, 1,700 head.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 11.—Flour—Unchanged and quiet; Howard street and western superfine, $3 25@3 75; extra, $4 00@5 00; family, $5 25@6 00. Wheat—western active and lower; No 2 winter red spot, 112@112½c; September, 111¾@112c; October, 113¾@114c; November, 116⅝@116¾c; December, 118½@119c. Corn—western dull and nominal; mixed, spot, 60@62c; September, —c; October, 60¾c asked; November, 60@60¾; November and December, new or old, 58c asked. Oats active and firm; western white, 36@38c; mixed, 33@35c; Pennsylvania, 35@38c. Rye quiet at 66@68c. Hay unchanged; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $13 50@15. Provisions—The market is quiet and unchanged; mess pork, $15 50. Bulk meats—shoulders and clear rib sides, packed, $7 50@8 00. Bacon—shoulders, $8 00; clear rib sides, $9 00; hams, $15 75@16 25. Lard, refined, $10 25. Butter firm; western packed, 8@16c; creamery, 18@23c. Eggs active and firm at 20@21c. Petroleum dull and nominal; refined, 7⅞@8c. Coffee steady; rio cargoes, ordinary to fair, 8¾@10c. Sugar steady; A soft, 8⅝c. Whisky steady at 118@118½c. Freights to Liverpool, per steamer unchanged; cotton, 11-64d; flour, 1s 9d; grains, 4½@5d. Receipts—Flour, 3,227 bbls; wheat, 133,000 bu; corn, 20,000 bu; oats, 17,000 bu; rye, —— bu. Shipments—Wheat, 61,000 bu; corn, 700 bu. Sales—Wheat, 632,000 bu; corn, 16,000 bu.

Live Stock Markets.

CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—Hogs—Receipts, 11,000 head; shipments, 3,200 head; market brisk and 5@10c higher; mixed $4 60@4 00; heavy packing and shipping, $4 00@5 40; light, $5 00@5 60; skips, $3 40@4 00.

Cattle—Receipts, 8,000; shipments, 2,600 head; good cattle scarce and strong; exports, $6 05@6 60; good to choice shipping steers, $5 40@6; common to medium, $4 00@5 25; range cattle strong; Wyoming, $5 65; Montana, $5 10; half breeds, $3 50.

Sheep—Receipts, 2,000 head; shipments, 600 head; market slow; inferior to fair, $2 25@3 50; good, $4 25; choice, $4 30.

BUFFALO, Sept. 10.—Cattle—Receipts to-day, 3,100 head; consigned through, — cars; market moderately active and higher; extra steers, $6 00@6 25; good to choice, $5 65@5 90; fair to medium, $5 00@5 40; light butchers', $4 30@5 00; mixed do, $3 6@4 35; stockers higher; fair to good, $3 75@4 40; fat bulls, $3 25@4 00.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 8,000 head; consigned through, — cars; market steady, with a fair demand; fair to good western sheep, $4 00@5 00; extra, $5 25@5 50; western lambs, $4 75@5 50; Canada lambs, $5 77@5 90.

Hogs—Receipts, 6,000 head; consigned through — cars; market higher and demand fair; good to choice Yorkers, $5 25@5 40; light grassers, $4 90@5 15; good mediums and heavy, $5 30@5 40; pigs, $4 85@5.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 10.—Cattle—Market more active; tops unchanged in price in view of qualities; other grades, ¼c lower; very best, $5 25@6 00; first quality, $4 12½@4 25; medium, $3 50@3 87½; ordinary, $3 00@3 75; most sales at $3 75@5 12½; receipts, 2,025 head.

Swine—Market slow and prices ¼c off; quality not so good; receipts, 6,875 head; quoted at $6 00@7 75.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 6,999 head; market quiet; sheep, $3 00@5 00; lambs, $4@6 25.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 10.—Market steady; common and light, $4 25@5 40; packing and butchers, $4 80@5 40. Receipts, 1,400 head; shipments, 300 head.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 10.—Cattle—Receipts, 200 head; market firm and in better feeling, but not enough of supply to make market.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,700 head; market higher; light, $4 90@5 00; heavy, $4 70@4 85.

Sheep—Receipts, — head; market quiet and unchanged.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—Beeves—Receipts for two days, 6,400 head, making 15,980 head for the week; market firm; full prices for fair to prime, dull and lower for Texas and Colorado cattle and poor common natives; native steer, $4 80@6 85 ℘ cwt live weight; Colorado do, $4 00@5 08; Texas steers, $4 20@4 81; exporters reserved and purchased 70 carloads at $5 85@6 80 ℘ cwt for medium to choice; shipments for the week, 1,420 live cattle, 7,377 quarters beef, 400 live sheep, 1,300 carcasses of mutton.

Sheep—Receipts for two days, 19,900 head, making 53,900 head for the week; market dull and lower extremes for sheep at $3 75@5 25 ℘ cwt.; lambs at $5 25@6 75; 20 car loads carried over.

Swine—Receipts for two days, 11,680 head, making 31,300 head for the week; market dull at $5 00@5 70 for live.

EAST LIBERTY, Sept. 10.—Cattle—Receipts for to-day, 5,858 head; shipments, — head; market fair at about last week's closing prices.

Hogs—Receipts, for to-day, 6,500 head; shipments, — head; market slow; Philadelphias, $5 55@5 60; Yorkers, $5 20@5 40.

Sheep—Receipts for to-day, 6,000 head; market very dull and ¼c off from last week's closing prices.

Miscellaneous.

WHISKY.

At Louisville whiskey is steady. There is a good consumptive demand and stocks are gradually growing less.

TOBACCO.

Louisville—Leaf tobacco—Receipts light. Stocks small. Market stronger, with good general demand. St. Louis—Good demand; large offerings of best grades have sold at outside prices.

BROOM CORN.

Quotations at Chicago: Good to choice hurl and carpet brush, 7½@8½c ℘ lb; self-working green, 5@6c; do red-tipped, 4@5c; red brush, 4@5c; inferior, damaged and stained, 2½@3½c; crooked 2½@3c.

HOPS.

Hops are doing well at 30@35c ℘ lb. Richard Weaver, of Sussex, Waukesha, County, Wis., has favored the Wisconsin Free Press with an estimate of the hop crop of the world. He stated that the prospects of the coming hop crop are: Germana, three-fourths of a crop; England, good promise to grow enough for their consumption. New York will yield as many as last year, but lice and honey dew are found in some yards, which may impair the quality to some extent. The same can be said of Wisconsin. On the coast the yield will be 8,000 to 10,000 more bales than last year. Therefore, extreme prices cannot be expected this year.

CRANBERRIES.

A few cranberries are arriving, and are held at $1.25 for 12-quart boxes. The Cape Cod cranberry crop is a large one, and owners are realizing handsome profits. Small cranberry marshes of 16 to 20 acres have paid their fortunate owners from $800 to $1,000 per year for the past 20 years, and marshes are naturally sold at enormous prices. The Western cranberry crop is turning out finely, and the crop around Grand Rapids will be more profitable than the growers thought it would be. Many marshes will yield larger crops than ever before. The shortage is in the towns of Remington and Port Edwards, where the vines suffered from lack of good drainage. It is estimated that the cranberry crop in the vicinity of Stevens Point will be about the same as last year. The crop in the State of Michigan will fall below this average, however, and therefore growers are expecting higher prices. As high as $10 a barrel is anticipated. Pickers are busy on the marshes in the vicinity of Grand Rapids.

WOOL.

The Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co., Boston, says of the Wool market:

Another active week in the wool trade, the sales amounting to 2,807,400 lbs of all kinds. In fact we have seldom had a more steady and uniform market since early in July, the wool taken by manufacturers the past nine weeks amounting to 28,000,000 lbs, or an average of upwards of 3,000,000 lbs ℘ week. Prices during that time have also been quite uniform, and there is no prospect of any immediate change. While the demand has been so good for upwards of two months, our receipts have also been quite liberal, and we have still a splendid assortment to select from. The demand still runs largely on fine fleeces, and our stock of really choice XX wools is, no doubt, smaller, so far as our market is concerned, than for many years. It is evident that bottom prices have been reached for goods and also for wool. The sales of washed fleeces have not been to any extent. The demand for combing and delaine wool has been good. The advices from interior markets report a quiet state of things. The foreign advices indicate an easier tone to markets abroad, and it is expected that the next clip of Australia will start off on a lower basis. Pulled wools have been comparatively quiet this week.

The sales of the week have been as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, X XX, and XX and above, 35@38½c; No. 1 Ohio fleeces, 38@40c; Michigan X, 34@35c; combing and delaine, 38@45c; Texas, 15@28c; Territory, 12@28½c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 15@32c; super and X pulled, 30@42c.

Notes.

Mackerel are scarce, and sell in New York for 25c each, double the usual price. Salted mackerel has gone up from $25 to $30 a barrel.

Seal and whale fisheries in Greenland have been much more productive this season than last year. Nine streams from Dundee report a catch of 114 bottle-nosed whales, 22,220 seals, and 589 tons of oil, the whole valued at about $130,000.

The hog supplies in the west are known to be exceedinglp large, and the general impression is that prices will rule low during the Fall and Winter months. Present quotations are much lower than a year ago, and the western hog-packing for the season beginning March 1, shows a gain over last year.

The value of the poultry consumed in the United States annually is estimated at $300,000,000, or $6 to each inhabitant. The value of eggs consumed is $240,000,000, or $540,000,000 for poultry and eggs, or about $10 ℘ year for each inhabitant. The number of eggs consumed is claimed to be 9,000,000,000, or 180 eggs to each inhabitant.

A resident of West Point, Ga., has a hen with a full-grown chicken still unweaned. Although the other chicks left her, this one remained, and when the hen set on her second nest of eggs the chick also set with her. The second brood is now running about the yard, but still the unweaned chick remains true in its affection and clings to its mother.

Sulphuric acid, it is claimed, is a simple, but certain test for unadulterated butter. Fresh, pure yellow butter, by the slightest contact with sulphuric acid, turns almost a pure white, while oleomargarine made from tallow changes to a deep crimson red. When lard or other oils are used, the colors are diversified—showing all the colors of the rainbow.

N. I. Elliott, of Live Oak, Fla., had a very fine patch of Hubbard squash, from which he expected to realize at least $100. A few days ago he found a few worms on his vines, which he supposed to be grass caterpillars. Arising one morning, not long after, he found he had neither vines nor fruit, the worms having completely destroyed both. They first eat the vine and then the fruit. Hundreds of squashes were destroyed in one night.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: "There is exceedingly discouraging news from the apple crop, and unless some remarkable change takes place in the great apple-growing sections of the country a famine in this important fruit product is inevitable. The apple crop of the Northwest is a failure, and reports from the great growing centers of this State, New England, and the South make a very dismal showing."

American and English writers have for some time been urging people to eat more fish, which is praised as one of the cheap and wholesome foods for the multitude. The arguments are good, but one point they, all of them, seem to have overlooked, and that is there are many people who can not eat fish. With some this article of diet is very distasteful; with others it is indigestible, and again, when others who like neither the taste nor smell of fish, eat of it, they experience an uncomfortable feeling for hours. Briefly, what is fish to one is foul to another.

In order that American farmers may not get lost in their own hay fields, the Agricultural Department has a special report describing the common grasses, so that the rural gentlemen may know at a glance what it is that they are growing: "Spikelets one-flowered, in small clusters, crowded into a dense spike-like cylindrical panicle; outer glumes one-nerved, mucronate or short awned; flowering glume membranaceous, shorter and broader than the outer glumes, in our native species truncate and toothed at the apex; palet hyaline, narrow. See! That's timothy. Plain as can be. No farmer should be without a Government grass guide.

Cedar timber, which has formerly been thrown aside as of very little account in estimating the value of the Michigan timber lands, is now being regarded as a very valuable timber. Of such little value did lumbermen consider it in the past that thousands of acres on which the pine had been cut and on which thousands of feet of cedar were left standing were allowed to revert to the State because the owners would otherwise have to pay taxes on it. This cedar timber is now very valuable and will continue so in the future on account of the great demand for it for railroad ties, fencing purposes, telegraph posts, paving and other purposes. Those who allowed these lands to slip from their hands because they considered them not worth the taxes, it is safe to say, now bitterly regret their short-sighted action.

PENSIONS!

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